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AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

WE propose in this article to enter on no proper discussion of American literature, but merely to present such an array of carefully ascertained and interesting facts, with brief and hastily written but deliberately formed opinions, as will guide the intelligent reader to a just estimate of the general intellectual activity in the United States; reserving for a separate article an account of the books that have recently issued from the American press. We have been over the field with some care, having in the last few months examined with more or less attention a larger number of American books, in the various

departments of literature, than a majority of our readers will be apt to believe were ever written. The library of the British Museum contains an immense number of American Histories, Biographies, Reviews, &c., and is by no means deficient in what with more propriety may be called American Literature, though the privilege that we enjoy, while occupied with these pages, of consulting a library in which there are thirteen thousand works composed in the United States, leaves on our mind an impression that Mr. Panizzi might, with some advantage to British students, suggest the bestowal of a few hundred guineas more on the speculation, the poetry, romance, and æsthetical dissertation of the cultivators of their language across the Atlantic.

We cannot but think, despite the contrary judgment of some wise persons who have debated this point, that the distinct history of the American mind should be commenced, far back, in the times of the first Puritans in New England. There is a national character in America; it is seen, very decided and strongly marked, in the free northern States; and making every proper allowance for the Dutch element and its influence in New York,

* "The Prose Writers of America. With a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country." By Rufus Willmot Griswold. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 552. Fourth edition. London: Richard Bentley, 1849.

"The Poets and Poetry of America, to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century." By Rufus Willmot Griswold. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 550. Eleventh edition. Philadelphia: A. Platt, 1851.

"The Female Poets of America." By Rufus Willmot Griswold. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 490. Second edition. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird, 1850.

"De la Littérature et des Hommes de Lettres des Etats-Unis d'Amerique." Par Eugène A. Vail, auteur de la Notice sur les Indiens de l'Amerique du Nord. 8vo, pp. 617. Paris, 1841.

that national character was born in England, cast out from thence because it was not agreeable to a majority of the people, and has remained until now, unchanged in its essentials, where it first found a home, in the area of civilization ever widening from the British settlements on this continent. The history of American literature begins in the good old days of the Dudleys, the Cottons, Nortons, and Mathers, or earlier still, in those of JOHN MILTON, who has been claimed as the "most American author that ever lived." And with justice. For what had that stern and sublime intelligence in common with kingly domination, or hierarchical despotism, against both of which he made "all Europe ring from side to side"? And are not his immortal books on State and Church politics the very fixed and undecaying expression of the American ideas on these subjects?

Philosophers.—Before the commencement of this century, America had but one great man in philosophy; but that one was illustrious. From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur than that of Jonathan Edwards, who, while living as a missionary at Northampton, then on the confines of civilization, set up his propositions, which have remained as if they were mountains of solid crystal in the centre of the world. We need not repeat the praises of Edwards, by Robert Hall, Mackintosh, Stewart, Chalmers, and the other great thinkers of Britain and of the Continent, who have admitted the amazing subtlety and force of his understanding. In America, his doctrines were constantly discussed among theologians, but until the present generation he had scarcely a disciple or an antagonist deserving of much consideration. Of writers now living who have treated with most ability and earnestness his Doctrine of the Will, we may mention Dr. Day, late President of Yale College, Professor Tappan of New York, Professor Upham of Maine, and Professor Bledsoe of Louisiana; but there are many others who have written with acuteness against the great necessitarian, or in his defence.

The text-books of the old country—the works of the Scotch metaphysicians, or those of Locke, were used commonly in the schools, and for fifty years there was scarcely a pretence of originality or independence; but in 1829, the late James Marsh, then President of the University of Vermont, republished, with a masterly Preliminary Essay, the *Aids to Reflection*, by Coleridge, which was destined in the United States to have an influ-

ence altogether more powerful than it has had in England; and soon after was commenced the propagation of the Franco-German philosophy, in translations of its leading expositions, and the composition of original works, which, in number and character, now constitute a philosophical literature, many-sided indeed, but abounding in able and ingenious dissertations on the chief points which have interest in the modern schools.

We have space only for a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of a few of the most conspicuous living writers in this department. Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College, is known to the religious world by "*Memoirs of Madame Guyon*," and other works illustrating a belief in Christian perfection, and as the translator of "*Jahn's Biblical Antiquities*." His metaphysical productions consist of a "*Philosophical and Practical Treatise on the Will*;" "*Elements of Mental Philosophy*, embracing the two Departments of the Intellect and the Sensibilities;" the same work abridged; and "*Outlines of Imperfect and Disordered Mental Action*." These works have passed through many editions, and are very largely used as text-books. They are, in the main, eclectic and Anglo-Scottish, but have some original and striking views, particularly in regard to the sensibilities, in his chapters concerning which he discusses very amply and clearly the distinctions between the intellectual and sensitive parts of our nature. Professor C. S. Henry, D.D., of the University of New York, an accomplished scholar, whose first considerable work was a "*Compendium of Christian Antiquities*," is best known by an "*Epitome of the History of Philosophy*," from the French, with additions, and a translation, with commentaries, of "*Cousin's Elements of Psychology*." In all his writings he agrees with Cousin. Henry P. Tappan, D.D., is the author of an admirable "*System of Logic*," to which is prefixed an "*Introductory View of Philosophy in General*, and a "*Preliminary View of the Reason*;" the most able and satisfactory reply that has ever appeared to the doctrines of "*Edwards on the Will*;" a volume on "*University Education*," and many important papers in the reviews. S. S. Schmucker, D.D., Professor of Theology at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, is a voluminous writer in metaphysics and theology, and is noticed here chiefly for his "*Psychology, or Elements of a new System of Mental Philosophy on the Basis of Consciousness and Common Sense*." What is "new" in this work is rather in classification and terminol-

ogy than speculation. Dr. Frederick A. Rauch, a favorite pupil of Daub, of Heidelberg, was President of a college at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, where he died a few years ago, soon after publishing his "Psychology, or View of the Human Soul, including Anthropology." He was a transcendentalist of the school of Hegel, and a man of genius. Laurens P. Hickok, D.D., of Auburn, published about a year and a half ago the most important systematic treatise that has yet appeared from the American press in this department, under the title of "Rational Psychology." The style is inelegant and difficult, but the work displays a thorough mastery of the subject, and of its recent literature, especially in Germany, where the author received his education, and his characteristic principles. His strongest position is, that the mind is capable of constructing, *a priori*, pure forms in pure space; that is, that after perception, we can form in space general images, not having the qualities of particular bodies—a position of Brown against Berkeley and Stewart, but never so powerfully presented as in this treatise by Dr. Hickok. No American writer in this field has enjoyed so great a popularity as Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University. Of his "Elements of Moral Science" nearly 50,000 copies have been sold, and his book on the "Limitations of Human Responsibility" has had much influence on opinions. The chief feature of his system is an attempt to harmonize the intellectual with the moral; he has perhaps suggested no new principles, disclosed no new motives, but he has clearly defined the limits and positions of subjects in which indistinctness is equivalent to uncertainty. Mr. George Ripley, who now conducts the literary department of the *New York Tribune*, contributed largely to the spread of French eclecticism, by his translation of the "Philosophical Miscellanies of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant;" and by a book addressed to Andrews Norton in vindication of the transcendentalists, as well as by various profound discussions in the "Boston Christian Examiner," he displayed capacities which entitle him to a high rank in that party. He has since devoted much attention to the propagation of the doctrines of philosophical Socialism.

The school of Boston transcendentalists began to attract attention about twenty years ago. Its apostles, Ripley, Emerson, Parker, and Brownson, were then in the Unitarian ministry, which all—except Parker, who receives but a doubtful recognition in the de-

nomination—have since left. Brownson has become a Roman Catholic, and the rest have taken, we presume, to more congenial pursuits. The writings of Emerson are too well known in England to require characterization; his brilliant sentences, if they sometimes fail of illustration by the processes of logic, have always a ready and facile interpreter in the spirit, and the extent to which they are read places him, in position as well as by right of genius, among the foremost priests of the new age. Theodore Parker in many respects agrees with him, but he will never attain to his repose or power. Dr. Walker, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College, though classed among transcendentalists, is rather a party by himself. A new man, having many affinities with the Boston school, is Henry James, of New York, author of a volume printed last year under the title of "Moralism and Christianity." In what he has given to the world he has displayed so independent a spirit, so pure a method, such expansive humanity, and such ample resources of learning, as constitute him a teacher of the highest rank, and justify the most confident expectations of his distinction hereafter. We understand he intends soon to publish a new volume, in which he will discuss the "Symbolism of Property, Democracy and its issues, the Harmony of Nature and Revelation, the Past and Future Churches," and perhaps include his original and powerful articles from the *Tribune*, on the "Institution of Marriage."

Opposed to all these writers we have last mentioned is Mr. Bowen, editor of the *North American Review*, who appears, from his "Critical Essays on Speculative Philosophy," to be a general receiver of the principles of Locke, as modified by the progress of philosophical discovery. Professor Tayler Lewis, of Union College, who has edited Plato *Contra Atheos*, is now engaged on a translation of all the works of Plato.

Philosophers and Theologians.—There are some writers distinguished alike in philosophy and in religion, or occupying a middle ground which has no name. Edwards was a type of the first class, and perhaps Emmons also, the most invincible theological gladiator of the last generation, who extended Berkeley's principle of an immediate divine agency in all the phenomena of the material world, to the same comprehensive and absolute efficiency in intelligence. In the latter class the most conspicuous American is Channing, nor let it be deemed an absurd fancy that leads us for a moment to consider Edwards

and Channing together. Edwards conformed his life to the loftiest conceptions of his genius, and as much as Channing dissented from, nay abhorred, some parts of his theology, he readily apprehended the truth of his theory of beauty, which has been the germ of so much of the fine speculation of more modern times, and saw how harmonious were his walk and conversation with his philosophy. They were alike in person, of the same stature, the same spiritual presence, graceful manners, and fragile constitution; they shrank with the same sensitive delicacy from the turbulence and grossness of the world; they were both men of the closet, both earnest in their search after truth, both sincere in their worship of God and love of men. But one accepted for doctrine only results of the closest induction, while the other followed the law of consciousness. How happy for the world if the law were interpreted alike by all men, and in all bore such fruits! With the venerable heresy that God is honored by dishonoring the greatest of his creations which we can even in a degree comprehend, Dr. Channing had no sympathy. He felt that every good attribute of man was a substantial glory of God, and so found better employment than in diligently making himself sad about the depravity of his race. De Tocqueville has a chapter on the leaning to pantheism in democratic nations, and the thought may have been suggested by the Unitarian writer on the dignity of human nature. If Channing held views on this subject tending to the decay of adoration, he never apprehended such a consequence. His warmest friends and eulogists admit that he was wanting in capacity for metaphysical analysis and in logical acuteness. In the whirl and tumult of this busy and distracted age the Americans would remember the sun itself only while arranging gas lights by which to continue their occupations, and a great man is rarely spoken of among them after the installation of his successor. There was about Channing, however, such real greatness, he commanded so much sympathy as an impersonation of the loftiest spirit of his age, and he is so connected with the present as a prophet, that he may be regarded as more than any one else an exception to this humiliating truth. Still, ever since his death his fame has been decaying, and it will soon cease in any degree to obstruct the retrospective glances of his countrymen. Similar to Channing, in some respects, is Dr. Orville Dewey; and here we must mention Dr.

Bushnell, who is remarkable for his powerful instincts and strange incapacity to reason.

Theologians.—In no other department is American literature so rich as in that of theology and religion. It would be curious to pass a month in the perusal of those three hundred and eighty works by Cotton Mather, of which not half-a-dozen have been reprinted since the Declaration of Independence, though they abound almost as much as old Burton's *Anatomy* in curious learning, and are frequently eloquent or ingenious. We have looked through many of his discourses and letters, as well as his immense folio on the "Ecclesiastical History of New England," his "Essays to Do Good," "Student and Preacher," &c., and cannot help thinking that with all his weaknesses, vanities, and absurdities, he is underrated, and deserving of at least a partial exhumation. The New Englanders are directing attention to their Puritan "Fathers;" and we see in the latest journals from Boston advertisements of an edition, in six volumes, of the writings of the "learned and renowned Thomas Shepherd," one of Mather's contemporaries. We hope it will be followed by a selection of the most rare, practical, and curious compositions of Mather himself, who must always stand out more distinctly and largely than any other American of his times. The teachers of religion, whether metaphysical theologians, Biblical critics, or sermonizers, to whom the present generation is wont to listen, are Edwards, the elder and the younger, Bellamy, Hopkins, Dwight, (a grandson of the great necessitarian,) Emmons, (a Boanerges more grim and hardly less powerful than his master of Geneva,) Samuel Davies, Ashbel Green, John M. Mason, Daniel A. Clarke, Edward Payson, the Wares, Dr. Miller, Dr. Alexander, all of whom are dead—the last, at a great age, within a few weeks—and the living lights of the churches, Leonard Woods, (who, after having been half a century professor of theology at Andover, has just published a collection of his works in five large volumes,) Lyman Beecher, (who is now printing a complete edition of his writings,) Moses Stuart, Charles Hodge, Addison Alexander, Albert Barnes, George Bush, Andrews Norton, William R. Williams, Professor Park, Professor Hacket, Professor Sears, Professor Ripley, Professor M'Clintock, Professor Schaf, &c.; all but two or three of whom are voluminous as well as very learned and able writers.

In this list it will be observed that we have mentioned no member of the Episcopal

Church; and it is remarkable that the American branch of the English Establishment has never furnished a man of first-rate abilities, or one whose writings have in them the elements of enduring life. Bishop White did not lack much of being an exception; he certainly was in all respects a most respectable person; but his distinction was rather in affairs than in authorship. The late Dr. Jarvis was learned in ecclesiastical history; the two Bishops Onderdonk (one of whom was deposed and the other suspended a few years ago for licentiousness) are clever men. Dr. Seabury is a sharp but not a strong dialectician; Bishops M'Ilvaine, Potter, and Hopkins, are industrious and sensible divines; Bishop Doane, Bishop Burgess, Dr. Hawks, (one of the most impressively brilliant and graceful of modern pulpit orators,) Dr. Hooker, and some others, are men of decided talents; but we do not find among them all any one to be compared with a dozen in the Presbyterian Church—to Dr. Williams in the Baptist, or Andrews Norton in the Unitarian denomination. The dearth of eminent capacities is still more noticeable among the Roman Catholics. Archbishop Hughes (an Irishman by birth) is a noisy, impudent, and superficial, but tolerably shrewd demagogue; Dr. Ryder's claims to distinction rest on a few discourses in which he denies that Lord Bacon was "in any sense a great man," sneers at the inductive method as ridiculous, and asserts that "the Church" was never unfriendly to the march of science or the freedom of thought; and Bishop Kendrick, though he has filled several cumbrous octavos with decent Latin, has done nothing to preserve his name, except in the lists of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Brownson, whom we have mentioned elsewhere, is but a splendid specimen of the theological Swiss guard.

Sociologists.—In vindication of that philosophy of society of which Charles Fourier was the founder, there are several American writers of decided talent. We can here but refer to Parke Godwin, (the son-in-law of Mr. Bryant,) Horace Greeley, (editor in chief of the *Tribune*, and author of "Hints towards Reforms," a "Sketch of his last Summer's Residence in Europe," and some other works,) Charles A. Dana, Albert Brisbane, and John L. Dwight.

Political Economists.—In Political Economy, America is represented by one of the strongest and most original writers of the age, Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia. His works are not yet much known in England,

though they have been favorably reviewed in *Blackwood*, the *Athenæum*, and other journals; but in France they furnished the late M. Bastiat with his leading ideas, and translations have made them familiar in other parts of the Continent. His theory of rents is regarded as a complete demonstration that the popular views derived from Ricardo are erroneous, and on the subject of Protection he is generally confessed to be the master thinker of his country. The Rev. Calvin Colton, who formerly resided some time in London, has within a few months published an able work defending a high tariff, under the title of "Public Economy for the United States;" and Dr. Wayland, the late Condy Raguet, and the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker, have been prominent advocates of Free-Trade.

Historians.—Among the historians who have attained a high and deserved reputation in the United States within the last few years, we are inclined to yield the first place to George Bancroft. His great work on the "History of the United States" has been brought down from the commencement of American colonization to the opening of the Revolutionary War, to which subject it is understood that he intends devoting the three succeeding volumes. His researches in the public offices of England, while he was Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James, have brought to light a great mass of documentary evidence on the antecedents and course of the Revolution, which have not yet been made public. With his critical sagacity in sifting evidence, his hound-like instinct in scenting every particle of testimony that can lead him on the right track, and his plastic skill in moulding the most confused and discordant materials into a compact, symmetrical, and truthful narrative, he cannot fail to present the story of that great historical drama with a freshness, accuracy, and artistic beauty, worthy of the immortal events which it commemorates. Mr. Bancroft is now exclusively occupied in the completion of this work. He pursues it with the drudging fidelity of a mechanical laborer, combined with the enthusiasm of a poet, and the comprehensive wisdom of a statesman. With strong social tastes, he gives little time to society. His favorite past is in his library, where he labors the live-long day in the spirit of the ancient artist, *Nulla dies sine linea*. His experience in political and diplomatic life, no less than his rare and generous culture, and his singular union of the highest mental faculties, enable us to predict with

confidence that this work will be reckoned among the genuine master-pieces of historical genius. The volumes of the "History of the United States" already published are well known to intelligent readers both in Great Britain and America. They are distinguished for their compact brevity of statement, their terse and vigorous diction, their brilliant panoramic views, and the boldness and grace of their sketches of personal character. A still higher praise may be awarded to this history for the tenacity with which it clings to the dominant and inspiring idea of which it records the development. Whoever reads it, without comprehending the standpoint of the author, is liable to disappointment. For it must be confessed that, as a mere narrative of events, the preference may be given to the productions of far inferior authors. But it is to be regarded as an epic in prose of the triumph of freedom. This noble principle is considered by Mr. Bancroft as an essential attribute of the soul, necessarily asserting itself in proportion to the spiritual supremacy which has been achieved. The history, then, is devoted to the illustration of the progress of freedom, as an outbirth of the spontaneous action of the soul. It is in this point of view that the remarkable chapters on the Massachusetts Pilgrims, the Pennsylvania Quakers, and the North American Indians, were written; and their full purport, their profound significance, can only be appreciated by readers whose minds possess at least the seeds of sympathy with this sublime philosophy. The chapter on the Quakers is a pregnant psychological treatise. Sparkling all over with the electric lights of a rich humanitarian philosophy, it invests the theologic visions of Fox and Barclay with a radiance and beauty which have been ill preserved in the formal and lifeless organic systems of their successors. The parallel run by the historian between William Penn and John Locke is one of the most characteristic productions of his peculiar genius. Original, subtle, suggestive, crowded with matter and frugal of words, it brings out the distinctive features of the spiritual and mechanical schools in the persons of two of their "representative men," with a breadth and reality which is seldom found in philosophical portraits. Mr. Bancroft was the son of an eminent Unitarian clergyman in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was born about the beginning of the present century, and is consequently a little more than fifty years of age. He graduated at Harvard University, with distinguished honors, before he had completed

his fifteenth year. Soon after he sailed for Europe, and continued his studies at the German Universities, returning to his own country just before the attainment of his majority. Devoting himself for several years to literary and educational pursuits, he acquired a brilliant reputation as a poet, critic, and essayist; and at a subsequent period, entering the career of politics, he has signalized himself by his attachment to democratic ideas, and the eloquence and force with which on all occasions he has sustained the principles with the prevalence of which he identifies the progress of humanity.

The reputation of William H. Prescott as an elegant historian is well known to British scholars. His works have been translated into several of the continental languages, and have received a cordial tribute of admiration from eminent critics in various departments, including men of no less dissimilar pursuits and tastes than Humboldt and Hallam. Mr. Prescott is an indefatigable student. Laboring under the disadvantage of a partial loss of sight, while engaged in the composition of his elaborate histories he has shown an iron perseverance rarely equalled in the records of literary labor, and an almost incredible extent of research, reminding us of the astonishing diligence of Gibbon or Niebuhr. He is not a profound thinker; he seldom descends below the surface; he has no love for the investigation of first principles. Destitute of all tendency to theory or to general views, he is never lost in the region of speculative ideas. His mind is singularly free from the transcendental element. Nor is his imagination either plastic or suggestive. His sympathies are languid, and not cold, but lukewarm. He is never fired into a generous enthusiasm in the contemplation of a noble act. He looks at the whole field of history with a certain scholastic and gentlemanly indifference, without permitting the serenity of his good breeding to be disturbed by any thrill of passion. Hence, he is after all a mere collector of facts—a polished and charming story-teller—a graceful showman of the scenes of grand historic achievements—a lively and courteous cicerone, whose knowledge of details is rivalled only by the smooth facility of his descriptions. His style is doubtless admirable, in its kind—finished with dainty elaboration—clear and limpid as the gentlest rivulet which winds gracefully through a quiet New England valley—redolent of the choicest literary culture, and betraying an almost affected air of good society. But without any intellectual muscularity,

temperate to tameness, uniformly elegant, and as uniformly timid—free from anything that could violently impinge on the most fastidious tastes, and equally free from anything that can touch the higher sentiments of our nature and convert the field of history into a sublime arena where great thoughts and divine principles struggle for the mastery—it soon palls on the sense of the reader with its o'erhoneyed sweets, producing a profound impression of monotony, and a gasping feeling of suffocation, like that of breathing the air of a close greenhouse, in its most profuse luxuriance of winter blossoms. We long for one free native blast from the rocky hills in the midst of such costly artificial beauty. Mr. Prescott has taken the public, especially the British public, by surprise. The latter was by no means prepared for the advent of such a writer from the Bœotian, commercial, well-to-do New World; and his sudden appearance in the midst of the most refined circles was nearly as astounding as would be the discovery of a medieval Gothic temple in the backwoods of America.

Jared Sparks can claim no higher merit than that of a diligent and careful compiler. He is familiar with the sources of American history. Devoted for many years almost to the exclusive study of the subject—possessing a plain, tough, sturdy common sense, and without the slightest particle of imagination—he has written several historical biographies, as those of Washington, Franklin, and Gouverneur Morris, which are of some value as works of reference, but as models of historical composition are entirely beneath criticism. Their style is heavy, lumbering, awkward, and has not even the negative merit of simplicity. Often attempting an ambitious flight, he makes dire havoc of all rhetorical figures, producing admiration for his intrepidity at the expense of our confidence in his taste. In his selections from the papers of Washington, he has been guilty of what we can call by no milder name than a flagrant literary misdemeanor. We allude to the frequent substitution of his own language for that of Washington, under the pretence of preparing the writings of the latter for the public eye. By this process, the most familiar letters of Washington, written in the freedom of private friendship, are made to assume a grave and stately bearing, and eliminated of all the touches of nature, which, to a reader of the present day, are of more interest than the whole of the sententious wisdom which has been preserved with such scrupulous precision. We protest against

such tampering with the productions of the illustrious American. Nor do we always wish to see the father of his country in full dress. No doubt Washington had the heart of a man beneath the gravity of a statesman, and the suppression of the little escapades of humor or petulance, which sometimes occur in his letters, is a wretched tribute to his memory.

A work of considerable learning and research has been written by Samuel Eliot, entitled "The History of Roman Liberty." As a specimen of historical investigation, on a difficult and complicated subject, it is highly creditable to the diligence and accuracy of the author. His style is formed on classical models, but it lacks the ease and freedom of the practised writer. Nor does the work exhibit any remarkable traces of either profound or original thought. Mr. Eliot is evidently a man of high cultivation, but can lay no claim to genius. He is only safe when he follows his masters. Whenever he attempts to speculate on his own account, a signal failure is the consequence. His book is at once an illustration of the elegant culture which is given at Harvard College, the pride of Boston, and of the timid, conventional superficiality of thought, which distinguishes so large a portion of the scholars of that literary metropolis.

Richard Hildreth is a more recent historian. He has written the "History of the United States down to the Administration of Thomas Jefferson," and is now engaged in its completion to a later period. His work deserves more attention than it has received. It is a keen, ice-cold, anatomical analysis of American history, written with a bloodless freedom from passion, dissecting the motives and measures which have been usually surrounded with a brilliant halo of admiration, and persistently eschewing every appeal to sentiment, imagination, or emotion. The language is clear, terse, vigorous, and, for the most part, pure idiomatic English. It constantly reminds you of greater power than is exhibited. You leave the perusal of the work with the assurance that you have been following a guide, who, though severe, sombre, taciturn, knows well his road, and could exercise lusty sinews and muscles in case of need.

Francis Parkman is a young author of singular promise. His recent "History of Pontiac" is an admirable production. Combining thoroughness of research with a picturesque beauty of expression, it presents a fascinating narrative of one of the most

pregnant episodes in American history. His diction is copious, free, and impressive, often highly ornate, but never violating good taste; his descriptions of natural scenery and of military movements are graphic and spirited; and, with more than common powers of grouping and arrangement, he has produced a work whose symmetry and harmonious coloring entitle it to a high place among the recent masterpieces of literary art.

In connection with the present topic, we may allude to the "History of Spanish Literature," by George Ticknor, a work which shows how much may be accomplished by thorough scholarship, refined taste, and devotion to a specialty of research, without the possession of rare ability, or the slightest tincture of the generous ideality which so often gives an electric glow to the compositions of far less erudite men. The "History of Spanish Literature" is not surpassed, indeed it is not approached, by any previous work on the same subject. Its criticisms are almost invariably acute and discriminating; its narrative portions flow with a facile sweetness; and its translations, always faithful, frequently display considerable poetic skill. But throughout the whole work, the author rarely suffers himself to exhibit, in a thought or an expression, the originality of his mind or any tendency to the higher regions of contemplation or poetry.

Biographers.—A fault of the Americans, to which we fear they are becoming more and more addicted, is a certain tendency to decry the abilities and virtues of their most distinguished historical characters. It is said that a forthcoming account of the private life of Franklin, for instance, will show that he had a full share of the infirmities that flesh is heir to, and even the spotless fame of Washington, rising in white and shining isolation from the interminable wastes of time, is still exposed to the assaults of parricides.

In New York, Mr. John C. Hamilton has just completed an edition, in nine volumes, of the works of his father, Alexander Hamilton, and has also published two volumes of a Life of that illustrious statesman. In Boston, Mr. Charles Francis Adams is printing, in from twenty to twenty-five volumes, the writings of his grandfather, John Adams, and his father, John Quincy Adams. The works of the late eminent jurist and politician, Levi Woodbury, are on the eve of publication in four volumes; and the first volume of the works of the late John C. Calhoun, being his "Treatises on Government and on the Con-

stitution of the United States," has just appeared at Charleston.

Statesmen.—The living public men of the country have the excellent habit of coming before the public in printed exhibitions of their principles and capacities. Edward Everett published last year, in two handsome volumes, his *Orations and Speeches*, which are to be followed by two others, containing his *Reviews and Miscellanies*, and one to be occupied with a work on "International Law." Charles Sumner has published two volumes of his brilliant *Discourses*. Of Mr. Clay's *Speeches*, there are several editions; and the "Works of Daniel Webster," embracing his *Forensic Arguments, Speeches, and State Papers*, are announced at Boston, in seven large octavos. Clay and Webster have been forty years leaders of the two divisions of the Whig party. Clay's speeches disappoint, and whoever reads them is astonished that so little thought has been evolved by a person so celebrated and powerful; while the student of Webster is amazed that the reputation and authority supported by such an intelligence have not overspread his country. The secret is one of character: the Kentucky senator has tact and an indomitable will, but the wisdom of the Secretary of State, however practical in great affairs, is not guided by either of those qualities so indispensable to the ambitious politician. For more than twenty years Mr. Webster was constantly opposed by Mr. Calhoun, the champion of State rights, of slavery, and of free trade; and the occasional conflicts of these two illustrious men mark the epochs in the history of the Senate. But nothing is more certain, though the South will hardly admit it, than that Mr. Calhoun was the least powerful dialectician. His chain of argumentation was, to Webster's, as shining tissues of attenuated glass to the large, close-twisted, glittering strands of steel with which the "expounder of the Constitution" supported himself and bound his antagonists.

The veteran statesman, Thomas H. Benton, is preparing "Historical Memoirs of his Life and Times." He is now about seventy years of age, and for half a century he has been an active participant in public affairs. He was thirty years a senator from Missouri, and in that period very few exercised a more powerful influence on American institutions or policy. The increase of his strength, as well as the increase of his fame, has been gradual and regular. He has been from his youth a student. To every question which has ar-

rested his attention, he has brought all the forces of his understanding; and what he has acquired by patient and painful labor, he has to an astonishing degree retained, after the occasions which made it necessary have passed. At a period much beyond the noon of other men he was still rising. He was of the age at which Cicero achieved his highest triumphs, before he displayed the fulness and perfection of his powers. With his extraordinary experience, his faithful and particular memory, and wisdom which is master of his temper, he is, perhaps, before any man of his time in the requisites for such an undertaking as that which for the last year or two has occupied his attention. The work will be published, in four or five volumes, during the next year. Collections of the political writings of General Cass, Mr. Buchanan, and others, who are candidates for the Presidency, are also announced.

Comic Authors.—It is frequently, but we think most erroneously, asserted that the Americans are deficient in humor. The writings of Franklin, "Modern Chivalry," written half a century ago by Judge Breckenridge, Trumbull's *McFingal*, and a dozen other works of the last age, abound with original and for the most part national comedy; and Irving may certainly be ranked with the first humorists who have written in the English language; while Paulding, Judge Longstreet, the late Robert C. Sands, Halleck, Hawthorne, (in the "Twice-Told Tales,") Mr. Davis and Seba Smith, (in the "Jack Downing Letters,") John P. Kennedy, (in "Swallow Barn,") Willis Gaylord Clark, (in "Ollapodiana,") John Sanderson, Charles F. Briggs, and Mrs. Kirkland, (in a "New Home,") may well be said to have given American literature a fair infusion of this quality. But a school of comic writers in the Southern and Western States, amply represented in a series of volumes published in Philadelphia under the direction of William T. Porter, editor of the chief sporting journal in the Union, would quite redeem the fame of the Americans in this respect, though all the rest of their books were grim and stern as the most fanatical preacher in their pulpits. In this school T. B. Thorpe of New Orleans, author of "Mysteries in the Backwoods," and Johnson J. Hooper of Alabama, author of "Capt. Simon Suggs," are most conspicuous; and we know not where to turn for anything more rich, original, and indigenous, than much of the racy mockery and grotesque extravagance in their pages. We have not room for quotations, but let the reader turn

for illustrations to pages 548-9 of Mr. Griswold's "Prose Writers." In the satirical vein the Americans have not succeeded so well, though the "Fable for Critics" and the "Bigelow Papers," and a few pieces by Holmes, have remarkable merit.

Novelists.—Among the novelists Washington Irving cannot very justly be included, as his exquisite productions do not in any case quite conform to the novel's description. It was his intention, however, when a young man, to devote himself to the novel of American life, and he had half finished a work referring to the time of King Philip of the Wampanoags, when the reading of one of Cooper's earlier tales convinced him, as the reading of Byron convinced Scott, that he must change his rôle or occupy a secondary position. The freshness and abounding power of Cooper carried the day on the large canvas; but in refinement, grace, tenderness, and humor, the cabinet productions of Geoffrey Crayon are master-pieces. Cooper died a few weeks ago, exactly sixty years of age; comparatively poor, we believe, but his family (to one of whom, his daughter Susan, we are indebted for the charming book entitled "Rural Hours") are able to retain his beautiful seat at Cooperstown. In the last month, the memory of Cooper has received the highest honors that could be offered by the literary class in his country; a committee of which Washington Irving was chairman, and Fitz-Greene Halleck and Rufus W. Griswold were secretaries, and among the members of which were all the distinguished literary men of New York, was formed some time in September, and, pursuant to its arrangements, Mr. Bryant was, on the 24th of December, to deliver in the Metropolitan Hall, an immense edifice capable of receiving six thousand persons, a discourse on the illustrious author's life and genius. Daniel Webster, Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Kennedy, Hawthorne, Paulding, and indeed all the distinguished writers of the country, were to be present. A colossal statue of Mr. Cooper, by his friend Greenough, is likewise to be placed in one of the parks of New York.

Mr. Irving lives in lettered ease at his delightful place on the Hudson, the patriarchal genius of his country's literature, enjoying the grateful and affectionate reverence of the Anglo-Saxon race. Since he was ambassador to Spain he has been chiefly occupied with a careful revision of his various works, of which fourteen large volumes have already been published, and he will conclude the

series with a personal history of General Washington, which is now nearly completed.

Of the deceased American novelists the most celebrated were Brown, Allston, (the painter,) and Timothy Flint; but the names Paulding, Kennedy, Neal, Fay, Ware, Simms, and Bird, belong almost to the last generation. The new writers who have been heard of in England are, Hawthorne, first and greatest; Kimball, best known by his fine metaphysical romance of "St. Leger," but deserving highest praise for his finely-conceived shorter domestic tales; Sylvester Judd, an eccentric Unitarian minister whose original, peculiar, and very American stories of "Margaret" and "Richard Edney" have excited at home a great deal of attention and criticism; Melville, a man of unquestionable genius, who struck out for himself a new path in Typee, Omoo, and his last book, "The Whale;" Dr. Mayo, whose remarkable novels of "Kaloolah" and "The Berber" are well known in England; and Mr. Mitchell, who, under the *nom de plume* of Ik. Marvel, has written the "Lorgnette," (in the class of the Spectator,) "Fresh Gleanings," (a "sentimental journey through France and Italy," the "Reveries of a Bachelor," a graceful romance of reflection, sentiment, and humor, which has had an extraordinary success in America,) and "Dream-Life," (a work of the same character,) which has just reached us.

Various Authors.—Among the writers of magazine stories, of whom there are a large number, Richard H. Dana, N. P. Willis, C. F. Hoffman, and the late Edgar A. Poe, besides the novelists already mentioned, deserve particular praise, for various and generally for very eminent abilities.

We can but allude to the scholarship of Robinson, Conant, Sears, Felton, Anthon, Woolsey, and several others, who deserve honorable mention for their labors in ancient literature. With the same brevity we must dismiss Livingston, Wheaton, Marshall, Parsons, Kent, and Story. And in the criticism of literature and life we have no room for characterization of Legaré, Wilde, Dana, Verplanck, or the younger writers, Whipple, Hudson, and others who have recently begun to attract attention.

Poets.—We offer here no criticism of the American poets. Their works demand a separate and elaborate discussion. Pre-eminent among them unquestionably stands Bryant. Longfellow is more read in England, as Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper has a larger audience than any British bard, from

Shakspeare to Browning, in the United States. Dana, Percival, Halleck, Brainard, Sands, Pinckney, Emerson, Hoffman, Willis, Whittier, Pike, Poe, Parsons, Lowell, Street, Taylor, Stoddard, and Boker, have each a good right to be considered at some length. The last three have just published volumes, of which we have seen only Bayard Taylor's and R. H. Stoddard's, each of which embraces a portion of the most excellent verse produced in this decade.

Literary Women.—We close this too hasty article with a brief paragraph respecting American literary women. The intellectual activity of the sex in that country constitutes a remarkable feature of its civilization. We do not think Southey overpraised Mrs. Brooks when he declared her the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses; and for her genius and her character, but most for her beautiful character, the late Mrs. Osgood's name should move men's hearts as the moon moves the sea. No living American woman has evinced in prose or verse anything like the genius of Alice Carey; but next to her, in poetry, must be ranked Edith May, of whose writings an edition has just appeared with a preface by N. P. Willis; and following, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, and Miss Townsend. Among the female prose-writers of America, a conspicuous rank must be awarded to the late Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, (whose memoirs are soon to be published by R. W. Emerson,) Mrs. Kirkland, (the amusing and sensible "Mary Clavers,") Miss Sedgwick, Miss M'Intosh, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Robinson, ("Talvi,") and Mrs. Oakes Smith, a voluminous writer in poetry, prose, fiction, criticism, and the philosophy of society, whose late book, "Woman and her Needs," is the most powerful assertion that has appeared of the necessity of a change in the legal and social condition of woman.

Works of E. A. Poe.—After the above rapid glance over the whole field of American literature, we shall now give a brief account of some of the recent importations which cover our table.

The phrase "Life and Genius" has not yet come to be so inadvertently or indiscriminately applied as to cease to stimulate expectation, when we see its magic letters glittering on a title-page. And whoever is induced, by this expectation, to make himself acquainted with the Poems, Tales, Essays, and Criticisms of Edgar Allan Poe, will not be disappointed.

The possession of something more than mere "talent" was conceded to him, both by friends and foes, when alive, and when his position in the literary world was simply that of a "Magazinish;" much more cheerfully will it be conceded to him now that his scattered writings are gathered together—now that the grave has closed over his follies—and his memoir presents such a sad picture of a tempest-tossed life so fatally wrecked at last, as must fill his very enemies with pity, but no longer with prejudice or scorn.

Although he at first apologized for the publication of his poems by intimating that, with him, poetry was "not a purpose, but a passion," his genius was not of the impulsive or perceptive order, but analytical and constructive. He had no inspiration. His apology was an untruth. It was an artifice of his real genius, aiming to win for himself the credit of that higher order of genius, in which he was deficient. Everything he wrote was written "for a purpose." In an essay on "the philosophy of composition," detailing the process by which he constructed the "Raven," he reveals, on the one hand, his deficiency in spontaneous thought and emotion, and, on the other, his perfect mastery of mechanism and method. He had a strong but wayward imagination, with a large development of causality. Combined with these, his analytical faculty enabled him to weave his web of fiction into extreme minuteness of detail, so as to throw an air of reality over his most imaginative productions. We read the piece entitled "Mesmeric Revelation"—narrating a conversation with a sleep-waker—not only without the slightest suspicion of its being fictitious, but quite prepared, from internal evidence, to repel such a hypothesis. "The facts in the case of M. Valdemar" produced the same conviction of their *bona fide* historical accuracy, reading like a newspaper report published at the time and place where the "facts" occurred. It appears also from the Memoir that both pieces were reprinted as incredible, and yet credited historical narratives, in the literary and philosophical journals of various countries, "everywhere causing sharp and curious speculation, and where readers could be persuaded that they were fables (!), challenging a reluctant but genuine admiration."

With such rare artistic powers, he was, nevertheless, æsthetically deficient; which, with more serious deficiencies of a moral nature, effectually dried up the fountains of inspiration, and blighted with falsehood his

ablest efforts. Consequently, there is clearness without warmth, and the symmetry of sculpture without the beauty of life. According to the company he was thrown into, his personal character was alternately that of a seraph or a brute; and his biography unfolds a dark and melancholy tale, such as has been told of few literary men, even in their worst estate.

The following sad scene, which occurred toward the close of his career, justifies such a strong expression of our opinion:—

"His name was now frequently associated with that of one of the most brilliant women of New England, and it was publicly announced that they were to be married. * * * They were not married, and the breaking of the engagement affords a striking illustration of his character. He said to an acquaintance in New York, who congratulated him upon the prospect of his union with a person of so much genius and so many virtues, 'It is a mistake; I am not going to be married.' 'Why, Mr. Poe, I understand that the banns have been published.' 'I cannot help what you have heard, my dear Madam; but mark me, I shall not marry her.' He left town the same evening, and the next day was reeling through the streets of the city, which was the lady's home; and in the evening—that should have been the evening before the bridal—in his drunkenness he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police."

There was subsequently a temporary reformation, and another marriage engagement, in fulfilment of which he sets out from New York, but on his way meets with acquaintances, who persuade him to drink: all his resolutions and obligations are forgotten; and, after a night of insanity, he is carried to a hospital, where in three days he closes the eight-and-thirty years of his life!

Even to a picture so dark as this there is a bright side; and, though our space is limited, it would be unpardonable to omit it. Mrs. Osgood, in a letter to the Editor, after acknowledging his frailties, which she had heard of, but never saw, thus throws the sunlight of some happier reminiscences over his character:—

"It was in his own simple, yet poetical home, that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child, for his young, gentle, and idolized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. * * * Of the charming love and confidence that existed between his wife and himself, always delightfully apparent to me, I cannot speak too earnestly, too warmly. I believe she

was the only woman whom he ever truly loved; and this is evidenced by the exquisite pathos of the little poem lately written, called 'Annabel Lee,' of which she was the subject, and which is by far the most natural, simple, tender, and touchingly beautiful of all his songs. But it was in his conversations and his letters, far more than in his published poetry and prose writings, that the genius of Poe was most gloriously revealed. His letters were divinely beautiful, and for hours I have listened to him, entranced by such strains of pure and almost celestial eloquence, as I have never read or heard elsewhere."

What forlorn and forsaken poet could desire an "in memoriam" more tender or more oblivious of his faults?

Memoirs of J. H. Perkins.—Similar to Mr. Poe, in his nomadic tendencies, and associated, like him, with periodical literature, and dying, too, at the same time and at the same age, but unlike in all other respects, was James Handasyd Perkins. The difficulties of the former arose from the almost total absence of a conscience; those of the latter, from such an over-development of the faculty as almost to render him unfit for any trade, profession, or position in social life. Amidst the mass of men who gradually work their way to wealth and comfort, there is always a number for whom "there is no place found" in the mechanism of society, and who, therefore, get the character of being eccentric, and are so, just because society itself is eccentric to them, and to the laws of nature. Mr. Perkins was one who thus felt himself, at an early age, out of joint with "things as they are," which, however, conduced to foster in him that spirit of noble discontentment which rendered him in mature years an earnest and efficient advocate of "things as they should be." His youth is spent at school, and in his father's counting-house; but his aspirations are too ideal—he lives too much in the future—the details of business prove irksome—its fundamental conditions are morally repulsive to him—and its actual matter-of-course practices fill him with utter disgust. Other questions come up, and deeper troubles surround him. He is driven inward upon his own consciousness, to grapple there with the stern problems of destiny. He becomes skeptical; for a time finds solace in the poetry of Shelley, and satisfaction in the doctrines of phrenology, until, becoming acquainted with the writings of Coleridge, a new realm of speculation is opened up to him, and he eagerly enters it in search of the lost faith which it promises to restore.

He inaugurates his Manhood by emi-

grating to the great valley of the West, there to engage in farming, and to find in the difficulties of a rising state something in which his energies could be fully and honorably employed. Arriving at Cincinnati, he is accidentally led to peruse some law books which he finds in the office of a legal friend, and is soon profoundly interested in tracing out the symmetrical system of justice, which, like a network of nerves, pervades the body of social relations. He is, in fact, so enamored with the study, that he pursues it in earnest, and, at the same time, with success. He is admitted to the bar with the most brilliant prospects; but hardly has he entered upon his professional duties, when his career is again arrested by conscientious scruples. The practice of the law turns out to be somewhat different from the study of it, and so he gives it up and betakes himself, as Carlyle says, to that "resource of all Adam's prosperity that are otherwise foiled—the Pen." Again the land attracts him, and he settles down, in patriarchal fashion, on a few acres, in the neighborhood of his favorite Cincinnati. Dividing his time between labor and literature, he writes those brilliant essays for the *North American Review*, which are reprinted in the second of the two volumes before us,—admirably fulfilling, at the same time, his mission as a Spiritual Pioneer—contributing, in various capacities, his intellectual and moral energies to the social education of a free and vigorous people, and to the organization of institutions befitting their destiny. In 1849, being then thirty-nine years of age, he met with an untimely death; and so ended a beautiful and useful life, in which conscience kept its throne to the last. He very much resembled Dr. Channing. With more practical vigor, he was equally pure in his aspirations, equally catholic in his sympathies, and earnest in his opinions and endeavors. He was a true man, and never outgrew his manhood.

As a biography, Mr. Channing's work is not entitled to high praise. It has been too hurriedly executed; and the author forgets what is due to the public, to himself, and his subject, when, conscious of this, he has the effrontery to say that he has "neither leisure nor inclination to mend it." The extracts from the writings of Mr. Perkins are too copious. The right place for an Essay or a Lecture is in an appendix, or separate division of the work. We are surprised also that Mr. Channing should exhibit the character of his friend by quoting wholesale the obituaries of the press, and the resolutions

passed by committees. Both his character and opinions should have been worked into the Life, and exhibited there in concrete unity, and not in their present patch-work isolation. To social reformers, however, the opinions of an earnest thoughtful man, like Mr. Perkins, on Christian Republicanism, Christian Socialism, Educational Plans, Moral and Religious organizations, Criminal Jurisprudence, Slavery, Preaching, Literature and Art, &c., will be interesting in any form.

Mechanical Philosophy, by S. E. Coues.—Heresies in Science threaten to be as abundant as Heresies in Theology. Were it not that "they manage those things better" in the Academy than in the Temple, we should soon have, side by side with "Anti-Trinitarians" and "Anti-Sabbatarians," such sects as "Anti-Creationists," and "Anti-Gravitationists;" and in the *Index Expurgatorius* of orthodox science we should expect to find such books as the "Vestiges," &c., and these "Outlines" by Mr. Coues; for under this plain and unpromising title, (which we supposed at first to be a mere school-book, and which we opened with the view of taking the measure of the compiler's skill in the art of appropriation,) we were surprised to find ourselves very speedily absorbed in the perusal of an ingenious and elaborate attempt to overthrow the doctrine of Gravitation! A refutation of Moses seems much less startling in the present day than a refutation of Newton. Nothing less, however, is here attempted—we had almost said achieved—but this we are not yet prepared to concede. The insecurity felt in consequence of Mr. Hobbs having succeeded in picking our locks would be trifling compared with what we should feel, under the impression that Mr. Coues had succeeded in picking holes in the "Principia."

It is perhaps necessary for the reader to be reminded that the doctrine of gravitation is avowedly a *hypothesis*. It is a word used for the purpose of concealing our ignorance, not of revealing our knowledge. The law of gravitation, however, is a reality, whether the doctrine be true or not. The doctrine is an attempt to explain the law; but this, though unexplained or unexplainable, is still true. In the formula that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter, with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances, the latter portion defines the law, and the former the doctrine. The one seemed to be harmonious with, and explanatory of, the other. For scientific purposes the law is sufficient.

Newton himself admitted gravitation to be a *theory*—a *hypothesis*. He did not assert that the planets revolve around the sun because of an attractive force in the central orb, but as if in consequence of such a force. The present work endeavors to show, that the explanations which this hypothesis of gravitation offers of the phenomena of the physical universe are unsatisfactory and unsound, but without taking sufficient care to obviate misconception as to the real object of his attack. The subject is of great importance. Truth must always be more serviceable than error; and, inasmuch as we are always viewing facts through the medium of theories, an error in the latter will tend to distort and discolor the former. When a theory is considered well established and unassailable, it precludes further inquiry, and coerces the application of new observations. It disposes of discrepancies by asking: How can they be explained? not: Can they on the hypothesis assumed be explained at all? Theories, being but approximations to the reality, ought to be as flexible as the mind is progressive, and as numerous as there are possibilities in the case.

Mr. Coues contends that all motion is orbital, rotary, curvilinear; "for, all atoms being in curvilinear motion, no addition of rectilinear motion can change the curve into the straight line—there will ever remain the element of the curve." By the ancients, and, in more recent times, by Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Des Cartes, circular motion was deemed the natural motion: modern philosophy conceives it constrained by the operation of conflicting forces. These, however, are shown to be unnecessary. The force of the revolving sphere is *within itself*; and, consequently, it goes round in its orbit, without needing the guidance and direction of central and tangential forces. Newton's doctrine is not applicable to atomic motions, nor to the phenomena of the imponderable agents. The present theory endeavors to prove that the motive power of nature is one, acting under uniform laws; that force, "whether it form the dew-drop, or marshal the 'hosts of heaven'; whether it manifest itself in the flow of the tides, or of the purple stream of life—whether in the flash of lightning, or in the sweep of the bird with motionless wing—is ever the same principle." Not only are cosmical phenomena exhibited in nature's simplicity and unity, but its application to chemistry would tend, it is alleged, to educe order out of the confusion existing in that department, where, for the want of fixed

general laws, or for the want of comprehending them, forces multiply as fast as facts. Heterogeneous attraction, homogeneous attraction, capillary attraction, various forms of repulsion, elasticity, cohesion, chemical affinity, current affinity, and the forces of the imponderables, like gravitation, are not ultimate, but manifestations of a higher force, for which we have no name. There is not in the teachings of mechanico-chemical science the prominence, the boldness, the exactness, the simplicity which characterize the works of Nature, whether her force be exerted on the atom or on the world. Such is the general tenor of the author's reasoning. Throwing down both telescope and microscope, he proceeds in disproof of the attraction of matter, and in illustration of his own theory, to an examination of the common facts of daily observation. The most striking in this respect are those which relate to oscillatory motion; the action of the pendulum, and kindred movements; atmospheric density, and the action of the barometer; the pressure of fluids; the tides and trade winds, &c. The preceding hints may give some idea—necessarily very imperfect—of the nature and object of the work. With fulness of detail and force of reasoning, it combines that simplicity of exposition which indicates originality and perfect mastery of the subject. Its novelty will inspire interest, and its independent tone will command respect, even if its arguments fail to produce conviction.

The Great Harmonia.—The origin of this work is as remarkable as its contents, and its contents as remarkable as its origin. It will perhaps be in the recollection of some of our readers, that a work by the same author was published, a few years ago, under the title of "Principles of Nature," which was represented as containing lectures, or utterances, which he gave forth, from time to time, while in the clairvoyant state, before a number of intelligent and trustworthy individuals. As might have been expected in reference to such extraordinary claims, some believed, and others believed not. Upon any hypothesis, however, the work was a phenomenon, meriting the attention of inquiring and scientific minds. Since that time, his psychological peculiarities have become even more remarkable. His "Principles" were said to be the result of simple clairvoyance—he being thrown into that condition entirely by the mechanical operations of his mesmerizer, and only while in it manifesting any superiority

of spiritual power. No continuity of consciousness and memory linked together his normal and abnormal states, which ran on in parallel lines, alternating their activities, without any interchange of recognition or assistance. Now, however, this obstacle to his harmonious development has been surmounted: this suspension of memory he no longer experiences, having dynamically moved up into a higher state, which permanently unites both spheres of intellectual existence. His case, therefore, as alleged, stands thus: in addition to the use of his external senses, his interior senses have become so developed as to afford as complete and as spontaneous an egress into the interior world of spirit, as, through the ordinary medium, he enjoys into the exterior world of matter. While, therefore, he can perceive the phenomena in each, and the relations which subsist between them, this double perception is blended together in the focus of a common consciousness, and becomes the harmonious property of a single personality, in which reason is admitted to be paramount. He remains, consequently, liable to error, in regard to his own impressions, as well as those communicated by the spirit-messengers, with whom he professes to hold converse; inasmuch as he, (as well as they,) with better *means* of knowledge, is still subject to the same *methods* of acquiring it, and to the same tests of its truthfulness and logical coherence, as his less fortunate neighbors. In short, his condition is that of *inspiration*—not in the sense of receiving a communication directly from the Almighty—but in the sense of being instructed by higher intelligences than himself, all with varied opportunities and powers of observation and reflection—or in the wholly subjective sense of having and using an interior organ for *inspiring* truth (rather than having truth *inspired*) from that encircling ocean of love and wisdom which flows from the central fountain of intelligence,—just as in our physical system we are furnished with an organ for inspiring the atmosphere around us. The present work, therefore, does not profess to be produced, like the former, from the reported utterances of the clairvoyant, but from the calm reflections and carefully-preserved notes of the student. It is intended to take a cyclopædic range through the realms of knowledge, the author being "impressed to search (as far as his abilities will permit) the natural, spiritual, and celestial departments of God's universal Temple, and to reveal and suggest the proper application of such gen-

eral truths as man's physical and spiritual organization requires in this his rudimental state of existence."

From the following brief statement of the impressions left upon our minds by the perusal of these two volumes, the reader will perceive a close resemblance between the Harmonial Philosophy and those of Spinoza and Swedenborg.—God is represented as the source and soul of the universe, giving birth to it, and dwelling in it, (like the idea giving birth to, and dwelling in, the word,) and, together with it, constituting the Cosmos, as the soul, together with the body, constitutes Man. Spirit and matter are merely relative terms. God is spirit in this relative sense. In a similar sense, the soul of man is regarded as spirit. Both God and the soul are organized substances, developing their own likenesses in those material embodiments in which they enclothe themselves, and which they pervade as power, though locally concentrated as intelligence—thereby possessing personality and consciousness. The universe, therefore, is an emanation, and all creation is a development. From the relation which the material or outward man bears to the spiritual or inward man, and which the material world sustains to the spiritual world, their respective functions and destinies are indicated. A scientific basis is laid for the hope of immortality, which thence becomes an object of knowledge, rather than of faith. Death is a simple metamorphosis, and more properly a birth than a death—a door which opens into a higher sphere—a primitive *event* in a life which is eternal. The body which is laid aside has given birth to a spiritual organization more befitting the soul's higher destiny, and can never therefore be resumed, or become the subject of a mechanical resurrection. Progress is the programme of the future. Man's education goes on. The Infinite and the Eternal are around him, and before him, stimulating his aspirations, and pouring their riches into his expanding faculties.

We have not space to follow the author through the multitude of other interesting subjects connected with science and philosophy, which are here expounded. This brief expository notice will suffice to indicate its character and contents to that class of readers fond of mystical philosophy.

Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac.—It is somewhat singular that, in so young and unhistorical a country as America, there should be so strong and growing a spirit of historical research. As phenomena of a contrary,

but really kindred nature, Scotland, so famed for its religion, has produced no great theologian, and Switzerland, so rich in poetic scenery, has produced no poet. A country sparing of its beauties may nourish the inventive genius of the poet by the necessity it imposes of seeking and wooing nature in her poverty, while an ampler profusion might lull it into indifference, or even nurse it into blindness. It may be that, in like manner, a country with the link of its traditions broken, and its hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, uninvested with the lingering associations of olden times, and unchronicled in story or in song, may manifest all the greater eagerness in searching for the scattered relics, and the greater care in gathering up the fragments which remain. Not only are the documents connected with her own political history voluminously piled together, but, like an outcast child in search of its parentage, she claims as her own the traditions of her aborigines; and so dear is her very dust to her citizens, that they are ready to forget that they are the kinsmen of Milton and Hampden, and almost willing to believe that they are the offspring of the Mohawks and Ojibeways.

The present work relates to what may be called the frontier wars of America, and especially to the closing struggles between the Indians and English colonists, after the conquest of Canada. For the purpose of securing unity of design, and scope for constructive skill in his historical picture, the author has selected, for his central object, Pontiac's conspiracy for the expulsion of the English, and around this has grouped the numerous battle-scenes and thrilling incidents, interspersed with sketches of Indian life and American landscape, with which the work abounds.

In qualifying himself for writing this history, Mr. Parkman has not only made diligent use of all existing documentary information, but has made Indian life and character the subject of personal observation and study—penetrating, in the course of his enthusiastic adventures, beyond the Mississippi, "leaving the very shadow of civilization a hundred leagues behind him," with the view "of studying the manners and character of the Indians in their primitive state." For weeks together this Harvard academic dwelt in the solitude of the wilderness; acquiring their speech, joining in their sports, and conforming to their habits—an Indian of the Indians, in the zeal of his temporary conversion to savagism. The various localities,

also, where the scenes of his history are laid, were minutely traversed, and their floating traditions diligently collected.

With such materials, and with such qualifications for using them to advantage, the result is a narrative fresh and vivid,—*scenically*, rather than graphically written, a characteristic due to the fact of his having observed as well as read, and heightened, perhaps, rather than diminished, by the circumstance that, during its composition, he was afflicted with such weakness of eyesight as to be obliged to dictate to an amanuensis—a method requiring a perfect mastery of details, and necessitating a composition from the picture in the mind, instead of a mere compilation from the documents on the desk.

Public opinion has already awarded to it the rank of a standard work, and to its author the rank of an historian.

Squier's Antiquities of New York.—The investigations, the results of which are embodied in this work, were undertaken in 1848, under the joint auspices of the Historical Society of New York, and the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. They were originally published in the second volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," and now republished in the present more portable and less expensive form. To this edition the author has appended a *résumé*, or synoptical view of the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," (forming the first volume of the Smithsonian Contributions,) so as to enable the reader to institute a comparison between the aboriginal remains of New York and those of the Western States.

These researches establish the fact, that the Great Valley of the West not only maintained an Indian population before the present one began to pour in upon it like an inundation, but that, anterior to the Indian tribes, it was inhabited by a people more numerous and more advanced in civilization—acquainted with agriculture and the useful arts, and living under a consolidated government and well-organized priesthood—they themselves apparently primitive colonists from the north, dispossessing some tribes more aboriginal still, and migrating southwards, to become the founders of empires in Mexico and Peru. These conclusions seem to be decipherable from the monuments and kindred relics discovered; though Mr. Squier, while careful in furnishing facts, is very cautious in forming theories. These monuments are not hieroglyphical tablets, like those discovered on the banks of the Nile and the Tigris:

they consist for the most part of elevations and embankments of earth and stone, erected with great labor and manifest design. They extend throughout the entire valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and increase in magnitude and regularity, if not in numbers, as they descend the valley toward the Gulf. They indicate that the mound builders must have manifested, throughout the whole territory which they occupied, great uniformity in social habits and superstitious observances—a uniformity sufficiently marked to identify them as a single people, having a common origin, a common course of development, and a common destiny.

It was generally supposed that the aboriginal earth-works of New York were contemporaneous with those of the Mississippi Valley; but Mr. Squier has been led to a different conclusion. They are not characterized by the same mathematical accuracy of form; and the minor relics which have been found in their neighborhood are precisely similar to those found in real Indian settlements. Although adverse to admit of any save a *natural* reason for the numerous similarities, civil and sacred, which characterize the remains of different countries, those similarities are abundantly illustrated; and those who believe with Leibnitz that "nothing happens without a *reason* why it happens so rather than otherwise," will here find much to interest them. The work is a repository of facts and observations, collected with indefatigable industry, and lucidly arranged by one who has earned for himself a deservedly high reputation as an archæologist.

Squier's Serpent Symbol.—This work is the first of a series, under the title of "American Archæological Researches," which proposes to collect "all such leading and authenticated facts as may be accessible, relating to the aboriginal monuments of the American continent, which shall serve to illustrate not only their character and origin, but also the ancient and as yet unwritten history of the New World, and the relation which its aboriginal inhabitants sustained to the great primitive families of the other Continent." The points which Mr. Squier endeavors to establish and illustrate in this volume, are the essential identity of some of the elementary religious conceptions, and the similarity of the symbolical systems of the primitive peoples of both hemispheres; and it is confidently asserted that a comparison and analysis on a more extensive scale, and philosophically conducted, would establish

the grand fact, that in *all* their leading elements, and in many of their details, they are essentially the same. It may naturally be concluded, therefore, that, at some remote period, the two widely-separated continents were by some means or other connected; but the author is opposed to such an inference—at least “without inquiring how far similar conditions and like constitutions, mental, moral, and physical, may serve to approximate institutions, religions, and monuments to a common or cognate type.” The hypothesis of an independent origin is advocated in the opening chapter, which embodies also the results of physiological, psychological, and philological researches on the question of the unity of the American race. The second chapter is on the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature, and on Phallic Worship in the Old and New Worlds, the undeniable existence of which in both he regards as the most interesting fact which a comparison of their respective monuments has yet disclosed, as it tends to draw the whole circle of mythology around a common centre. The third and fourth chapters are on the sacred “High Places” of America—their purposes, and the primitive ideas which they illustrate; and on the rationale and attendant rites of American Sun or Fire worship. He then describes the ancient serpentine structures of the Mississippi Valley, which seem to have an undoubted religious origin, and to be the symbols of some grand mythological idea. The remarkable coincidences between the ancient American, Brahminical, Egyptian, Hebrew and Christian religions, in regard to the attributes of God, and the relations of Trinities, Demiurges, and Devils, (chapter sixth,) and in regard to the incarnation of Deity, as a mediator and teacher, (chapter seventh,) are copiously furnished. In subsequent chapters, the author traces the serpent symbol in the temples of Central America, as also the resemblances which these structures bear to the Buddhist temples of India; and, coming nearer our own part of the world, he examines the serpentine structures at Abury, Mervale, Stanton Drew, and Karnac, in Britany. Finally, while in the Old World, he exhibits the universality of the serpent worship, and illustrates the various applications of the serpent symbol, *e. g.*, to duration and eternity; to vitality, and thereby to the healing art; to wisdom or knowledge; and, as in the Egyptian Typhon, &c., to malignant force or evil power. Such applications are easily accounted for; but in many other in-

stances the reason is difficult to discover, unless on the ground intimated by Sanchoniathon—that, being the most mysterious creature in nature, it was therefore chosen to symbolize things least understood.

Stuart on Ecclesiastes.—The old Puritanical system of biblical exposition has gradually disappeared before the higher culture and more rational spirit of modern times. Cabalistic word-shuffling, double senses, and mystical interpretations, are no longer palatable to “educated and scientific theologians.” Even where the Bible is not regarded as belonging to the same order of literature as the classical writers of Greece and Rome, it is subjected to the same *kind* of critical treatment. The man who is capable of translating Homer, or editing Thucydides, has only to turn from Matthiæ and Passow to Gesenius and Winer, in order to qualify himself for taking a chair of exegetical theology, and prelecting on the Psalms of David, or the Epistles of St. Paul. Of this new school of grammatico-historical critics, Moses Stuart is *facile princeps*; and few men were better qualified for exhibiting the essential leanness of the system. In the works of genius, as in the works of nature, the eye sees (as has been observed) what it brings with it the power of seeing; or, in the words of St. Paul himself, it is “the spirit that searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.” Of this spirit, Prof. Stuart and his school give indications of as great deficiency as the Puritans did of morbid excess. Where the latter could see everything or anything, the former can see little or nothing. This emasculation of the Bible is the most effectual way to depopularize it. It was upon no such basis that modern religionism attained its power; nor upon such a basis will it be possible to sustain it. “Scientific theologians” would do well to remember that science of any kind has to do with eternal laws and unchangeable realities, and not with mere words.

Prof. Stuart’s latest work is a “Commentary on Ecclesiastes.” In the earlier part of his professional labors at Andover, he undertook to lecture on it, but failed to satisfy himself, or find satisfaction in the labors of others. He therefore soon abandoned the attempt, candidly informing his pupils that he could not lecture on a book which he did not understand.

In regard to the passages which seem to inculcate Skepticism, Epicureanism, and Fatalism, Mr. Stuart concedes that—

"It is impossible to read with candor such passages as iii. 18-21; ix. 2-6; and even vi. 2-8; ix. 11, 12; without feeling that they are effusions of a mind disturbed by difficulties and doubts, if they are considered separately and as standing alone."

He concedes further that—

"If it be read, as most readers in ancient times seem to have read it, as containing nothing but the sentiments of Solomon himself, it is indeed a task more difficult than that which *Œdipus* had to perform in solving the riddle of the Sphinx, to make out such a solution of some parts of the book as will cause them to speak *orthodoxy*."

All difficulties, however, are to be overcome by the hypothesis that the writer has given "a picture of the struggle and contest through which his own mind passed, when he set out on the road of philosophical inquiry." We are informed that Solomon was probably not the author of the book, and that its inspiration has long been a subject of dispute. The Talmud says that "the learned sought to lay aside the book *Cohemoth*, because the declarations thereof contradict each other." And again—"because they found therein words leaning to the side of the heretics. And why did they not lay it aside? *Because* at the beginning are words of the law, and at the end are words of the law." Jerome "pronounces the book to be one of authority, *because* it ends with the conclusion, that we should fear God, and keep his commandments." Mr. Stuart defends its *canonicity*, but is very quiet on the subject of its *inspiration*. He considers it deserving the "notice and attention of modern philosophers, as a specimen of Hebrew philosophy;" and that a right view of it "would aid very much in restoring to it the usefulness which it is *adapted* to subserve."

North American Review.—It was originally our intention to run briefly over the leading periodicals, as we are in the habit of doing with the products of "Magazine-day" here. But we find nothing answering to "Blackwood" or "Tait," or rather, we find *our* "Blackwood" and "Tait," our "Edinburgh" and "Westminster," circulating in the States like aboriginal productions. Hence, though possessing a richer periodical literature in the theological department than we can yet exhibit in England, they seem more disposed for "annexation" than for rivalry in other departments. For many years, however, the "North American Review" has enjoyed a distinguished reputation for culture and criticism. The present number (October) contains several elaborate and interesting papers. The first,

on "the Republic of Chile," is by a gentleman who has lived in the country, and gives a well-digested account of the development of popular institutions and public life in the model republic of the South. An article on "Slavery in the United States: its evils, alleviations, and remedies," gives a calm and intelligent view of the subject. The writer advocates colonization as a gradual remedy for the evil, which, though unsatisfactory to Exeter Hall philanthropy, or to the extreme party of abolitionists, is here presented in the broad light of historical and ethnological research, and commends itself as resting on a basis of humanity, no less than of philosophy. Hildreth's "History of the United States" is reviewed antagonistically; and Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" with warm approbation. A searching criticism is bestowed on Fowler's "English Grammar," a work of scientific pretensions, based on Latham's treatise on the same subject. The other articles are on "Physical Geography," "Hugh Miller and Popular Science," and the "Life and Poetry of Wordsworth," the last of which falls far below the requirements of the subject.

Annals.—Mr. Putnam's two massive and elegant Christmas gift books, indicate that America is "going ahead" in the cultivation of the *dulce*, as well as in the pursuit of the *utile*. Out of compliment to the ladies, we address ourselves first to the "Book of Home Beauty," though unfortunately for the value of the compliment, we are tempted to be somewhat critical over it. A book of home beauty was quite a happy idea, and so was the idea of selecting for its adornment portraits of twelve matronly ladies, to represent the home circles of their patriarchal country. Great taste is displayed in its execution; but we cannot speak of it throughout with unqualified admiration. We have a very modest opinion of our capacity for appreciating beauty, and are half inclined to sacrifice our feeble claim in that line to our courtesy; but our judgment, in that case, if flattering to the representative ladies, would hardly be considered flattering to the ladies whom they represent. If the book was intended to exhibit the *average* standard and proportion of American beauty, we should say that it has been faithful to a fault; but if it proposed to exhibit the *élite*, we must express our disappointment with the result. Mr. Putnam, however, must persevere, and if he continue to manifest the same delicacy of feeling, and purity of purpose, he will succeed. But for the present the American ladies must occupy the back-

ground; and so far as they are concerned, England sustains the fame of her fair aristocracy, and Scotland remains unrivalled for her "bonnie lasses." *Fitness*, indeed, is what ought to be considered in any kind of comparison between different countries; and in that respect, while we do not demand in the daughters of an *industrious* population any remarkable refinement of beauty, we do expect to find in the representative mothers of a *republican* nation a marked individuality of *character*—an expectation, however, not realized.

Dismissing the art portion of this volume, we have a word to say upon the authorship. The portraits being the principal feature, it was no doubt a difficult matter to find a suitable literary padding to pack between them; and a continuous fiction by a single writer being determined upon, Mrs. Kirkland has executed her task in a most praiseworthy manner; but, besides the literary extravagance of spreading such a light sketch over such "expansive pages," it would have been more appropriate to have had letter-press portraits by twelve American female authors, of the noble lives or noble deeds of some of their most memorable countrywomen. Were there no heroines of the Revolution to whom such a monument was due? Or are there none illustrious enough among the living, to become, in this form, as in their actual life, the models of their sex?

"*The Home Book of the Picturesque*" is the result of such a combination of labor as we have just suggested, and on that, as well as on other accounts, it has our preference. It is truly representative of "American Scenery, Art, and Literature."

The landscapes, however, though American, are not *peculiarly* so; and they serve rather to show the *similarity* than the *difference* between the scenery of the old country and the new.

The literary material is excellent, and is

furnished by the leading masters in that department. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Miss Cooper, Bayard Taylor, Willis, Tuckerman, Mary E. Field, and W. C. Bryant, are all contributors, and each on some favorite locality or topic.

The opening paper by Magoon, on "Scenery and Mind," is an elaborate, eloquent and classical production. The closing one by Dr. Bethune, on "Art in the United States," shows that its development there is the same as in other countries and times, owing to the gradual alliance of wealth and taste in the same individuals.

Among the gift-books of the season that are truly American in material and style, as well as in name, specific mention deserves to be made of "The Iris." This is by no means an ephemeral production, nor is it "got up" in the usual manner of books of this class. It is an original work containing materials that were no doubt destined for independent publication, but which were pressed into the service of the *Annals*. Captain Eastman, of the United States topographical corps, has furnished a series of drawings of some of the most striking and remarkable objects connected with Indian traditions, which he made during a nine years' residence among the Indian tribes; and Mrs. Eastman has furnished poems and tales founded on the legends which she gathered during her sojourn in the wilderness. The illustrations are in chromo-lithography, and are executed with great skill. "The Snow Flake," "Leaflets of Memory," and "The Proverbialist and the Poet," are also deserving of high commendation. The last-mentioned, especially, is a beautifully-executed work, containing truly "sands of gold sifted from the flood of literature"—a very Bible of Proverbs from Solomon, Shakspeare, and Tupper, illustrated by parallel passages from other poets, and dedicated to the lovers of "sense, shortness, and salt."

THE LAST ARGUMENT.—Though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. There were a thousand instances of that "keen encounter of their wits," in which person was more involved than party.

"I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an

attack of this kind—"I leave the honorable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word."

"I am sensible," said Sheridan, "of the favor which the right honorable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the *last argument*."

From Fraser's Magazine.

KING ALFRED.*

THERE is something romantic in the origin of this book. The author, a young Prussian, who had been several years in England, was studying at Oxford in the autumn of 1848. It was the crisis of the Berlin revolution, and the road in which things were going was not one which any honest German heart could expect to find issue in anything but the most mournful disaster. Dr. Pauli sought and found a remedy against his uneasy thoughts in increased activity in his own occupations, and gradually what he had devoted himself to, to dissipate his anxiety, rewarded him with an interest which peculiarly softened and relieved it.

His proper business at Oxford was with the old Saxon manuscripts; and as he read them more and more carefully, the figure of the greatest of the early English kings rose before him, as of one who, in a storm far worse than any present storm, had risen over it, and swayed and controlled it; who was a man in the strong sense of that most pregnant word, and on whom he might look and be ashamed of his despondency.

The work begun in this temper is now finished, written, as its author tells us, for Germans, and in the German spirit, and for the present is only in the German language; but we can hardly conceive that the English publishers will pass by such an opportunity of a profitable speculation, and allow it to remain long untranslated.

"My aim (he says) has been to delineate, to the best of my ability, out of such authorities as can best be trusted, the exalted position which Alfred occupies in the organic development of the liberties of England. I am well aware of the defects in my work—defects which remain, and which must remain, after all my efforts at revision. They arise partly out of the necessity I was under to combine original inquiry with narrative of what is already known; partly out of my own want of skill in supplying the defectiveness of my authorities by a workmanlike style of writing;

and no doubt there are faults in criticism too—yet, such as they are, they result not from indolence and carelessness, but from that partial love for my subject which is certain to produce them."

Now we do not intend to affront Dr. Pauli with the panegyrics of the book trade, with telling him that he underrates himself, that he has written a perfect book, that he has exhausted the subject, left nothing to be said, &c. &c.; but after all the objections which we shall have to urge, the result will appear hardly less than wonderful, considering the materials with which he had to work. The life of Alfred, as we read it in Hume, or in Sharon Turner, is scarcely more than a mass of legend, which vanishes under an industrious criticism; and at best it is but a vague conjectural business, where we can hardly assure ourselves of anything except when we have his own word for it.

It is only of rarely recurring periods that any real history is possible; and the intervals have to be filled as we can fill them, with lists of names, and dates, and battles; a few marked events, with here and there a charter or a law code, lying as lonely rock islands of fact, in the midst of huge desolate oceans, with cloudy legends over them and round them. Ages like those of Pericles and Caesar are illuminated with ever-burning lamps—historians, poets, philosophers, statesmen, dramatists, artists, all contemporary with what they describe, and throwing cross lights on all sides and on all figures—while the long centuries of Saxon history are lighted only by faint cloister tapers, thinly scattered along the generations, often far away from what we try to see by them, and the shadows which they throw are strange, and dim, and unearthly. Dr. Pauli has had nothing to depend upon except Asser's *Life of Alfred*, the *Saxon Chronicle*, and a few autobiographical fragments; and at first sight Asser seems hopelessly interpolated, and at first sight too, the *Saxon Chronicle* yields nothing but a list of battles, following year after year, one as like another as Livy's old wearying irruptions of the

* *König Alfred, und Seine Stelle in der Geschichte Englands.* Von Dr. Reinhold Pauli. Berlin: 1851. London: bei Williams and Norgate.

Æqui and Volsci. As soon as we leave them, we pass at once into the purely legendary, and the story rolls down along the chronicles, gathering up into itself just what each writer thought best assimilated with Alfred's character; history faring with the chronicler as physical science fared with the schoolmen, and being put together on the grandest *à priori* method. So that to find any real human features left remaining, after the rubbish of critical demolition is cleared away, may well surprise us; still more to find any so clear and detailed and delicate as some of those which Dr. Pauli has laid open to us.

Before giving an account of his work, however, we will first get rid of the disagreeable part of our business, and dispose of the points on which we are at issue with him. And, first, as to Asser's *Life*. It is known to have been very largely interpolated out of a *Life of St. Neot*, or by the author of that *Life*, somewhere towards the end of the tenth century. The more gross of these interpolations are easily eliminated, but after that is done, the beginning of the story remains full of contradictions, which it is impossible to reconcile. Dr. Pauli would make his way through them by supposing that large paragraphs have got out of place, and tries to construct a consecutive story by an alteration of the order of the text. He loves Alfred's memory too dearly to sacrifice a single trait if he can help it; yet his theory is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and for anything we have yet seen, the whole story of Alfred's childhood remains unhistoric. Here is an instance. His mother is described by Asser as *religiosa nimirum femina, nobilis ingenio, nobilis et genere*. One day, we are told, the boy Alfred was playing with his brothers in her presence, when she called them all to her, and showed them an illuminated volume of Saxon Poems,—“whichever of you children (said she) will first learn to read this, shall have it for a present.” On this, Alfred went off to his tutor, told him what had been said, and applying himself with all diligence to the work, in a short time earned for himself the beautiful book. . . . Now we will not speak hardly of the internal merit of this anecdote; it is the sort of thing which a monk would think edifying, and Dr. Pauli seems to admire it. Is there any reason, however, to believe it true? First, there is the startling difficulty that the same writer, calling himself Asser, declares that Alfred was entirely neglected by his parents, and taught nothing; and then we have his own

word that he could not read before he was twelve years old. . . . Dr. Pauli gets out of the difficulty by supposing that the tutor in question taught him to repeat the poems by heart, and that the neglectful parent was Judith, his father's second wife. Sharon Turner, on the other hand, pushes forward the story; supposes the kind mother to have been Judith, the step-mother, and the neglectful one his own proper mother. . . . Against both of these suggestions we must enter our protest. According to Dr. Pauli, Alfred went to Rome when he was four years old, and the story could not well be referred to an earlier period; while it is scarcely possible, if he did take this journey, that he could ever have seen his mother again; while Judith had married a second time, and left his father's house and family before Alfred was eight. . . . And more than this, who could the children be who were playing with him? His sister, Ethel-switha, who was the child next above him, was marriageable when he was little more than able to walk; and his brothers were grown up warriors before he could have learnt to repeat a poem.

This Judith, too, is a most apocryphal lady. Mr. Kemble tells us, that by a third marriage, she became the mother of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, a fact about as probable or possible as that a present English duke is the son of a mistress of Charles the Second. Dr. Pauli would help out the difficulty by inserting a link, and calling her the grandmother instead of the mother; but he has not mended it, and it must remain as it is.

And again, curiously, one of the passages which he selects as characteristic of the genuine Asser, and in virtue of which he concludes him to have been a person of highly cultivated taste, he will find word for word (or nearly so) in one of the lives of that very St. Neot who has led to all this trouble—so vitiated Asser's text has been—for this passage does not occur in the portion of the story which refers to this saint, but in the directly descriptive narrative which belongs only to Alfred.

Then, as to the *Saxon Chronicle*, Dr. Pauli says, that it was made up in the form in which we now read it, down to the year 891, either in that year, or at any rate before the close of the century. If this be so, it is, of course, a high authority; and the evidence that it is so, is the style of writing in a MS. now extant, which is declared to belong to that period. Dr. Pauli is a far bet-

ter judge of Saxon manuscripts than we are; but we have a right to require him in his next edition to append a note, explaining how it comes to pass that in the entry for the year 876, which details Rollo's conquests, there is a further statement that Rollo *reigned fifty years*. This may have been a marginal gloss, entered carelessly, and apparently belonging to the text. But if so, is the handwriting in which it is entered perceptibly different from the rest? Again, the year of the eclipse is given wrongly, as may be proved by calculation; various stories, too, are omitted; Ethelbald's rebellion, for instance, which it is not easy to explain. But what is of more consequence than all, it is impossible to read the two stories of Alfred's journey or journeys to Rome, and not to feel that there is a confusion somewhere. Dr. Pauli, by fixing the date of the compilation so near the period in question, cannot allow a mistake, and supposes that he went twice there—once without his father, and again with him. He must further suppose that he was twice anointed, and that the Pope did not recollect in 857, what he had before done in 853, or else that the writer of the *Chronicle* forgot in writing one page what he had written on that preceding. Here are the two stories in question:—

"853. King Ethelwulf sent his son Alfred to Rome; Leo was then Pope of Rome, and he consecrated him King, and took him for his son at confirmation.

"855. The same year, he (Ethelwulf) went to Rome in great state, and dwelt there twelve months, and then returned homewards. And Charles, King of the Franks, gave him his daughter to wife; and after that he came to his people, and they were glad of it; and about two years after he came from France he died."

Then follows a genealogy, tracing Alfred through Woden to Adam, and after that—

"Alfred, his third son, (he was the fourth,) he had sent to Rome, and when Pope Leo heard say that Ethelwulf was dead, he consecrated Alfred King, and held him as his spiritual son at confirmation, even as his father Ethelwulf had requested on sending him thither."

The boy, therefore, had remained in Rome three years at least in the Pope's care; he was looked upon as the future King of England, and yet we are to believe that he was not even taught to read.

We cannot resist the conclusion that these entries were put together from the writings of two wholly different persons, who had

each described some one event, with which they were both imperfectly acquainted; and the whole story of the anointing, when its object was a child five years old, with three elder brothers living, and when the throne in question was filled always by elective princes, and never by children, savors strongly of the *à priori* method, and of a later age, when the papal anointing had become a European question; Alfred was a great Catholic king, and therefore he could not have been without so vast a spiritual blessing. It is not easy to be too disrespectful to the historical ability of the monastic writers; never did any set of men betake themselves to the recording human affairs who had less power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, or who were less scrupulous in inventing a useful or an edifying fact, when they did not find one ready to their hand.

We have two more faults to find before proceeding. We must call on Dr. Pauli to justify his quoting the work passing under the name of *Inglulf of Croyland* as a credible witness for any one fact contained in it. It has no pretensions whatever to be a real work of the secretary of the Conqueror; and it was not written, at the earliest, till the time of Edward I. . . . Among the many serious monastic delinquents in the matter of charters, histories, and other documents, the monks of Croyland are the very worst, and no one of them may be admitted into the historical witness court without formal testimonials of character.

On the other point we touch with more delicacy. It may seem out of place in an English reader to criticise a German's style; and yet, when the literature of the two countries is beginning so largely to interchange, he will hardly be sorry to see how the dress in which he has set out his thoughts appears to the eye of a foreigner. Partly from a most laudable effort at condensation, and partly from the natural fulness of his own mind, all his sentences are crowded with matter. But he thinks with so much eagerness and intensity, that he crams it together without much care in the arrangement; and in important passages it lies heaped in most tumultuous disorganization. This is so much the case, that in translating we have been driven to take wide liberties of paraphrase, and we are often uncertain whether we have caught his real meaning. In this way we have to struggle through long paragraphs, and often pages, till we come to the conclusion of the particular subject; and then, like the last few drops of a body of water which

has been rushing out through an aperture too small to let it escape freely, the few last sentences being relieved of the pressure from behind, flow off in a clear, bright, beautiful stream, which shows what the whole might be if he would take pains with it. Take, for instance, his story of the wonderful Ceadwallah, out of the Introductory Summary, whose wild life is the death-shriek of paganism; and which, as a symbol of the struggle, and of its issue, dies away in a prayer of penitence at the feet of the Pope. The pages in which Pauli describes it all are full of vigor and brilliancy, but altogether without shape or organization, till the last clear sentence, in which he lets it roll away from him to its finish.

"Wie ein feuriges Meteor, das kurz leuchtet, Kreis und Verheerung verkündend, und dann plötzlich zerplatzt, streift Ceadwallah, mehr Kelte als Germane durch die Geschichte von Wessex."

And now, after all this fault-finding, to go on with a more pleasant employment.

For the first three centuries of their life in England, the only external enemies with whom the Saxons had to contend were the Picts of the northern border and the Celts of Wales and Cornwall. Neither of these were strong enough to give them serious trouble, and they had had time to develop themselves into a free indolent people; somewhat lazy in their method of working, yet, if Mr. Kemble is right in his calculations, having contrived by the end of the reign of Egbert to bring into cultivation as large an area of soil as was under the plough in the reign of our own first George. There had been time for a rise and for a decline of a spiritual and social cultivation. Strength had brought security, security ease, ease selfishness, selfishness weakness, in the old unerring cycle. Their battles among themselves had served at first, like those between the Grecian states, as a school of discipline and courage. But the spirit of independence was waning slowly and surely. The deadly symptom of centralization had begun to show itself; and then a storm was to break on them which was to try them to the quick. In the old language, the priests and bishops call it a punishment for their sins, . . . and with all justice. For if the Saxons had been what men ought to have been, the first ships of the Danes which touched on the English shores would have carried back an account of their reception which would scarcely have tempted others to try the experiment again.

But so it was to be. And the far-off issues of history required a new element, as, two centuries later, they required again another, to be interfused among the Anglo-Saxons before they would be fit for the work which was in store for them. Perhaps it is with nations as with families, and only mixed blood breeds the fine race. But however that may be, towards the middle of the ninth century the old roving spirit began to stir again on the shores of the northern seas, and fleets of homeless wanderers, driven out either by force or by over-crowding, under the fiercest and most needy of their chiefs, came sweeping down over the same track which, three centuries before, had been first marked by the Saxons. We cannot tell now what causes lay behind this movement. Perhaps it was another pulsation of the same great force which, from time out of mind, had been driving stream after stream, and race after race, westward and westward from the wall of China to the Atlantic. Perhaps Charlemagne's military missionaries, preaching Christianity in the German forests at the sword's point, drove back wave upon wave of proud warriors upon Norway, and Sweden, and Iceland, who preferred independence and their old faith; and rolling back upon the ocean, took ship and passed again towards the south, in search of a resting-place. At any rate, the Danes who came down upon England and Ireland had swarmed out from their hive without intention of returning to it; and, with rare exceptions, they never even attempted to return. They were adventurers bent as much on settlement as on plunder; and they fought when they landed with the desperation of men who knew that the place which they had left was filled behind them, and that there was no hope for them or home for them except what their sword could win. We call them pirates, and the Saxon writers of the day speak of them with a frightened horror as preternatural or fiendish visitants. They were to the Saxons what the same Saxons, three centuries before, had been to the poor Roman Britons—neither any better nor any worse. If they could beat the Saxons, and wrest from them part of their conquest, they had the same right here which the Saxons had made for themselves, or which the Normans afterwards won; and a nation of several millions of men who can be conquered by the crews of a few pirate boats, have no very deep claims on our commiseration. . . . It was for their sins, as their clergy told them; and without their sins it could not have been. They had been

dividing themselves into classes—rich gentlemen and suffering poor; and selfishness in one, and want in the other, had made both cowards, as they always will. It is the universal rule; and the rights of free men are very justly taken away from such as have not courage to defend them. This is the principle of all such struggles, then, now, and ever; and that instinct of judgment which sides so irresistibly with the victor is a true and faithful voice in us. It is foolishness to cavil at the right of Saxons and Normans; and the Danes conquered half England, and made their right good in it by the same title as they. Where it was good that they should be, there they settled themselves. If they had conquered all the island, they would have thrown it back into paganism, and that would not have been good. And God raised up King Alfred to turn them back from where they should not be, at the right time and the right place, and to give them his faith, not to receive theirs.

At Egbert's death, the heptarchy had broken into a tetrarchy. Kent had been incorporated into Wessex; Mercia was still a kingdom, but dependent on it. The rest of the island, from the Ouse to the Tweed, was shared virtually between East Anglia and Northumberland, and these were still independent. Lying nearest to the Danes, these two kingdoms were first exposed to them; and from the strong ground they so early made for themselves in Lincolnshire and Norfolk, it is likely that they had begun their visits there before they are mentioned by the Wessex Chronicle. Egbert had come first into collision with them in 835; but their first arrivals were like the drops before a thunder-storm; and they were generally, though not always, driven back. It was when their visits had begun to be repeated with every summer, and the coast of Wessex, from the Exe to the Thames, had been the scene, year after year, of many and desperate engagements, that Alfred, grandson of Egbert, and the youngest child of Ethelwulf, was born in the year 849 at Wantage, then a royal hunting seat in the midst of a forest. We have already spoken of the ill success which seems to have attended Dr. Pauli's efforts at reconstructing his boyhood out of Asser. Here is a happy passage, which in form is only hypothetical, yet which, from what we know of the habits of the Saxon kings, we may receive with all certainty:—

“What must have been the early impressions which formed themselves on the spirit of the

child? Surely the heart-inspiring features of Nature around him and above him—the summer green of woods and fields—the blue English sky with its light clouds, which the breezes waft over the island; and when the father would break up his household and remove to some other of his castles far away, the immeasurable, ever lovely ocean, ‘where the whale reigns among the rolling waves, and the sea-mew bathes his wings.’ While on this very ocean in those days the fierce hordes were roaming, in fear of whom every peasant slept upon his weapons, and whose ruthless deeds the child must have learnt to fear in the first words which he could understand. So in the free air, with the war-cries ever ringing round him, he grew on to be the delight of his parents, fairer to look upon than either of his brothers, and lovelier in word and gesture. To this gentleness of temper a farther charm was added by the longing he soon showed to do honor to his noble race by his own noble life. Of education proper, at least, in its modern sense, there was little enough possible for him. The Church, in those days the only instructress, did not care to educate any except such as were to be exclusively dedicated to her service; and it was a rare and fortunate exception when a layman, even a king or a noble, had learnt to read and to write. Through his early years he was taught to hunt, and to ride, and to be expert in all the martial exercises; and the mind in all nations of the Germanic family was supplied with vigorous food in the old songs and poems of the fatherland.”

So gradually comes out before us the figure of a lovely boy, showing early all grace, and energy, and promise, and gathering to him the hope, and affection, and confidence of every one. When he was seven years old, his father Ethelwulf died—the last two years of his life having been made bitter by the rebellion of his eldest son; the success of which obliged him to forgive it and to recognize it. But Alfred was too young to have suffered or learnt much from such an incident; and in five years the brother followed the father to the same grave. This was in 861. The second brother, Ethelbert, succeeded, and with him the northern clouds, which for a few years had fallen back under the horizon, began to thicken up again. In the general danger and general insecurity, the character of the country had gone on rapidly in its decline. The Saxon law had not permitted private persons to hold fortified houses. It was a privilege which was considered dangerous to the liberties of the people, and was reserved, therefore, only for the officers of the crown. But the times were too rough for these nice respects, and every nobleman took advantage of the opportunity to assume a position which it was too easy for him to abuse.

The discipline of the clergy fell slack. After Swithun died, Alfred tells us, there was no one left in all West Saxony who could teach him to read a book in his own language. We are now emerging on the sounder portions of Asser, and are better able to make out the story. Closely following Asser, Dr. Pauli proceeds:—

“We are scarcely in a position to form a notion of the difficulties which in those days lay in the way of acquiring knowledge. Undeterred, however, the boy faced and overcame them, and soon began to read for himself in his mother tongue, what till then he had only learnt by rote at others’ dictation. So the old poetry grew more dear to him as it became more accessible; and at the same time he began to give his attention to the hymns and offices of the church. He made a collection for himself of the Psalms and Hymns, and the Services for the Hours, and this he always carried about with him, parting from it neither day nor night. Asser had himself seen this little book, and the King had spoken to him of the help and comfort which it had been to him in some of his hardest straits.”

Dr. Pauli scarcely thinks this can really refer to his boyhood; but it stands on very tolerable evidence, and it is only another exhibition of that warm and eager devotedness which a very curious story, certainly authentic, proves to have early characterized him—a story which, from its character, belongs obviously to the age when the boy is changing into the man. What the monks call “the flesh” had begun to grow unruly; his nature was altogether strong and vehement, and thoughts and inclinations began to obtrude themselves, from which his higher self recoiled. There is no more beautiful instance in history of a young boy’s unassisted efforts at self-mastery than what he is said to have done to conquer them. With the miraculous part of it we have nothing to do. It is he who is really interesting; what happened to him may have been what it would. In the dead of the night he would leave his bed, and creep away to the cold, lonely chapel, and kneel and pray there; and at last he prayed that God would send him some disorder which would cure him. . . . The prayer was strangely answered. . . . A disease fell upon him: what it was we do not know, further than that it was intermittent, and its paroxysms were so agonizing, that for years his life was despaired of. . . . He believed that it was really sent him because he had asked for it, but perhaps he doubted whether he had been right in asking. At any rate, when he was about nineteen, on a hunting party in

Cornwall, he passed near the well of Saint Gueryr, the water of which had medicinal properties, and where, in consequence, a small chapel had been erected. He dismounted from his horse, and going in, (whether he drank the water is not told us,) he prayed again that God would take pity on him, and exchange the disease which he had given him for some other which he could more easily bear, or which, at least, would not disable him from doing his duty as a prince. This petition was again answered; his more acute sufferings ceased, and ever after till his death he was subject to epileptic fits.

No doubt all this may be “accounted for by natural causes,” &c., &c., although that is not to our purpose; but it serves to show what a deep, earnest heart there must have been in the boy—a superstitious one, it may be said, and many other such adjectives. Yet we may not use such adjectives wisely: the religion of one era is the superstition of the next; the grown Alfred was as superstitious as the boy, and believed in the Pope, in relics, chips of wood, witchcraft, priestcraft, saints, miracles, and the mass; they were light to his eyes and food to his soul; and yet we will not stumble at it. Such things are but a language, a dead language now, and the letter of them a ghastly Fetish, but once a living word, in which was expressed and symbolized faith in the one invisible God in whom he and we alike move and have our being. Now-a-days a faith so expressed would promise little good: but it was in virtue of it, and because of it, that Alfred grew into a strong, valiant, and noble man.

In 869—he was then twenty—Alfred married Elswitha, daughter of a Mercian thane. A story lies in the father’s name—Ethelred the Mickle: some mighty fighter, we may see easily, who had won Alfred’s friendship on many a hard battle-field; for many such he had already seen. In 865, the Danes had wintered in Thanet; for years after the Chronicles are full of nothing but battle after battle; and the Saxon victories, however frequently they are claimed, could never have been decisive enough to be profitable. Ethelbert died, and then only Ethelred and Alfred were left; and the work was fast thickening round and over them. By 868, the whole of England north of the Ouse had been decisively conquered, and became the permanent possession of the Danes, from which they were never dislodged. The Saxon inhabitants either submitted on terms or were made slaves; and

the conquerors, as owners of the soil which they had won, settled down on it, took wives of the country, and, speaking the same, or nearly the same, language, merged so swiftly in the old population, that in half a century hardly a difference remained to be traced. But they had determined to be satisfied with nothing less than the entire island. Reinforced by fresh hordes, and gathering up their force in East Anglia and Northumberland, they swarmed out round Norfolk, and, landing in thousands on the Kentish coast, they pressed inwards, as they always did when conquest, not plunder, was their object, and, ascending the valley of the Thames, seized and fortified themselves in Reading. Dr. Pauli supposes that they chose Reading, because the river gave them an open access to the sea, and that they had ascended it in their war-ships; but the windings of the Thames would put such an adventure out of the question, even if without locks the river had been navigable, which it was not. Reading was in the centre of Wessex, and being easily fortified, it formed an excellent basis of operations in carrying out their plans of conquest, which they intended to make as conclusive in the southern as they had already made it in the northern counties. And then began a struggle which, with slight intermissions, lasted ten bitter years: all depended on it. If the Saxons had lost, they could never have recovered their ground. It was a conflict between two families of the same race, so like each other, with all their difference of creed and habit, that the weaker would, as a matter of course, take its character from the stronger. As it was, the Danes were beaten and became Saxons. But it might have fallen the other way, and what would have happened then? The battle was, in literal truth, *pro aris et focis*—for God and for home.

Ethelred, the last remaining brother, died a few days after a desperate battle with these Reading Danes, probably of his wounds; and Alfred, on the 23d of April, 871, succeeded to the precarious and unenvied throne. He was then only twenty-one. For two years he had been incessantly fighting, and in the year of his accession himself fought nine pitched engagements, with doubtful success, as the event proved, for, at the end of it, he had to buy off the Danes with a large present. In the preface to one of his own writings he has left us a sad and disdainful account of the people on whom he had to depend; and above all things he had to gain time at all costs, to send them to

school where they might learn to be men. In this way he secured to himself five years' quiet. It was at his neighbors' cost, but he could not help it. The army moved north from Reading into Mercia, which did not even attempt a resistance. Burhred, Alfred's brother-in-law, who called himself its king, fled for his life, and died in a cloister at Rome, the strange ending-place of so many of the Saxon kings—saint and sinner, pagan and Christian; and Mercia became part of the Danish kingdom. When the five years were over, Alfred had again to defend himself. In 876, Danish ships were swarming on the coasts of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, and in 878 he was himself alone, a fugitive hiding in the marshes about Bridgewater.

It is round this part of his life that romance has been most busy. Alfred, rated by the cowherd's wife for letting the cakes burn, has been the favorite story in English nurseries for many hundred years; and it is at least certain that the scene in which the legend says it happened is given rightly, a gold ornament having been found there a century and a half ago, bearing Alfred's name. A facsimile of it is given in Dr. Pauli's work, and it is a fair specimen of the art of the day. Some doubt has been recently thrown upon its genuineness, but entirely gratuitously. The language of the inscription contains a peculiarity in the form of one of the words which is not to be found in later Saxon.

How much else may be true it is impossible to say. All that we are decidedly bound to throw away and fling from us—if with disgust and execration, all the better—are the stories which the writers of St. Neot's Lives dared to spread about, of certain profligacies on the part of Alfred, which had provoked the Divine displeasure.

It is a fair specimen of the unscrupulousness with which these worthy people went about their work, the one object being to make a *situation* for their saint, as a Nathan by a modern David. But the flight, the concealment, and the re-appearance are all made too much of, if the dates are given correctly, and Dr. Pauli follows his authorities in this with too little hesitation. The tone in which they speak is one which would imply a long disappearance—years long at the very least: and yet the invasion before which Alfred had to yield took place in January, 878; in March of the same year Hubba was killed in Devonshire, and the Raven Standard taken; and in May the King

is at the head of an army, fights the deciding battle of Ethendun, and saves England. It is out of place to speak of a kingdom prostrated, settled under a Danish yoke, and only a King Alfred left unsubdued, when the entire period of their superiority was not more than four months. Under pressure, the story will scarcely yield more than that he would not risk an engagement till he was certain of victory, and the marshes of Somersetshire offered a safe and convenient spot to collect his people about him. Yet the legend may be taken to prove that all did really depend on Alfred—that, if he had yielded, it was lost; and Dr. Pauli, in a very successful passage, shows clearly enough what it was which was at issue:—

“If, at that moment, his faith in God had failed him; if he had desperately rushed upon death; if he had again trusted the word of these perjured heathen; if, like the last King of the Mercians, he had fled away to hide himself and die at Rome, with him the hope would have passed away that England could remain true to the Christian faith. The old Britons had not preserved it when they were conquered; the monks who had wandered forth from among the ashes of their cloisters, and gone up and down the land, or made homes for themselves in the woods and wastes, with all their preaching had made no impression on the minds of those fierce barbarians, who, trained up amidst ice and storm, held fast by their own awful gods of Asgard and Valhalla. On the ancient sites of the deserted Woden worship, bloody offerings of their own apostate worshippers had once again steamed up to Odin and to Thor, and the fallen Christian population, who still retained among themselves large elements of the old superstition, having lost their leaders and their teachers, were gradually losing hold of the faith of their conversion, and turning again to the idol altars on which their conquerors offered.”

After the battle of Ethendun, Alfred could have destroyed the Danish army; but he chose a wiser course. He dismissed them, and sent them back to East Anglia Christians. He converted them, it is true, not with sermon and Bible, but with sword and spear: but it is true also, and no one knew it better than Alfred, that to tempers such as theirs, sword and spear are the true convincing preachers. Children, as they called themselves, of Thor and Odin, strength was their real god; they were trying the strength of these Asgard gods against the God of the Christians, and they were not men to halt between two opinions. They would bow before whichever proved the strongest. That is the higher faith which makes men higher, nobler, braver.

“But what was the King now to do? By what idea was he to guide himself? He must have experienced, to his sorrow, the collapse of the old fabric of which his grandfather had been so proud, but which his father had done so much to undermine. Was it not natural, that now, when he was firmly seated again, he should draw the rein of government tighter than before, and gather up the loose and crumbling fragments into a strong, firm whole? A few hints only of his measures have survived all these centuries, but we have enough left to show that he did take some steps of this kind. Indeed, lately he has been reproached with having begun the work of despotism, and narrowed the liberties of his people. This is not the place to meet such a charge. We should rather remember the higher necessity which at that time was busy, uniting and centralizing in all the great Teutonic families. What we mean by freedom is removed far as heaven from earth from independence in half-barbarous communities, and again and again in history has been found really to have been furthered even by tyrants. Now, what Alfred undertook was gently and effectively to change the whole existing relations of men and things, and thus to prepare the way to a far different, but wiser and better polity, than he had inherited from his ancestors.”

Very ‘unconstitutional’ doctrine this, yet very wholesome too, especially at this time, when there is a cry rising for local self-government, &c. Local self-government is good when there is local virtue; else it is local tyranny, local corruption, and local iniquity. Centralization is a symptom of decline—an unerring one; no doubt of it. But to suppose that the character of a people can be restored by decentralizing, is like supposing a people can be made orderly by dismissing the police force. If Dr. Pauli means by the last paragraph which we quoted, that despotic central authority is absolutely the best for us to live under, we do not agree with him the least. But in Alfred’s time, as in Cæsar’s, there was nothing else possible; we may be sorry for it, but there was no help for it. The first great change was in the mode of appointment of the public officers. The old plan was popular election; but popular election no longer bore good fruit, and had to be done away. Henceforward the King, on his own authority, undertook the appointment of the sheriffs, the town reeves or mayors, the judges, the lords-lieutenant of the counties; if the popular form was preserved, it was but like a modern *congé d’élire*. For indeed the substance of a popular election was no longer even possible. The peasant occupants of small holdings were everywhere diminishing; the commons were being inclosed and falling to the thanes; the small estates

swallowed by the large; everywhere that wretched, because false and hollow, system prevailing, under which masses of men lose the substance of freedom, and live and act only as the lords of the land allow them. The King had to seize for himself the old local rights which had once belonged to the people, in order to exercise them for the people's benefit. Men placed in high authority (of course by those who had the real power in their hands) Alfred found unable to read or write, and unacquainted with the commonest principles of justice; and so iniquitous had the administration become in consequence, that complaints poured in from all parts of the country. In the old *Mirror for Magistrates*, there is a story that he had to hang forty-four judges—and there is nothing more likely. So, again, the fine old liberties of feud, by which men who had been deeply injured were allowed, under restrictions, to be their own avengers, had become a mere plea for lawlessness, and could not be any longer permitted. He did not venture, indeed, entirely to abolish it, but he fenced it round more and more with difficulties. All injuries had first to be referred to his officers, or to himself; and crimes, which under the older system had been of man against man, became, under the legislation of Alfred, crimes rather against the law, against himself, and against God.

Dr. Pauli does not like the story of the hanged judges, and prefers another, which to us has but an insipid monastic flavor. Asser, or the pseudo-Asser, says that the King summoned them into his presence, and read them a homily on the advantages of learning, forthwith obliging them either to go to school with the little boys and learn, or else lay down their high offices. "Then for that they would not resign might be seen bearded men at lesson in one form with the youngest children," &c. It may be true; but if it be true, let no man ever more plead internal improbability in the criticism of history. In such grim days as those, there was scarcely time or leisure for such feeble experimentalizing. There is rare virtue in your gallows; and from what we know of King Alfred, and that deep, earnest Christianity of his to which Dr. Pauli appeals, there never was a king with whom an unjust judge would have run a better chance of finding it.

His Church reforming was a less successful affair. Church discipline, as Asser says, went against the grain of the Saxons; and the King had to depend altogether on foreigners to carry it out: Asser, a Welshman,

Grimbald, a French priest at St. Omer, John, perhaps Erigena, at any rate not an Englishman—these were his ecclesiastical reformers, and the work hung upon his hands. It was left for Dunstan, whose taste it suited better, to finish this. Alfred could never throw himself into it as an end in itself. With him the Church was valuable as an educator of the people, and it was mainly as such that he cared to keep it in activity.

"Nothing (writes Pauli) is more delightful than to read what Alfred, with the help of these fellow-workmen, was trying to do for the laity. His own words show it most clearly.

"My desire is (he says) that the entire freeborn youth of this kingdom, who have means thereto, and so long as there be no other occupation which hinders them, shall receive so much instruction as shall enable them to read without difficulty in their own tongue; and that whosoever are to hold offices in the Church shall go on to learn the Latin."

"Golden words—such as were rarely heard from the great men of those ages, and only long after they came to be spoken out again with equal vigor by the Protestant Reformers."

It is very grand—this brave, heroic man, elaving alone at so dead a labor. He saw the people were sliding down and down, and education was the only hope. But *quis custodiat custodes*, and who was to educate the educators? The history of Alfred is the history of a dead lift at the souls of a lazy race, in whom he knew there lay the seeds of rare virtue, if he could quicken them. But perhaps even his heart would have sunk in him, if he could have seen their descendants, after a life and death struggle of a thousand years, only now imperfectly winning back the lost ground, and still fighting for the boon which he believed he could confer himself.

So many years was Alfred before his time, as the phrase goes. Whatever time has brought out as most excellent in the English nature, either actively or in germ is found antedated in him. We have seen him the soldier, the statesman, the Church reformer, the schoolmaster; besides these, he was the architect of his age, and the inventor of a new order. Ships of his designing were the swiftest and strongest in the channel. He was jeweller, clockmaker, engineer. There was no work done, or necessary to be done, high or low, in England, but Alfred was king and master there and everywhere. His navigators cruised in the Mediterranean. He sent exploring parties to Palestine, and even to India. One thing more remained, one work which, if any other person had pro-

posed it to himself as the exclusive labor of his life, might well make us smile at his presumption; but to the gigantic Alfred it was the amusement of his leisure. It was nothing less than to form a national literature. His people were to be taught to read in their native language, and there were no books for them; none, at least, except the poems, and these would serve but indifferently for the sole spiritual food of a people half actual heathens, and the other half of a very weak Christianity. So Alfred seriously set himself to create a prose Saxon literature; not to write new books, but to translate good old books, which, in passing through so great a mind as Alfred's, came out enriched and invigorated. They are to be read now by whoever chooses to read them. A jubilee edition we see is advertised; and whatever we may please to think of the doctrine, or the philosophy, or the actual knowledge, in all these he was as far in advance of his own age as he was in everything else which he undertook. He did not want to drive out the Scandinavian poetry; no man's heart could be the worse for reading that. And in the English versions of the old myths, the Titanic unearthly spirit which was first breathed into them among the snow mountains and lakes of Norway, had softened off into a warm and human heroism. Substantially and humanly, *Beowulf* is more Christian than Norwegian, and no better *Præparatio Evangelica* could be given to young, high-hearted boys, provided there was an *Evangelio* to interpret and to appropriate. It was not for Alfred to train a nation of devotees. He would make his people men—men because Christians, and Christians because men; and whatever was really manly and noble was sure of welcome with him.

But of course he would consider something more directly Christian as indispensable, and to this he set himself. Dr. Pauli follows lovingly through it all, and with the help of Asser lets us see how he went to work. First, there was the Common-place Book, which is now lost, but which William of Malmesbury had seen and studied; and the story of this is characteristic both of Asser and his master. The good Welshman, it seems, was employed in reading every book he could lay hands on aloud to the King, who had made it a second nature, day and night, no matter in what trouble he might be, either to read or to have some one read to him. And now that he had an understanding person about him, he would talk over the books; and, no matter

what they were, never failed to make something out of them.

"One day," says Asser, "we were sitting together in his room conversing as usual, when I quoted to him a certain passage. He listened with an eager attention; and then pointing to his little manuscript book, which he kept always about him, and which contained among other things the Daily Lessons, Psalms, and Prayers, bade me write into it what I had told him."

Asser, thanking heaven for the good mind of the King, set himself immediately to work, when he found every corner of the parchment occupied—crammed full of notes on all sorts of subjects. He hesitated, he tells us, not knowing what to do. The King repeated his order. Asser replied, (what a strange, loving imbecility there is in the way in which he tells the story :) "May it please you that I take a fresh parchment to write upon? Who knows but what we may soon light on something else which you may wish to have noted down; and then happily we may make a fresh collection."—"That is a good idea," replied he. And so Asser took a large, fresh square sheet, and wrote in his quotation; and he had rightly foreseen what might happen, for the very same day three new notes had to be inserted.

Most amiable and most sweet!—but it is not without its piteous side, when we have to remember that this poor Welshman was not only one of the *best*, but one of the *ablest*, men to be found in the island. And if such were his instruments, we may understand a good deal of work would remain on Alfred's own shoulders.

Besides this Common-place Book he translated or paraphrased the celebrated work of Boethius, of which Dr. Pauli has given a sufficient account, with Anglo-Saxon extracts, as specimens of the style. The English reader will find an excellent analysis of it, with considerable portions very well translated, in Mr. Sharon Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*.

After this, Orosius' *History of the World*, which was written at the instigation of Augustin, as a controversial work, containing, from a Christian's point of view—but not an intolerant or ignorant one—a summary of the acts and fortunes of the great heathen nations:

St. Gregorie's *Pastorals*, a collection of legends of the Italian saints: to our palates insipid and tasteless enough; pretty much what the best of our modern novels may seem (if any are so unfortunate as to survive

so long) a thousand years deeper on in history. But they had their day of popularity and perhaps of usefulness, and were translated early into Greek, and even Arabic:

And Bede's *History*; all these being composed in the same manner; Asser or some one else translated the Latin *viva voce*, and Alfred supplied or omitted as he thought good, and rendered the whole into his own sound solid English.

Besides these, he composed a work on geography: an account of northern Europe, and the position in it of the various Teutonic nations. Dr. Pauli says it is far better than any that were then extant, and he was assisted in it by Ohthere, a mighty whalefisher, and others—sea-going adventurers, whose lives would as ill bear close scrutiny, perhaps, as that of old Ulysses. But they were the men for Alfred's purpose, and he used them for it.

Such was the first germ of a literature which Alfred bequeathed to his people. There was philosophy for them, and history and geography, and devotional books, and saints' lives for light reading; good food for all tastes and all capacities, and supplied, as we said, by himself, in the interval of other labors enough of themselves for ten ordinary men—*οἱ τοὶ βίαιοι εἰς*.

Truly might Alfred say of himself—"While I live, I have no care except to live worthily, and to leave good works well done, to remain as my monument when I am gone."

Such is something of the real life and actions of this great man, as Dr. Pauli presents them to us. In this rapid sketch we have had to leave altogether much which is most beautiful; and we could only touch lightly even what was of highest importance. In a short octavo, however, (only 300 pages long, and the writer of it a German!) Dr. Pauli's delicate criticism has drawn out the man before us, with his work all about him, in fine full-colored human proportions, and given life to the soul and sinew to the limbs of the stiff and feeble portraits which the monks have left us. Many extracts press upon us, but we must leave them now where they are, and half the incidents of his reign remain untold. It closed as it began—in storm; and the Chronicle, in its catalogue of years, contains still the same old recurring stories of Danish armies landing and fighting, though not any more with the old success attending them. In his own family, Alfred was as happy as he deserved to be. From Asser's story one might have

feared that his children would have been brought up little book-worms, who, at the first shock of life, would have bent and trembled down into a cloister. It is as unlike the truth as may be. His son, Edward, and his grandson, Athelstan, who had sat on his knee, and had learnt to bend bow and draw sword under his eyes, were men of his own noble metal—stout Christian warriors, who followed in his own ways; the grandest princes, except himself, who bore sword and sceptre among the Saxons. While Ethelfleda, his daughter, the lady of the Mercians, as she was called, (she had early married and early lost Ethelred the Mercian prince,) fought and won as many battles against the Danes, in her own person, as even her father. Never anywhere, since Homer's heroes disappeared, are there to be found such fiery fighters, so brave, and yet so tender and so humane, as in these three generations of this family.

One beautiful trait in Alfred Dr. Pauli has, we believe, been the first to notice in an unquestionable document—Alfred's will. The royal vill of Wantage, where he was born, and Ethendun, the deciding scene of his life, he bequeaths—not to the nation, not to the church, for pillars, or churches, or shrines, or statues to rise as ostentatious memorials of his greatness,—not to these at all, or for any such purpose, but to his wife. It is by her that the great King is still most proud to be remembered in connection with his highest achievements. He died at the age of 58, worn out early by work and disease. Singularly, it is the same age at which England lost her other greatest man, William Shakspeare. A devout, God-fearing man he was from his childhood to his end. Pauli sees this, and sees it in the soul of his greatness; but he will hear of no parallel between him and that other most Catholic King, in better favor with the ultra-montanes, Edward the Confessor.

"Edward lost his kingdom and found a place in the calendar. Alfred held his kingdom with his sword and with the help of God, and the Roman Church gave him no thanks for it. But he is not without a place in the hearts of his people, and with his works he lives there."

"So stands his monument, shining brightly in the book of the world's history; disfigured neither by ill-will nor by ignorance, and unblemished by any faults in himself. . . . Not any prince or hero of old or modern times can be compared with him for so many excellences, and every one so pure. . . . With all the strength and all the greatness of the world's famous chieftains who have ruled over mightier peoples, there is ever some defect on the moral side which disfigures

the impression of the intellectual magnificence; and though by the side of Alfred, reigning in his narrow Wessex, their high forms may seem to tower into the stars, yet his figure, in its smaller proportions, remains among the most perfect which the hand of God has held up before the world and before its rulers as their model."

And here we leave Dr. Pauli, trusting soon to see his book in our own English; and in the meantime, not jealous that we owe the best history which has yet been written of our Alfred to a foreigner, nor grudging the

loving claim which he makes to him as a German and one in race with himself; but giving him warm thanks for what he has done, and accepting it as one more evidence of the growing union between the two old families, so many centuries divided, and in whose closer intercourse and cheerful appropriation, each from each, of the lessons which each can teach the other, seems to lie the happiest prospect of solution for the problems which are already weighing upon them both.

From the Westminster Review.

MARY STUART.*

EXCEPT on Machiavelli's principles, who can tell what political morality is? Private morality is a simple matter enough. We have canons universally acknowledged, which leave us in no manner of doubt, and right and wrong stand out with a sharpness of relief, which gives no excuse for uncertainty. But pass out into wider relations and our unerring guides will hesitate, or contradict each other, or speak doubtfully. We cannot judge kings or statesmen as we judge each other; kings or statesmen have to act as emergencies demand, and the emergency must pronounce for itself on the right and the wrong. And again, subjects have sometimes to obey and sometimes to disobey, as the early Christians found, and there is no pronouncing generally on the when or the where or the how. Particular cases require their own treatment, and conscience, no longer, as it seems, with any single or determinate purpose, says to one man, Obey, to another, Suffer, to another, Resist, and to all speaking with equal per-

emptoriness. The pedant is ready with his maxim, "We may not do evil that good may come." Who doubts it? There is no lie like a truism misapplied. The real difficulty is to know what is evil and what is good; and to quote proverbs such as that to settle it, is to imply that we are hesitating between expediency and justice, and that we do know when we do not know at all. It is betraying the cause of "immutable morality" to intrude it where it has nothing to say. Immutable morality cannot decide when one state may interfere in the affairs of another, or when subjects may resist sovereigns; or, if such vexed questions are entertained with too much passion to be acknowledged uncertain, what are we to say to these: Is it right to intercept correspondence? to accept underhand information? to use spies and pay for them? to meet stratagem with stratagem and mine with countermine? Soldiers in war time must do these things; and statesmen who will carry empires through their times of crisis must dirt their fingers with them. The commander may despise the traitor, yet cannot do without him, and sovereigns, when conspiracies are abroad, must take what information they can get. Or again, for such punishments as must from time to time be inflicted: can we dare to say that the poor, tired, hungry sentinel at an outpost, who has let his thoughts stray away to old home, and wife, and fireside, and in these sweet re-

* 1. *Histoire de Marie Stuart.* Par M. Mignet. Paris. [*The History of Mary, Queen of Scots.* By F. A. Mignet. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley, 1851.]

2. *Letters of Mary Stuart, selected from the "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart."* By Prince Alexander Labanoff. Translated by William Turbull. 8vo. London: Charles Dolman, 1845.

3. *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.* Edited by Agnes Strickland. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Henry Colburn, 1848.

membrances has dosed into forgetfulness of duty, deserves the measure which must be dealt out to him? In the severe exigencies of danger we cannot measure conduct by its moral deservings; and often so nicely balanced in times of party struggle are the obligations of duty, that friends and brothers will be parted, men of high noble purpose will be fighting against each other, and though as men they may still love and admire each other, yet as statesmen they may be forbidden to be merciful. Why is this? Because society is a thing so sacred, that at all hazards it must protect itself, no matter what sacrifice it compels; and the men who are brave enough to take the helm in the storm must follow its inexorable bidding. Disloyalty to the state or treason to the friend, this will be the hard alternative; and let a man choose which he will, he will not fail of enemies to point hard conclusions at him. Add to this, that in political struggles that fearful element in the old Greek tragedy is almost always present, a nearness of blood between the respective opposites. And now suppose a case where every difficulty we have mentioned is present in its most intricate form; throw into it every passion at its boiling point which stirred between Popery and Protestantism; add a dissolution of an entire old social fabric—Republicanism struggling, like a young Hercules, with monsters in its cradle, and an old monarchy, strong in the sacredness which ages had hung around it, each able to claim to be, and each believing that it really was, the cause of God on earth; add violent under-currents setting between Scotland, and France, and England—strong in old associations and antipathies, and doubly strong now in the new religious element which had sprung up to enhance them; add clan rivalries splitting up the nobility, old rivalries of crown and nobility which again divided them, and a vast *tiers état* in the Commons, rising in vindictive strength with its centuries of grievances to avenge; add for actors in the drama the largest number of remarkable persons, whether for good or evil, who have subsisted together on this earth since Cæsar's time; and remember that in times of anarchy, when old habits are broken up, and more or less every man for himself is his own law, the passions which routine, while routine subsists, can hold in check, have all their own free scope, rein broken, and harness shaken off; suppose all these forces crushing and grinding against each other in the explosion of a social earthquake, and in the middle of them a beautiful lady, and that lady a queen with

a character strung with every passion which a poet would most choose out for a tragedy;—and there are the wild elements among which the story of Mary Stuart was played out—a war of discords, which have made the estimates of herself and of her doings the most contradictory which perhaps have ever been offered of any human being. Nay, on her historians she has exerted personally the same fascination which she exerted in her life. Documents which passed the scrutiny of the ablest as well as noblest men then living in England and Scotland alike, which even she herself only faintly denied, and which at the time her best friends did not venture to deny for her, late writers have not been afraid to set aside as forgeries, on grounds which it is no use to meet with argument, since there is no argument in them; and even a man like M. Mignet, who is obliged to let facts and documents pass as beyond question, yet cannot extricate his judgment to pass the sentence which under any ordinary circumstances would appear inevitable. He seems to have gone to work conscientiously intending to be fair, and true, and faithful; but he has not been able to resist the strange influences which hang round Mary; even when he knows better, he condescends to resolve the political into the personal, and accepting his inferences, he has produced a less intelligible figure for us, if a truer one, than any of his predecessors. He has accumulated his evidences, and he has attempted to integrate them; yet he continues to demand our sympathy when the facts which he acknowledges forbid it, while on Elizabeth, Cecil, Walsingham, Murray, and other chief actors in the story, he continues to heap the stereotyped invectives, which are only credible, and which only came to be accepted, in the belief that Mary had been shamefully calumniated. However, we will not quarrel with M. Mignet. He has given us what he had to give, and his faults are less injurious to him as a historian than many which are in themselves more respectable. He is so candid in his acknowledgments, that nothing is wanted but a tolerably sound judgment to correct everything which is amiss in him. Catholics and Protestants cannot see the facts which make against them, and they believe readily whatever best harmonizes with their religious convictions. But M. Mignet cares little for either Catholic or Protestant. His philosophy of history is of a larger kind. He can afford to admit facts on all sides, for he can see the imperfectness of theories. What we desire in him is rather a power of moral ap-

preciation, and that just awarding of love and hatred which the actions of men demand of us. He sighs over the misfortunes of Mary, over the cruelty and tyranny with which she was treated; but he fails to see that if Mary was unfortunate, it was rather in being what she was, than in suffering what she suffered. God forbid that we should not call her unfortunate. It was a misfortune to have been bred up in that bad court of France, with Catherine de Medicis instead of a mother, and Cardinal Lorraine for a preceptor in profligacy. It was a misfortune to have been called by destiny to fill a place where she was in the focus of the intrigues of the world. Perhaps her own nature too, those gifts which she brought with her into this life, were no great blessing—that strange beautiful face of hers, with a heart behind it (the expression is her own) “as hard as diamond.” Unfortunate she was, and it is no business of ours to add to her burden; only we have to look to this, that those others whose misfortunes, too, compelled them into dealings with her, shall not bear more than their just share of ill language for acting as they had no choice except to act, and in our anxiety to set off a suffering heroine, there is no necessity for us to inflict a pity on her, which her own fierce heart would have been the first to fling away and to despise.

Whether the Reformation could establish itself in England, whether England itself could hold its ground as an independent European power, had come to turn, as Henry the Eighth saw, on Scotland; with Scotland in alliance with the Catholic powers, and with half his own subjects disaffected, civil war was the slightest of the inevitable consequences, and as Scotland could not stand alone, it was a life and death matter with him to gain it. In Scotland itself parties were nearly equally balanced; on one side there was the old French connection, and the Border feuds dating back beyond Bruce and Wallace; on the other, the civil and religious interest of the Commons on both sides of the Tweed set strongly towards union.

All the Catholics and nearly all the old noble families inclined to France; the Protestants, as far as they dared express themselves, and those wiser statesmen whose instincts pointed to what was really of happiest promise, saw their best hope in the uniting the entire island under one government. The death of James the Fifth, leaving Mary the infant heiress of the crown, gave Henry the opportunity he was craving for. He proposed that she should be contracted

to the Prince of Wales, and between threats and entreaties he had almost won the consent of the Queen-Mother, when his death threw the negotiation into the foolish hands of the Duke of Somerset. As it moved too slowly for his wishes, he thought he could precipitate it by the gentle pressure of an invasion, and in winning the battle of Pencky he stirred up every most bitter anti-English recollection, and flung the country, heart and soul, into the old alliance with France. A French marriage was ready for Mary, as well as an English, yet with the result the English most dreaded, and France and Scotland, not England and Scotland, would now, as far as the divine right of sovereigns could bestow the fate of countries, pass under a single hand.

The accession of Mary Tudor, isolating as it did the Scotch Protestants from England, completed what Somerset's blunder had begun, and the prudent and tolerant regency of the Queen-Mother, who refrained from all extreme measures till her daughter was actually married to the Dauphin, and her ground, as she supposed, was secure, was spent in gaining that strong position for the Catholics, which made the struggle, when it came at last, so desperate. It seemed as if the tide had turned and was ebbing back to the old faith; Mary of England married to the most Catholic king, burning heretics at Oxford, and Mary of Scotland married to the heir of France, and John Knox chained in the galleys at Brest, it might have been well thought all over with the Reformation, and the Pope might well expect an obedient Europe at his feet again. And yet, in Scotland at least, there was a swift and noiseless dissolution hurrying on below all this of all Catholicism rested on, and the Queen-Mother might have seen the symptoms of it even in her own edicts, if she could have read the signs of the times. The old country games were broken up; the Queen of the May was proscribed as licentious; the Abbot of Unreason was to cease his unbecoming pranks; “those ancient festivals in which the women sang about the summer trees” disturbed the royal progresses through the country. Slight surface changes, but how much is signified by them! for old customs are as the blossoms on the tree of a nation's life, and when they wither and fall off, death and change are at the roots.

So things went silently, however, till 1558, when Mary Stuart became Dauphiness of France, and the Guises, honorable champions of such a cause, formed the Catholic League to put down the Reformation. In an evil

hour, and with many heart-sinkings, it was signed by Mary of Lorraine, and Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, (let us mark him, for we shall meet him again hereafter,) inaugurated the new crusade by burning a poor old preacher, Walter Milne. Like the French Cardinal, the Scotch Primate had the undesirable reputation of being the most profligate person in the kingdom, and it was so detestable a thing to see this bad man sitting in judgment on an aged saint, that no civil magistrate could be found to execute the decree of the Archbishop's court. The difficulty was obviated by giving some irregular civil office to a worthless underling of the Hamiltons; and the execution was accompanied with a decree, enforcing a return to uniformity, under death penalties. But the time was gone in Scotland when Imperial edicts could make men pray as kings or priests were pleased to order, and this burning of Walter Milne lit a fire, which was not quenched so long as mass-book remained unconsumed.

It was ill-timed in many ways: there was another change taking effect in England of ill promise to Catholic reaction—Mary Tudor was dying; and the Queen-Mother herself had been imprudent; her patronage, so the northern lords thought, had been exercised too liberally towards the French, and she had affronted the strongest of the Catholic nobility at the time when she most needed them. The issue of the edict for uniformity was the signal for the first league, and Scotland went off like a flash of gunpowder. The Lords of the Congregation, as they were called, Knox's converts out of the higher classes, assembled at once, and declared in peremptory language to the Regent, that "it was their duty to hinder such ungodly doings," and that they should not be. Knox, who had been biding his time at Geneva, reappeared upon the instant, and the southern counties rose as one man. Mary was frightened, affected a compromise, gave her word to them, and then broke it, and in a few months the whole Lowlands were swarming with mobs of Puritans, burning monasteries and destroying cathedrals. The Protestant League was again sworn at Edinburgh, Lord James Stuart, who had remained true to the Regent till her breach of faith at Perth, joining it, as well as Kirkcaldy, Lord of Grange, the two ablest and truest-hearted men in the kingdom. An explosion so sudden and so violent could not pass without notice in England, when they were forced to be watching Scotland so anxiously, and Cecil, in Elizabeth's name, sent to inquire the meaning of these lawless doings. He was

answered promptly, that they meant no disloyalty: they (the combined Lords) meant only that they would have their religion reformed; they would be rid of the French; they would be rid of the mass; that was all, but that they would have. "The Reformation is somewhat rough," writes Knox to Cecil, "because the adversaries are stubborn," thinking no further explanation necessary; and the Lord of Grange, after declaring that they would go through with the work which they had begun, concludes, "and all Europe shall know that a league made in the name of God hath another foundation and assurance than pactions made by man for worldly commodity."

So things went in Scotland in the spring and summer of 1559. It was a desperate move, for they had flung down the gauntlet; not only to their own home government, and whatever Catholics were left to support it, but to the whole power of France. Their queen was now the French queen, and she and her husband vowed that while there was a soldier left to them they would never cease till they had crushed this insolent rebellion. Elizabeth was the only hope for Scottish Protestantism, and to Elizabeth it turned. Yet it would probably have turned in vain, in spite of Cecil and political necessities. Elizabeth hated rebels, no matter what their cause was, and she would most likely have left them to their fate, if Mary had given her the opportunity of choosing. No sooner had she become Queen of England, than Mary had been pleased to quarter in the English arms with her own; and this was not an idle affront to the legitimacy of Elizabeth; it was a deliberate claim, recognized by all the Catholics in Europe, and which she was prepared, with the help of France, Spain, and Austria, all Ireland and half England, to enforce by arms the first convenient opportunity. There are political impossibilities as well as physical; it was impossible for Elizabeth, in the position into which Mary had forced her, to let a French invasion triumph in Scotland; her duty to her country and her duty to the Protestant faith alike forbade it. Excommunication was already hanging over her, which was only held from falling by the Spanish King till she had given a definite answer to his wooing, and as she had no doubt about the answer she meant to give, she was forced to prepare for the worst. For excommunication, as she well knew, meant something; it meant that her person was proscribed, and that whatever blessings the Court of Rome had to confer in this world

or in the other, would be freely given to any pious Catholic who would merit Heaven by assassinating her. But Elizabeth was a Tudor; she believed in the divine right of sovereigns as implicitly as in any article of the creed, and she was more loyal to Mary than her own subjects were. Puritanism had already opened its perilous doctrine, that God must be obeyed before man—perilous enough, when each man has to determine for himself what God's commands are—and for doctrines like this Elizabeth had no taste; if she was to fight the battles of the Reformation, she would have it a decent and orderly one, and it required all Cecil's influence to get the insurgent lords a hearing. First of all she required to know what their intentions were. "They were minded, as she heard, to a change in government, as well as a change in religion, and she must know the truth of it." The reply was sent to Cecil; it is written in Knox's hand, and signed by Lord James Stuart, Maitland, Morton, Argyle, Grange, Ruthven, and the rest, showing with sufficient distinctness the temper in which they were going about their work.

"True it is that as yet we have made no mention of any change of authority, neither hath any such thing entered into our hearts, except that extreme necessity compel us thereto; but perceiving that France, the Queen Regent here, together with her priests and Frenchmen, pretend nothing else but the suppression of Christ's Evangel, the maintenance of idolatry, the ruin of us, and the utter subversion of this poor realm, we are fully purposed to seek the next remedy to withstand their tyranny; in which matter we unfeignedly require your counsel and furtherance at the Queen and Council's hands."

Whether after such plain speaking, Elizabeth had any right to support them, we shall judge variously according to our tempers. She did support them, as we know, and so efficiently, that before the year was out Mary of Lorraine was deposed from the regency, the French were expelled, and the treaty of Edinburgh was drawn up in which it was decided that no Frenchman thenceforth should hold any office in the kingdom, that the mass should be interdicted, and that, saving Mary Stuart's rights in Scotland, (*which were insisted on by Elizabeth*), she should cease to quarter the arms of England, and by a formal act renounce the claim which she had formally preferred, so long as Elizabeth or issue of her should survive.

This is the charge against Elizabeth, of fomenting discord in her sister's kingdom, the first of a long list against her for her ill deal-

ings with Mary Stuart. This is what she did, and we have seen why she did it. Whether it was right or wrong, as we said, we judge variously according to our creeds, religious or political; but men who represent it as a poor act of personal rivalry from queen to queen, simply know nothing whatever about the matter.

So closed the first act of the Scottish Reformation. The second opened with happier prospects. Francis the Second died in the end of 1560, and Mary was left a widow, but without a child in whom the formidable union of France and Scotland would have been consummated. The Queen of Scotland was now only Queen-Dowager of France, and as their own independent sovereign, with no other ties or interests, her subjects could receive her among them with undivided hearts. There was no further question, if ever there had been a question, of fidelity to Mary. It was now only a matter of conditions, and these her brother, Lord James Stuart, was able to make easy for her. The more rigid of the Calvinists insisted that, as the mass was banished out of the kingdom, it should not be reintroduced, even in the Queen's household; but Lord James contrived to prevent so intolerant a condition, and his austere virtue was accepted as a guarantee that the favor should not be abused. He at once proceeded to Paris to urge his sister's return, and, as far as we can see, to explain to her as truthfully as possible the real state of the kingdom. Irrecoverably Protestant, it was only as a Protestant country that it could be governed; nothing could alter that; but if she could make up her mind to that, she would find it true, faithful, and loyal. Unhappily for herself she could not make up her mind to it at all, and she found it quite other than loyal.

Lord James Stuart, better known to us as Earl of Murray, was natural brother to the Queen of Scotland; we meet him first under the title of Prior of St. Andrews; these ecclesiastical offices having been the recognized mode of provision for the indirect offspring of the later Scottish princes; not implying of necessity that the holders of the benefices should be qualified professionally; it was a species of lay impropriation, which the Church had no objection to recognize in return for protection; yet a more bare-faced parade of the uselessness into which these once high offices had degenerated can hardly be conceived. The verdict of the present seems singularly to reverse the judgment of contemporaries in its estimate of every most important

person who had to do with Mary. Next to Elizabeth, Murray has fallen in for the heaviest share of hard epithets, and has been accused of hollowness, insincerity, ambition, and unnatural cruelty. Intrigues have been laid to his charge which, if real, would have been only not devilish, because they were so foolish; and Mignet, with the rest of the modern writers, has been unable to see in him, or in any other actor in those dark scenes, any honesty or straightforwardness. They could not have been honest, and therefore they were not; and the higher character they bore, the deeper their hypocrisy. Such is the reasoning. Murray was eleven years older than the Queen; he surrendered his Priorship as soon as he was old enough to understand its nature, and, becoming early one of Knox's congregation, we find him, at his first entrance into public life, tempering the extreme form of party passion, mediating wherever mediation was possible, and commanding the respect of Cecil as the wisest, and of people generally as the justest, man in Scotland. Thus, at the first outbreak with Mary of Guise, he forced his party, in spite of Knox, to take her word that she was dealing in good faith with them; she broke it publicly, and fell with ignominy. He was present at his sister's marriage. He had been able afterwards to secure for her the free exercise of her religion; and if she could only have forced herself to trust him, she might have looked through the world before she could have found a wiser or more faithful guide.

But Mary could trust no one who could not consent to be her instrument. He had brought to Paris with him the treaty of Edinburgh, but she would not sign it. She was quite open with him; she hated the Reformation and the Reformers; and above all she would not surrender her English claims. Instead of taking his advice, she tried her power of fascination to win him. The Guises tempted him with a Cardinal's red hat; and when both failed, Murray's presence became displeasing. Throgmorton, the English ambassador, has to write to Elizabeth:

"She (Mary) hath changed her opinion of the Lord James, because she could by no means dissuade him from his devotion to your Majesty and the observation of the league between your Majesty and the realm of Scotland; and that neither she nor the Cardinal Lorraine could divert him from his religion."

Mary was young to intrigue. She learnt her lesson better afterwards; but she had not as yet made experience of the rough

metal she had to deal with in her subjects and her neighbors; and supposed that she could go the straight way toward all her ends. Presently came the difficulty of the return, and Elizabeth's opposition to it, of which so much has been said; yet what could Elizabeth do? Mary had called herself publicly Queen of England. When urged to withdraw from so dangerous a position, she had given nothing but refusals, and only complained that Elizabeth "made more account of her rebellious subjects than of her, their Sovereign." It was not to be wondered at that Cecil should have to write, that "till it was done, the Queen could not show her any pleasure, nor allow her to pass through her dominions." She was returning in a position of open hostility; and, if she meant anything by the title which she had taken upon herself, she meant civil war the first convenient opportunity. Whatever became of the personal question, if personal feeling entered into the matter at all, it was Elizabeth's plain duty, if she really believed that she had a right to be where she was, not to permit Mary's landing upon the island if she could hinder it.

However, Mary landed. Elizabeth, though the strictest justice would have permitted her to employ severe measures at once, waited to see how she would go on,—and, whether from prudence, or because Cardinal Lorraine had given her her lesson, or from whatever reason, she put herself in Murray's hands, and all went well with her. The Protestants bored her with their psalm singing, but she contrived to bear it: she had her chapel and her chaplain, and she kept them, though Murray on one occasion had to stand in the door and hold back the mob from breaking in upon it. It was a strange position indeed, into which the plan of hereditary succession had forced her. She was an alien in everything but birth, with no one hope or fear in this world or in the other which she held in common with those who were called her people; and, in the question which lay nearest the hearts both of subjects and sovereign, each acknowledged a higher allegiance which might at any moment precipitate them into collision. If she had cared for happiness she would have shrunk from it all; as a Catholic she was not likely to find it, as she must have foreseen, where she was; but Mary's nature was not of the sort to consider much what the world calls happiness. To spirits such as hers one plunge in excitement is worth a century of still life; and danger only serves to give charm to enterprise and edge to pleasure.

She accepted the "constitutional" theory of things, however, as long as no other was possible for her; and, indeed, for a time, she seems to have liked Murray, as Murray was undoubtedly faithful to her. He worked incessantly to bring her to a better understanding with John Knox; he saved her from unpleasant sumptuary laws, with which the Calvinists would have cut down her finery; with less success, he did all he could to smooth matters between her and the English Queen.

Personally there is no evidence that, at least at this time, Elizabeth bore anything but good-will to Mary; she felt as kindly towards her as Mary's own acts would let her feel; but they were in an unfortunate position of antagonism, from which Mary would not, and Elizabeth could not, recede. Nevertheless, she wrote with great affection to her, and wrote just as warmly of her; nay, as Mary never, to the last, would sign the Edinburgh treaty, she treated her with very great forbearance. The succession became the grievance. Mary required Elizabeth to nominate her, Elizabeth reasonably insisted that Mary must first acknowledge her present right, and so the matter lay between them, fermenting with gall and bitterness.

But the really important thing was Mary's second marriage. The Catholic Princes, one by one, were trying for her; at all times a beautiful lady with a kingdom for a dowry is likely to attract suitors—at that time the issue of a world struggle seemed involved in it. It is the curse of princes, this of marrying; leaving policy, as they must leave it, to choose for them. Heart, love, affection, are unknown words in the necessities of state; the holiest and purest human rites are polluted into idol sacrifices; and who shall say where the guilt lies when the outraged passions burst out into crime and catastrophe? Mary Stuart brought a heart with her into the world, soft perhaps as other women's hearts, but it had been steeled by an education which had commenced from her cradle, which taught her that she might never indulge it. Better far it had been for her if it had been extinguished altogether, but it was beyond human art to extinguish, and it woke from its political enchantment to a dreadful revenge.

As yet she knew nothing of it, further than an elegant dalliance with a young poet, Chatelar, which scandalized the Puritans, and cost him, poor boy, his life. She had made no experience of love, and she was quite ready to choose a second time, as she

had chosen the first, by convenience. A singular document in Prince Labanoff's collection throws the fullest light on her state of mind. It is a set of notes in her handwriting, apparently her private meditations, on the claims and advantages of her several suitors. Spain, France, Denmark, pass under review; then comes a Prince of Austria, to whom she was otherwise well inclined, "but that he is without power or interest to further my claims on the sovereignty of this island." Poor Mary! This was all she thought of. She had been pretending affection for Elizabeth; but, at the bottom, the old mischief was working, leading her along a dark road to a dark end. It was the ἀρχὴ δόυνδων—the beginning of all her sorrows.

In all ways Mary was now growing weary of submission to what she hated. She had her Italian Ritzio about her, and she had been carrying on negotiations with Rome. Murray knew it, and could not prevent it. She had been corresponding, too, with Philip the Second, who had been supplying her with money to be used in her service in England, and then came the proposal for the Darnley marriage, which has been represented as a love match, but which was nothing of the kind. Darnley was no more than a boy, with little enough in him to attract such a woman as Mary, but he was the next heir after herself to the English throne; the Lennoxes were deeply in the confidence of the English Catholics, and a marriage with him would double the strength of her position, while the boy himself, as she supposed, would be as clay in her hands. This, of course, was the reason why Ritzio urged this match, why Elizabeth was so angry about it, why the English party in Scotland felt so strongly what was involved in it, that they tried all means, even force, to prevent it. Mary was launching out on the one fatal course from which Murray had all along been laboring to lead her, but unhappily, such was the state of things, there were no means except force by which she could be held back from it. Murray rose, but it was not a question which the people could understand. Scarcely any one joined him, and in a week his party was scattered and he found himself an exile in England.

And here was another instance, according to Mr. Tytler and the rest, of Elizabeth's hypocrisy. She had encouraged Murray in rebellion, they tell us; but when it failed, and the French and English ambassadors complained of what she had done, she dressed up a scene in which Murray was forced

to deny in their presence the assistance which both he and she knew well enough to have been given. *Credat Judæus*. When these tortuous constructions of human conduct are offered us, they must at least be made intelligible according to some known principles of our nature, and, in the absence alike of internal probability or outward evidence, we must decline to believe such gratuitous baselessness. Elizabeth's own account of her own actions seems entirely natural. "Keep your sovereign," she always said, "by all lawful means from doing wrong, and you shall have all the help which I can give you, but it is no part of a subject's duty to oppose her by force." This was her uniform principle, and it explains perfectly her displeasure with Murray, and the scenes in which Mr. Tytler declares her to have been so false and hypocritical. But her brief triumph was fatal to Mary. The most dangerous of the Presbyterian nobles were banished. Murray gone, her marriage was carried through with a high hand. The way seemed now clear to her; she threw off the mask of toleration, and, urged by Ritzio, she repeated the same act which had already cost her mother the regency, and formally joined the Catholic League. And now, if Darnley had only been what they all supposed! All parties knew his weakness, and all calculated on it. The Protestants feared it, the Catholics built their hopes on it. Only if weak men did but know themselves what they were! But Darnley, poor boy, (he was but nineteen,) had spent his short life fluttering about a court, filling himself with every most foolish notion of show, and vanity, and self-indulgence. His notions of kingship were much what his nursery books might have described it, an affair of crown, and dress, and banquets, and everlasting pleasures. Mary, he had arranged with himself, was to settle into the obedient wife, leaving power and place to the stronger vessel, and he was to be a king, and life was to be a festival.

These visions being abruptly dispelled, he took to loose ways, to drinking, and to much else which was unbecoming, and the crown matrimonial (he showing himself so unfit to wear it) Mary shortly refused him. For all her purposes he was equally useless and intractable.

But he, not seeing his own unfitness, in his mortification flung himself into the intrigues which were boiling round the Court. Without principle, without power of seeing anything (how should he see?) except that he was a most ill-used husband, and that

certain of his faithful Protestant subjects, if he would give them his countenance, were ready to have him righted, within five months of his marriage he was the blindly willing tool in the hands of the fiercest of the Presbyterian fanatics. Murray, who alone was able to check them, was in exile, and it was not the Catholics only who in those dark times thought any means lawful to rid themselves of dangerous enemies. In periods of convulsion the fate of parties and kingdoms hangs on individual men. When institutions, habits, faiths, fail and are broken, persons only are powers, and the destruction of a life is often a revolution and a victory. Each side considered the other the enemy of the Lord, and Knox was ready with Scripture proof to show that when the law could not reach such, the Lord's servants must take the matter into their own hands.

Ritzio, for the present, as the Pope's emissary, was the obnoxious person—the wretched Darnley let it be believed, (perhaps he believed it himself, and it suited the purpose of the rest that the world should believe it,) that Ritzio had touched his honor, and therefore Ritzio was to be killed and the Queen's person secured. Not a word of all this was lost to Elizabeth's Ministers. There was not a plot the details of which were not sent to them. As we said, in such internecine times the ways of statesmen are perplexed and difficult—difficult to find and more difficult to judge. But there is something terrible in the attitude of the English Government towards this unhappy Court of Scotland; hovering over it, watching its struggles with a dreadful calmness, till its own turn came. Mary had suspected the English Ambassador of correspondence with "her rebels," and had required him peremptorily to give her his promise that all such under-dealings should cease. Randolph's haughty answer did not look like under-dealing. She had threatened, if he did not promise, that he should have a guard over him. "I will promise nothing," he said, "either on honor, honesty, word, or writing; and for guards to attend me, they shall fare full ill unless better and stronger armed than my own servants." Alas, why could not Mary feel how ill she could afford to venture on the game which she was playing, when she was forced to endure language such as this! And, now, Randolph writes to Leicester, in February, 1566:—

"I know the Queen repenteth her marriage. She hateth him and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself, that he hath a partaker in play

and game with him. I know that there are practices in hand contrived between the father and the son to come by the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievous and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr. Secretary, I speak not of them but now to your lordship."

What was intended did take effect, as we know, in the murder of the poor David. But Darnley had better have been playing his tricks with an untamed tigress than with Mary Stuart. An Italian Secretary might be dispatched without much difficulty, but it required a bird of another flight than such a poor mousing owl to strike her down when she was towering.

So far she had played her game in Scotland skilfully and successfully. A really sincere Catholic, (it would be unjust to question it,) underneath her seeming toleration, she had been watching her time and giving herself heart and soul to the Italian cause. If she was personally ambitious, her desires for herself were of that large pitch which were coincident with the interests of half Europe, and, light as she appeared on the surface, her deeper passions had set steadily on this wide world-question. Bold, remorseless, and unscrupulous, she persisted, through evil and good, by fair means and by foul, in the pursuit of an object—the restoration of the Catholic religion in the whole Island of Great Britain. How any real religious faith could have existed in sincerity in such a person, is a question which would lead us far into Ethical Metaphysics. But of the fact there is no doubt at all, and she is not the first evidence that with creeds—not the Roman Catholic only, but with all whatsoever—which rest the salvation of the human soul on anything except or beyond practical obedience, whether it be Church system or Sacraments, or right belief, or right forms and ceremonies, whatever it be, there is a strong under-current of Antinomianism running through every one of us which will tend to make our devotion to this outside form of religion in the inverse ratio of its influence on the conduct. So long as there are two ways of pleasing God, how many of us will not find it more agreeable to purchase indulgence for our passions by the exactness of our orthodoxy, and choose rather to please Him like Jehu by killing Baal's worshippers, than by departing from our own sins. We

said above, if Darnley had been what he was supposed to be—and now we have another if. If Mary had been able to hold herself consistently in the same tenor in which she began and in which she closed her life, she might have plotted and conspired; given all rein to her intellect to wind among those sinuous intrigues in which it so delighted; and if her course had ended where it did end, or even if she had not, as she easily might have, changed the whole course of European history, if it had ended in assassination or on the scaffold, she might have laid a real claim to the reputation of martyrdom which, as it is, she receives from the Roman Catholics; and with the unbelieving world she would have had an honorable memory. Devotion to a cause is always respectable; it always demands self-sacrifice and self-restraint, and implies something of the heroic. Mary might have had as fair a fame as Elizabeth—though Elizabeth's was the winning cause and Mary's the losing. But underneath Mary there lay an entire wild woman's passionate nature, unknown, unthought of, and uncontrolled, ready waiting to explode.

In a few more months Darnley was left without a friend and without a party. Mary had prevailed on him to deny his connection with Ritzio's murder. She never doubted it, but she entangled him in a denial of it which earned him the hatred of those whom he betrayed, and then, producing the covenant for the murder, with his own signature attached to it, she left him to digest his shame as he might. The Prince, our James the First of inglorious memory, was born, but the father was not permitted to have anything to do with his child, and, Mary holding aloof and not concealing her disgust with the chain with which she had bound herself, Murray, who had returned to her after the Ritzio affair, and in whom she again professed to feel confidence, proposed to relieve her by a divorce before bad grew to worse; again he was at hand as her guardian genius; again she listened, but only turned away, and followed her own counsels. It is difficult to see what was passing in her mind at this time. She pretended that she would go back to France and wait there, in a hope that Darnley might come to a better mind—a proposal in which no one who knew her could believe her sincere, unless there were other feelings struggling in her, and it was a faint effort of her better nature crying to her to fly from temptation. But the air was growing fearfully electric. Randolph writes:

"Things cannot go on much longer as they are." She was heard often wishing she was dead, and then on the sudden she recalled Morton and Ruthven, who had nothing to recommend them to her, except that they were her husband's deadliest enemies. To Murray it seemed all so threatening that, as soon as his divorce proposal failed, he withdrew altogether and left his sister to go her own way.

Here are two specimens of what was passing in the middle of this year, 1556. The first at Craigmillar, shortly after Bothwell's wound and Mary's visit to him. This was before Murray was gone, and he must have been at Craigmillar, though not taking part in this conversation, as is evident from the tenor of it. The persons are the Lord of Lethington, the carnal Maitland, as Knox called him, and the Queen of Scotland; and the subject between them the unhappy so-called King. She had spoken of retiring to France, and of her alarm for her son. Maitland's devil tongue whispers that if she will trust them they will find the means to quit her of him without prejudice of her son.

"But what would my Lord of Murray here present think of it?" was suggested.

"My Lord of Murray," says Maitland, "for all he is so scrupulous as a Protestant as your Grace is for a Papist, will look through his fingers and say nothing."

"Better leave the matter as it is," answered the Queen, "till God in His goodness find remedy thereto, than that ye proposing to do me service it may turn possibly to my hurt and displeasure."

"Madam," said Maitland, "let us guide the business among us; and your Grace shall see nothing but good and approved by Parliament."

That day the bond was drawn for Darnley's death. Sir James Balfour drew it; it was signed by Maitland, Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews, not by Murray, then or after, nor by Morton, though he was executed for it. But Mary, her friends say, refused. Alas, is it not a fatal complicity to have listened! They knew her temper and the meaning of these faint refusals.

In the autumn, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Morton came back from England. They were allowed to return to join in the murder if they would join; if they would not, (as seems from Bothwell's remonstrance sent in to the King of Denmark in his imprisonment,) that it might be laid to their revenge. Whether it was proposed or not to the others

there is no evidence to show, but to the dark terrible Morton it undoubtedly was. "Nursed in blood and in the shedding of it," as Cecil described him, he was a man worth gaining in such a business; and, high in the confidence of Knox and of the ultras, his countenance would stand them in good stead in case of danger. But Morton, whatever he was, would shed no blood in his own private quarrels. Bothwell told him that the Queen approved, but he declined believing that without a note under the Queen's hand; and Lethington and Bothwell undertook that he should have it. But for once Mary's prudence saved her; they went to Holyrood to see her about it, and returned with answer that the Queen would hear nothing about the matter. Another refusal, exclaim her advocates, but again, unhappily, a damning one. We must follow through this sickening business in close detail, for everything depends upon it. If Mary was innocent she was ill-used indeed.

The year was turning now, and it was all bitter winter with her internally as well as externally. On the 20th of January (the date is important) she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow of her husband with an animosity which she was at no pains to conceal. In the same January came the affair with Lutyni, one of the Queen's household, whom Sir William Drury had to arrest at Berwick, and on whose person he found evidence that some life-and-death mystery was going forward, of which he wrote on the instant to Cecil, though what it was, for the present he was unable to discover. And now, as in what follows we intend to quote the letters which were found in the celebrated casket, it is as well that we should anticipate the story and say a few words as to why we receive them as genuine: Mignet has condescended to prove them so at the tribunal at which Mary's modern friends have pronounced them forgeries; it is enough for us to state—that those who call them forgeries must be prepared to maintain and to explain away—that the whole of the leaders of the Protestant party in Scotland, including John Knox, were guilty of a gratuitous forgery in support of an accusation of which they had already sufficient evidence; that in this forgery, or in conniving at it, the Scotch Parliament, who examined the letters in the originals, the clergy, and, last of all, the entire Scotch nation, allowed themselves to be implicated, for they were publicly printed in 1572, and never till long after denied. Mary had many friends

in the Parliament, and there was a long and violent debate as to what should be done with her; but no question was raised as to the genuineness of the letters, (although the objections now urged against them are of so obvious a kind that if there is anything in them at all they would be obvious to a child,) and we are to suppose that Mary had no friend living whose ability was equal to suggesting any.

Lord Grange, who afterwards died in her cause, must have been implicated in the forgery, if it was one, and yet never, not even on the scaffold, dropped a hint of foul play.

The letters were examined privately by the York Commissioners, men of the highest rank in England; and one of whom was at that very time in secret correspondence with Mary herself; yet neither he nor the other two found anything to urge against them.

For greater security in so grave a cause, the investigation was transferred to London and laid before the Queen's Council. The Roman Catholic peers were summoned among the rest, and after mature and patient examination, the originals having been carefully compared with letters undoubtedly written in Mary's hand to the Queen of England, they were pronounced unquestionably and certainly hers; and, therefore, we are to suppose that the leading nobility of England, the ablest lawyers, the bishops, Elizabeth herself, and her ministers, all those to whom we may say the very security of the Protestant faith was intrusted, and who carried England through the worst years of trial it has ever known, deliberately united in a fraud without parallel for baseness in all history, while Mary's own Commissioners, instructed by herself, were so infatuated as to neglect the only ground on which it was possible for them to stand, and by their own silence or evasion to confirm every worst conclusion against her.

It is a task beyond our patience to argue with persons who accept such positions as these as if there was no difficulty in them at all. One may say decidedly that there are no historical documents of any country, age, or language, which have undergone such an ordeal, and the genuineness of which rests on evidence so overwhelming.

It is the end of January, 1567, and in the dull winter weather Darnley is lying sick of smallpox at his father's house, in Glasgow—sick in body, and sick in mind too, for the world had become but a dismal lonely home for him. The poor "long lad," as Elizabeth

called him! It was but two years back when, as first prince of the blood, he was flaunting with mace and sword at Leicester's coronetting; since then he had been mocked with the titles of Queen's husband and King of Scotland; and set to walk, as he had been, among such vain shadows, had fallen into wild and wicked ways.

Alas, it would have needed a stronger head than God had given poor Darnley to have carried him straight through such storms and whirlpools as he had been thrown among; and it would go ill with many of us if all the sins into which we had fallen before we had turned twenty years were to stand against us in everlasting remembrance, if so young we had been pronounced past hope and to have forfeited our chance of mending. His dreams of pleasure had come rapidly to an end. They were all flown, and in these sick hours he was learning, as it seems, to understand what they had been made of; he had asked himself how it was that he had fallen into such neglect and shame; had left off blaming others for it, and had begun to blame himself, perhaps more than he deserved. It was long since he had seen his wife. He heard from time to time the bitter things she said of him, and rumors had flitted in about his sick bed of covenants, such as he had once signed for another's murder, now drawn up for his own, and offered at least for signature, where least of all the sound of such things should have been whispered. Morton was at home again, and Ruthven, and dangers on all sides; and as soon as he could leave his bed he was going away to France, where, in new scenes and with new chances, he might make something better out of life than he had made.

There must have been something true and good in Darnley, or he would not have attached such a man as Crawford to him. It was the same Crawford who afterwards stormed Dumbarton Castle,* performing feats there of which Wallace might have been proud, and it is from his evidence before the Commissioners at York that we learn what we are going to tell. Darnley was a little better, out of danger, but unable to leave his room. Enfeebled with illness, he was

* This was in 1571. . . . It was at Dumbarton that the papers were found which led to the full detection of Norfolk's conspiracy. The Archbishop of St. Andrews was also taken there, of whom we read with no little satisfaction that he was carried thence to Stirling and forthwith hanged; some one writing under his body on the gallows:

"Cresce diu felix arbor semperque viuet
Frondibus, que nobis talia poma ferat."

disturbed with a sudden intimation that Mary was coming to see him. He was alarmed; and sent Crawford to ask questions, and, if he could, to excuse him from receiving her—an unwise move in him, cowardice being the last feeling which a man can afford to betray to a woman. "He is afraid," Mary answered scornfully; "there is no medicine against fear; however, there is no need for any." Something in her manner so struck Crawford that he took her words down and noted them. He conducted her to Darnley's room and there left her. It seemed like a visit of affection; she spoke gently to him of his faults, gently and with promises of forgiveness; he was young and there were hopes for him, and they both had enemies; bitterness had been sown between them; she had come of her own accord to make the first move towards a return to a kinder feeling. It was very strange, and most unlike Mary. Perhaps there was something in the glitter of that deep blue eye, perhaps in his feeble convalescence some power of inner sight hung about his senses, at any rate she could not reassure him. He talked of murders—

"told sad stories of the death of kings, How some were poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed."

There was a plot, he said, against his own life, and he had been told that she knew of it, and then he piteously reminded her that she was his own flesh and blood.

Yet her soft words and her soft caresses prevailed with him at last; he begged her to forgive him; she promised, and he promised for the future; as soon as he was well she was to receive him back again, and all was to be as it had been. When he could travel, she said they would leave Glasgow together, and they would spend a week or two at Craigmillar; and so tenderly she left him, promising another visit very soon. When Crawford returned, Darnley related to him what had passed.

"What is this Craigmillar plan?" said he. "It is strange; why not go to one of your own houses?"

"It struck me so," answered Darnley; "and I have fears enough. May God judge between us. I have her promise only to trust to, but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me."

So things went in the sick man's room. Now let us follow Mary to her cabinet. She sits down and writes a letter to the Earl of

Bothwell. "Being departed," she tells him, "from the place where she had left her heart, it was easy to be judged what was her countenance, seeing she was no more than a body without a soul." She then describes her journey to Glasgow and her visit to her husband, (very nearly in Crawford's words,) and goes on:—

"I have never seen him carry himself better, or heard him speak so well; and if I had not had proof that his heart is soft as wax, while mine is as hard as diamond, whereunto no shot can make breach but that which comes from your hand, I would almost have had pity on him."

And there she ends, bidding Bothwell not fear, "for the place should hold to the death."

The month crept out; she grew anxious; the stake was too heavy to venture the chances of a false throw. Again she wrote, "Praying the Lord Bothwell to advertise her what he did deliberate to do in the matter he knoweth of upon this point, to the end that the one of them may well understand the other, so as nothing fail in default thereof."

By the end of the month everything had been arranged; and on the 30th of January—a fatal day to the Stuarts—the last of these sad letters went off on its mournful errand.

"She was now going," she writes, "on her fashious and loathsome purpose, (deliberation odieuse—the translation is Sir Ralph Sadler's, and he has thrown his own feeling as well as hers into it,) which she did abhor, and therein she was doing the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey him, she had rather be dead than do it, for her heart did bleed at it. She cannot rejoice to deceive anybody that trusteth her; but Bothwell may command her in all things, only she bade him have no ill opinion of her for that cause, for that he was the occasion of it himself: because for her own particular revenge she would not do it."

Unhappy woman! sunk down from her high estate thus foully low, her good name gone for ever, her honor stained, her cause betrayed, and crown and life and all imperilled in this infatuating passion. For she loved this Bothwell—why, it is hard to see—but she loved him, "she would follow him round the world," she said herself, "in a white petticoat, sooner than forsake him." And a dreadful revelation it was to her of the meaning and of the power of love. Strange satire on what claims exclusively the name of human virtue! These ungodly passions call out efforts of self-sacrifice to

the full as complete as those decent affections which walk orderly in the rule of duty. She who would kill her husband would give her own life for her love. Perhaps we may take her own words, and she would sooner have given her life for him than what she gave—the last wreck of her self-esteem. Shakspeare never struck a deeper note than that wild prayer of hers, that Bothwell “would not think ill of her for what she was doing for him.” So pleads the heart for Mary Stuart, if this be indeed the worst of her, clinging still to her, in spite of all, though with shame and sorrow. Yes, if it were the worst; but there are icy touches in the last act of the Darnley tragedy, which shrivel up our sympathies as an April frost wind shrivels the young leaves.

There had been some change in the plan in the last ten days; possibly the conveniences at Craigmillar were inferior to those at Kirk-of-Field. It was to this place that they carried Darnley on the last of January, 1567. There was a villa there of the Duke of Chateherault's, to which, as a matter of course, his litter was being conveyed, when, to their own and to his surprise, the bearers were ordered to carry him to a small gloomy house, lying detached in the middle of a garden, belonging to a certain Robert Balfour, a brother of that Sir James Balfour who, as we remember, some few months before, had drawn the bond for the murder.

It is as well to observe the arrangement of this house, of which Nelson, one of the chamberlains, who was found unhurt amidst the ruins of it, has left us a sufficiently close account. The main door opened from the garden, and close to it, inside, there was another smaller door at the end of a passage, which led off to a detached suite of apartments, contrived for separate use, like those in the Inns of Court. Opening from this passage there was a large ground-floor room; at the end of it a staircase, leading to a landing, and another room immediately over the other. Where the servants' offices were does not appear, probably in some other part of the house. What is principally noticeable is, the relative position of the two rooms, and their entire isolation. The upper one was for Darnley; Mary was below him, on the ground-floor.

Darnley's sickness lingered; he was still unable to leave his bed. The winter waned slowly, and the sallow February twilights were lengthening mournfully out. It was Sunday, the tenth of the month. The King heard mass in the morning. His religion

had been of the vaguest, alternately Catholic and Protestant, as had suited the interests of those who had the care of him; and for himself, he had thought as much about it as young self-indulgent men of rank of his age commonly are apt to think. But, brought roughly to his senses as he had been, and with the world growing all so dark about him, something of his old lessons was stealing back over him, and, hardly knowing what he was, he turned mourning in his prayer to the God which Catholic and Protestant alike had told him of. Mary had not left the house all day; she had been out of the sick-room but for a few minutes; it was to give certain directions for the alteration of the arrangement of the furniture down stairs, and another singular order—

“The Queen,” says Nelson, “causit tak down the utter door that closit the passage towards baith the chambers, and was nothing left to stop the passage into the chambers but only the portale dour;”

of which Bothwell had a second key.

Her bed, which was exactly under her husband's, was to be moved away to the other side of the room; the new black velvet hangings were to be replaced by others old and worthless; and a valuable counterpane of some fur or other to be taken away altogether. She could think of these things at such a time; let us consider it. When an ordinary imagination ventures into the atmosphere of great crimes, and tries to realize their awfulness, it pictures out and dwells upon the high-wrought passions which envelope them—all is gloomy, vast, majestic, terrible. But nature is wiser than we, and there is a deeper tragedy, if we can read it rightly, in the small thoughts and cares, for which she in her real-life dramas can find a place. The night fell down black and moonless. Mary returned up stairs and “promist allsua to have bidden there all night;” and Bothwell came with others, with respects and inquiries. There were four came with him: one his servant Paris; another a kinsman of his own, a Captain Hepburn; and two more, who paid shortly for this night's work upon the scaffold, Hay and Tallo they were called. They had brought powder-barrels with them, and while Bothwell was up stairs, they were busy arranging them in the spot which the Queen's late alterations had provided for them, where, till that evening, her own bed had stood. By this time it was ten o'clock.

“Paris passes to the King's chamber where the

King, Queen, the Earl of Bothwell, and others, were; and Paris shows the Earl Bothwell that all things were in readiness."

"Then the Queen tak purpose, as it had been on the suddain, and departed as she spak to give that mask to Bastian who that night was marrit to her servant."

She kissed him, and she left him, knowing too well that it was the last time—that before morning, those lips she touched so lightly would be cold in death. She departed to the lights, and the music, and the wedding-ball at Holyrood. Darnley lay painfully on his bed; his page was with him, and Nelson, from the passage outside, heard him repeating the 55th Psalm.* Singularly, it was one of the Psalms for the English evening service of the day, and it is impossible to read it in its fatal appropriateness without very painful emotion. Mary had played ill her part of tenderness, and the shadows of the coming hours were stealing over his spirit.

"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

"Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.

"And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest.

* * * * *

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonor, for then I could have borne it.

"Neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himself against me, for then peradventure I would have hid myself from him.

"But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend."

We cannot dwell on it. God forgive her and all of us! He was found dead under a tree in the garden by the people who hurried in after the explosion, with his page at his side; but there was no mark of fire on him, and from the situation in which the bodies were found, it was conjectured that he had sprung out of the window, and had been followed and dispatched below. Hepburn had told Bothwell that he did not intend to trust the powder, as he had known it so often fail; and Darnley had perhaps fallen asleep and had been awake by the men entering his room.

But we need not follow this miserable story further. What is remarkable is the immediate impression which spread everywhere, that, if Mary was not cognizant of the mur-

der, she was well pleased that it had taken place, and that she would take no steps to revenge it. In France, where she had friends, it might have been expected some kinder feeling might have shown itself. But Catherine knew her pupil, and, even three weeks after, the Archbishop of Glasgow wrote to her from Paris, that no one there had a doubt of her complicity. The worst opinion which could be formed of her she herself did her best to justify. On the Wednesday a reward was offered; but no notice was taken of the thousand voices which answered it with a charge against the Earl of Bothwell. The people paraded the streets of Edinburgh through the night crying for vengeance upon him; yet she did nothing. She did worse than nothing; a fortnight after, before the month was out, she was off at Lord Seton's with him, amusing herself with archery and pleasure parties. With the one exception of Lord Seton himself, the entire party collected there consisted of those very noblemen whose fatal signature made them all chief accomplices in the murder—Huntly, Argyle, Bothwell, and the worthy Archbishop Hamilton. These were the present favorites. Well might the Lord of Grange write to Bedford, "Whoever is dishonest reigns in this court; God deliver them from their evil." And the signs of the deepening indignation of the people showed unmistakably on her next appearance in Edinburgh, the very market women calling after her as she passed, "God be with your Majesty, if ye be sackless of your husband's death."

But it was all lost on the Queen of Scotland. After playing so deeply for her prize, she was not going to lose it for the insolent clamor of a mob, and in three months she was married. Bothwell had a wife already, but the ever-ready Archbishop made a two days' business of a divorce for him, and the marriage itself was accompanied with every circumstance most disgraceful to herself and degrading to the country which had to look on at it. Her cause was utterly gone. From the Presbyterians she could of course expect nothing. Profligacy would not have troubled the Guises, but they could not forgive the outrage on the world's opinion, and they could not afford to uphold a person who could sacrifice her interests and her faith upon a love fancy. Catherine wrote to say that she could have no more to do with her; and her letter was endorsed by Cardinal Lorraine. Nor was this the worst. It shows what Mary's party in Scotland was, that

* Mignet says the 65th; unless the mistake is the Brussels Pirate's, on whose edition we have unfortunately been dependent. The English translator has it right.

when Throgmorton came in July to Edinburgh, to examine and report on the state of the country, it came out that at that very time (Throgmorton refused to believe it, till the fact itself was dragged before him) the Archbishop, in behalf of the Hamiltons, was making proposals to put the Queen to death. Perhaps there was but one person living who retained at that time any genuine kind feeling for her, and that one it was her curse through life that she could do nothing but detest: it was the Queen of England.

Since the Darnley marriage, there had been but little interchange of cordialities between them. It could not well have been otherwise, considering what were Mary's intentions in so marrying; but on first hearing of the tragical ending of it, Elizabeth came forward with everything which was most affectionate and kind. She told Mary openly what was said of her, that she winked at the crime, and did not intend to punish it. People said this of her; but for herself, she added, "*de moy pensez, je vous supplie, que je ne voudrois qu'une telle pensée residait en mon cœur pour tout l'or du monde;*" only for her honor's sake she implored her to remember how much was at stake, and how much depended on the way in which she acted. This M. Mignet calls "the bitterness of reproach and ill-concealed hypocrisy," an imputation of motive which it is difficult to meet, except with a very indignant rebuke. In answer to this letter, Mary promised to bring Bothwell to trial, and the next thing which Elizabeth heard of her was, that she had put the castle of Edinburgh into his hands. Forced at last to allow him to be tried, the proceedings were precipitated so as to make them a mockery; yet Elizabeth still refused to believe that Mary was more than reckless; and four days before the trial she wrote again, urging her to put it off; telling her that the Earl of Lennox was assured of a combination to acquit Bothwell, and imploring her to act straightforwardly, to silence the calumnies which were spreading about her. What is this but the conduct of a real friend, struggling to think well of her, and anxious, of all things, to see her right herself?

It is unhappily necessary that we should bespeak the patience of at least any lady readers under whose eyes these pages may fall, while we relate Elizabeth's conduct. It has been so uniformly assumed that she could not have been acting sincerely with the Queen of Scotland, that she must have envied her, must have hated her, and there-

fore must have betrayed her; that when she is kind, she is always hypocritical, and everything she says or does is interpreted into the result of a steady malevolence, springing out of the meanest rivalry. As we find no evidence that, in her own lifetime, even her worst enemies suspected her of so miserable a feeling, we can only account for the present so general belief from the temper of the modern popular historians, who have explained her actions according to such principles and ways of looking at things as their own experience had made them familiar with. This is not meant for poor thin satire; it is miserable truth.

It was only through fear of Elizabeth that the marriage was not sooner interfered with, and that strong measures were not taken to prevent Mary from disgracing herself. Whatever Elizabeth's real feelings were, there can be no question at all what the Scotch Calvinists supposed that they were, and that even after the mock violence which Bothwell used with Mary, and after it had been necessary to keep her by force from placing Prince James in his hands, so little hope had any one of them that Elizabeth would encourage or even permit active rebellion, that Murray had left Scotland in despair, and was trying what he could do in Paris; and Kirkaldy of Grange wrote to the Earl of Bedford, that he would give it all up, and leave home and country for ever.

"The Queen," he says, "will never cease till such time as she have wrecked all the honest men in this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell to ravish her, to the end that she may the sooner end the marriage which she promised him before she caused him to murder her husband. *There is many that would revenge this murder but that they fear your mistress.*"

So thoroughly bad it all was, the Guises were even ready to interfere; and the French ambassadors threatened Mary with immediate consequences, if the marriage were proceeded with; yet so right was Kirkaldy about Elizabeth, that if she had given way to her own inclination, the world would have seen her in marvellous league with Mary against Murray and Catherine de Medicis.

Randolph describes a morning's interview which he had with her about it all. She was possessed with a notion that Mary was shamefully calumniated about the murder, and bad as the Bothwell marriage was, and indignantly as she said she abhorred it, she did not choose that subjects should take excuse from it for insolence or for rebellion.

"Notwithstanding her abhorrence, her Majesty doth not like that her subjects should by any force withstand that they see her bent unto, and yet she doth greatly fear for the young Prince. Her Majesty told me also that she had seen a writing from Grange (the letter quoted above) to my Lord of Bedford despitefully written against the Queen, in such terms as she could not abide the hearing of it. She would not that any subject, what cause soever there be proceeding from the Prince, or whatsoever her life and behavior is, should discover that unto the world."

At last, however, it was not to be borne any longer. Perhaps at no time, and in no country, could proceedings like Mary's have been passed by without retribution of some sort or other overtaking her at last. Crime produces hatred, and hatred revenge—it is an eternal and inevitable law—and least of all was she likely to escape among these fierce Calvinists of John Knox's, men whose very moral sense was stimulated into fanaticism, and who had already, too, made more than an experience of successful rebellion.

They tried unsuccessfully to the last to win Elizabeth; they told her they were rising, not against Mary, but against Bothwell, and that Mary was in thralldom. But Elizabeth answered sternly, that their Queen had written to her to say that she was not in thralldom, but had consented to all that had passed, and therefore the prerogative must not be violated. But probably, before this answer came, it was all over. The Queen and Bothwell, with a body of about three thousand men, were marching on Edinburgh, to put down the sedition; the army of the Kirk went out to meet them, and something of the spirit which was in them may be conjectured from the standard which they had chosen to fight under; on its black massive folds there was worked curiously the body of the murdered Darnley lying under the tree as he was found, the baby prince kneeling over him, and underneath, for a device, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." It was a cause before which the spirit of loyalty quailed and sank. The two armies met at Carberry; an hour's parley followed, for the interchange of challenges and expostulations. At the end of it the Queen found herself alone with Bothwell and some sixty of his private friends; the rest had melted off the hill like snow. It was over; the game was lost; she had played desperately, but the stake was forfeited. Bothwell had to ride for his life, and Mary, in the long June twilight, was escorted into Edinburgh in shameful captivity, with the

black "banner of the Lord" floating on before her.

It is impossible not to admire her bearing in a trial so humiliating. Alone, struck down with all her crimes about her, a young woman scarcely twenty-five years old, borne along in the iron circle of those grim avengers, and a wild flood of execrating people weltering round her; if Mary Stuart had known how to fear, her heart would have failed her then. She turned on them like a lioness at bay. "Give me your hand, sir," she said to Lord Lindsay, who rode beside her; steel gauntleted, she took it in her slender fingers. "By this hand," she said, her blue eyes glaring fury at him, "I will have your head for this." It is not like the poor, weak, injured sufferer our imagination has been taught to paint her. There was not a fiercer heart behind the mail of any warrior there, than was beating in that one woman's breast.

On the news of this rough treatment of the *prerogative*, Elizabeth burst into high anger. The Earl of Bedford was instantly dispatched to the frontier with all the available troops, and Throgmorton was sent direct to Edinburgh, to express her feelings about it, and demand immediate explanation. But matters were already past explanation, either to Elizabeth or to any one. Mary was at Lochleven a fast prisoner, the casket had been found, and, though there had been no moral doubt of her guilt before, there was now conclusive evidence. Throgmorton wrote in despair,—"It is public speech," he says, "among all the people, that their Queen hath no more privilege to commit murder nor adultery, than any other private person, neither by God's law, nor by the law of this realm."

The ultra party, among whom were Morton, John Knox, and the clergy generally, were now urgent that she should be brought to a public trial and executed. The threat of this, and its apparent imminence, for the first time alarmed her; and in July, with a mental reservation that it should be invalid against her, as extorted by violence, she signed an abdication of the throne in favor of her son. But Throgmorton was not sent from England to look on quietly at such proceedings as this. Immediately on his arrival, finding the victorious party cared nothing either for his threats or for his entreaties, he had gone to Lochleven, and in Elizabeth's name had told the Queen of Scots, that at first his mistress had determined to hold no further communication with her, to express

her horror that no steps had been taken to prevent the murder, and her shame at the marriage. But the rebellion of the nobles had softened her feelings. Whatever had been Mary's conduct, it did not become subjects to assume the sword, and she was now ready to restore her to liberty, only making one condition, that she should give up Bothwell; and imploring her, for God's sake, to come forward with some answer or other to the abominable things which were said of her.

But Mary would not hear of giving up Bothwell, would not answer, would not do anything. Elizabeth hesitated. If she made a condition, it seemed as if it ought to be observed; but then came the news of the extorted abdication, and she could not contain herself any longer. It is quite clear that she did not believe a word of the worst charge against the Queen of Scotland. In vain Cecil and Leicester implored her to let matters alone and not interfere. She would hear nothing; and she declared that "she would make herself a party against the rebels, to the revenge of their sovereign, and as an example to all posterity."

Throgmorton was to communicate this imperious threat. The Earl of Morton listened, and then coolly told him, that if Bedford crossed the frontier, it would be the signal for Mary's death—not a hand in the country would be raised to save her. In proof of this he showed him the proposal of which we spoke above, which within forty-eight hours he had received from the Hamiltons, suggesting her execution, as the simplest solution of their difficulties. And he showed him further certain promises, which (so strangely parties had changed sides) had been sent to him from the Queen-Mother of France, to the effect that she would imprison Mary for life in a French convent, and give him all help to enforce her deposition. This would, indeed, have placed Elizabeth in an impracticable position. As things were, it was impossible for her efficiently to serve Mary, and with a bad grace she yielded to her minister, and recalled Bedford.

And now all eyes were turned to Murray. He had been in France during all this. Like Elizabeth, he had refused to believe in his sister's guilt. It was only as he was preparing to return to Scotland that he was shown what appeared decisive evidence of it. Murray never did anything in a hurry; he travelled back at his leisure, passing through London on his way, where he had an interview with the Queen. She insisted that he

should join her in forwarding Mary's restoration; but after what he had seen he could not undertake anything of the kind. Elizabeth was exceedingly angry, Murray grew only more cold and impracticable, and she dismissed him in high displeasure; but he reached Scotland without having at all made up his mind, and then for the first time he was shown the originals of the fatal letters. There was no more to be said. The assembly offered him the regency, and implored him to accept it. Murray said he must first see his sister, and there must have been fears of his constancy, as attempts were made to prevent it. But he was determined to go; and Throgmorton wrote to England, that there was no doubt that he was acting "in full faith and true affection towards her." He rode off to Lochleven, and we owe to Throgmorton an account of the remarkable interview which followed. He was introduced into her presence, and remained with her four hours, unable to speak a word. There she was—his own father's child and his Queen. Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, and to be Queen of England, what had not fortune done for her! And now what was she? In vain for five years he had watched over her as a father might; with small thanks to him, and in spite of him, she had gone her own bad way, and, deposed and degraded, she had made her name infamous through all time as a murderess and adulteress. He could not trust her. He knew her too well. Humble as she seemed as she sat there, he knew that she had learnt nothing, and repented of nothing, except of having failed. What could he say to her?

In the evening, after vague confession and wild prayers to him to speak to her, even if it were to tell her the very worst, he broke silence; "more," Throgmorton says, "like a ghostly confessor than as a counsellor."

"He set her up a glass
Where she might see the inmost part of her."

The Darnley marriage, so wretchedly desired and still more wretchedly detested—the murder, and the mock trial, and the second marriage—her obstinate clinging to it—and, last of all, the dreadful witness against her, "in her own hand written," on which any day she might be brought to trial, with but one issue of it possible. Mary threw herself before him, beseeching him to save her; she desired nothing except to be spared that, and Murray was her only refuge. Murray told her sternly to seek a

refuge with God, and so left her—artfully for his own purposes, as Fraser Tytler thinks, working on her fears, with no motive but his own ambition, to induce her of her own accord to make over the supreme power of Scotland to himself. The next morning he carried out the same insidious policy; in the night he appeared to have softened towards her. He promised to save her life; but he warned her that if she attempted to escape, if she intrigued with the Queen of France or of England, (he knew Elizabeth's feelings,) or if she persisted in a correspondence with Bothwell, it would be all over with her—neither he nor any one could protect her. For the present she must remain where she was; her liberty was out of the question till she had given them better reason to trust her.

It was Mary's misfortune, says Mr. Tytler, that she was the creature of a generous impulse. In an overflow of weakness and affection (Mignet echoes all this trash) she herself begged her brother to undertake the regency. "By this means," said she, "my son shall be preserved, my realm well governed, and I in safety." The false Murray had gained his purpose by betraying her nobleness and confidence. "At length he accorded unto her his acceptance," and "requiring the Lords Lindsay, Ruthven, and Lochleven to treat the Queen with gentleness, with liberty, and with all good usage, he took his leave of her." . . . "And then began a new fit of weeping, which being appeased, she embraced him very lovingly, kissed him, and sent her blessing to the Prince, her son, by him."

Such was the scene at Lochleven, and such is the received interpretation of it. One cannot but be surprised at the recklessness with which it is all delivered. Fascinated with Mary, these writers speak of her as an injured saint, even in spite of the actions which they acknowledge. She is always free, trusting, generous, and noble; and whoever is in opposition to her is full of all bad passions, all selfishness, all baseness, all gratuitous malevolence. Murray, in his lifetime, passed as a good man; a man whom all parties revered and all sought to gain. His private life was unblemished by a spot. In his regency Holyrood House "was ordered more like to a conventicle than to a Royal Palace." Oh, but he was ambitious, and he was hypocritical—so easy it is to dirt a noble man with epithets. Ambition! Was it so blessed a thing, then, to take the rein of poor sick Scotland in the birth-throes of a new

era, and in the death-struggle of an old—with unresting treason to hold down with one hand, and fanatic anarchy with the other—to be at once marked for the hatred of all bad men living, with murder dogging his every step, as he well knew, and as in two brief years he proved? And is his good name to be now tamely given over a prey to every wretched whimperer over the misfortunes of unhappy Mary?

The question which Murray had to answer, in the name of the Scottish nation, was, whether a person who had been guilty of the crimes of which Mary Stuart had been guilty, was any longer to be permitted to remain on the throne of a kingdom—the supreme executor of justice and fountain of order and law? Such was the question, and it is the same which now divides our judgments. Happily for us, however, in these days differences remain only for the foolish jangling of opinion. No one doubts that if occasion for action were unhappily to arise, whatever our words are now, action would be prompt and decisive. Such a change has passed over us. It is not easy for us to realize the feelings towards royalty which Murray had to encounter. He had to fight the battle when there was danger in it; when "divinity" did really seem to "shrine a king," and royalty of any sort was held so high a thing that even "the devil," it could be said, "should be sometime honored for his burning throne." Constitutional solutions of such difficulties may be far more orderly and respectable; yet, perhaps, they have been only made possible by those other earlier ones which were not constitutional at all.

On that common speech of the Scotch people, that "princes have no more license to commit murder nor adultery than any other person," there is no difference even of opinion; the question is only of responsibility. Indeed, it may be said, that they must accept all consequences of their high place; and that crime in princes, being where they are for the punishing of crime, is of as far more evil example, and as far more monstrous, than crime in subjects, as they in their place are raised above subjects. Only, say the vindicators of Divine right, the source of law cannot be tried by the law, but is only answerable to God. Yet, perhaps, God, and not the sovereign, is the source of law, and others, besides the sovereign, are God's commissioners in executing it. There is not a wretched felon at the criminal bar but is answering to God there, as well as answering to man. But a problem which has received its practical answer from the beginning of all history, is not to be ar-

gued on *à priori* theories. Crime, injury, revenge, hang together in indissoluble sequence. We can modify the form, so much nature gives to us, but the substance is from everlasting to everlasting. Where justice cannot reach, the dagger can; and the alternative is but between the old assassination and the modern judicial tribunal. God will not tolerate crimes or criminals in this world; and as we do not hesitate, when the wrong lies between subject and subject, to prefer such ordering of a kingdom as delivers the murderer over to the law, to those ruder methods which left him to the avenger of blood, so we cannot doubt, when of two ways one is inevitable, open judgment or secret vengeance, which of these two ought to be preferred.

The intention of bringing Mary to trial had saved her from immediate punishment. The authority of Murray and the fear of Elizabeth this time sheltered her from trial. It was a weakness which she taught them both to regret. Mary was not a person to believe any one could mean well with her who crossed her inclination; and one year of Murray's stern intolerance of oppression and lawlessness sufficed to restore her the allegiance of the haughty northern lords, to whom government was detestable exactly as it was strong. The Calvinist Regent respected neither high nor low, punishing guilt alike in the noble or the peasant; and Mary's liberty was soon all that was wanted to make her a rallying point for the disaffection of half the kingdom. She escaped, fought a battle, and lost it, and a fortnight after she had left Lochleven she was a fugitive in England.

A sovereign lady flying from the treason of her subjects, and throwing herself on the hospitality of a sister queen, her nearest kinswoman, and whose heir she was—flying to her for protection, and finding instead of a protector an unfeeling tyrant, who imprisoned her for nineteen years, and then flung her to a cruel death—this is the picture which poets and historians have never been weary of drawing for us. It has been the stain on the fame of Elizabeth. Even those who think worst of Mary, insist that Elizabeth's injustice gave her all right to use any means to free herself. The eagerness with which all this has been insisted on has occasionally embarrassed its advocates. For this imprisonment is described as one act in a long series of injuries which had commenced with Elizabeth's accession; and there has naturally, therefore, been a difficulty in explaining how the Queen of Scotland came to be so infatuated as to

choose England for a refuge when the world was open to her.

Now, it is quite certain that she chose England because she expected a better welcome there than in any other country; Elizabeth had written to congratulate her on her escape; to stay in Scotland was certain death; in France, where she had been threatened with a convent, her reception would be more than doubtful; while Elizabeth was, perhaps, the only person living who still resolutely disbelieved her complicity in Darnley's murder. She looked with confidence, therefore, for warm reception and warm assistance; and she had crossed the border with a promise to her friends, that before a month they might expect her back again in force.

Nor was the Regent any more doubtful than his sister what the first impulse of Elizabeth would be. Instantly that Mary was in England, he dispatched his secretary to London, declaring that he and Morton were ready to appear in person to justify what they had been forced to do; and to "enter himself prisoner in the Tower of London if he did not prove her guilty in the death of her husband." A cruel thing for a brother to be forced into, and one on which it is easy to be eloquently abusive; and yet the one alternative which lay before him was to betray the country of which he was at that time supreme governor, called to be so, as he believed, by the providence of God—to betray the people committed to him into a dreadful civil war—by throwing a mock shield over the reputation of one bad woman.

Murray's secretary must have crossed a dispatch of Elizabeth's to himself, summoning him to appear and answer for himself; and as urgent business had forced him to delay in coming, another message, more peremptory, followed, that if he did not appear at once, in person or by commissioner, she would send Mary over the border with an army.

It was now that, for the first time, copies of the casket letters were laid before Elizabeth. She still would not believe them genuine, and she wrote to the Queen of Scots to say so; but publicly received, as she knew them to be, and as nothing which Mary could do to persuade the world that they were genuine had been wanting in her conduct, it was necessary that they should be publicly looked into. She summoned the Regent to prove them, without a doubt that the exposure would be not of Mary but of themselves, and the condition of their failure was to be the restoration of the Queen. But Mary

was in no haste for any such examination; she pretended that it was putting *her* upon her trial; and that her Sovereign Majesty would be degraded by her being placed in any such position. For her own conduct she was only answerable to God, and if Elizabeth would not help her, she claimed her freedom, that she might seek it elsewhere. To have let Mary go was to bring the Duke of Alva into Scotland: it was the restoration by the Catholic powers of a princess whose name was uncleansed from the darkest crimes; with, behind it, interminable vistas of strife, misery, and discord, first for Scotland and next for England, as far as human foresight could look, inevitable. Elizabeth could in no case permit it. If it was just that Mary should be restored, she would restore her herself, but she could not have a Spanish army on the frontier; and if Mary was guilty, the throne was no place for her. It may be said, Elizabeth was no judge of this. Mary was not a subject of hers; and whatever her opinions might be, she had no business to interfere—an argument which it will be possible to meet when we know something of the abstract right and wrong which determine the actions of sovereign powers. When such mighty interests depend on the conduct of one person as then depended on that of Elizabeth, there is commonly some responsibility with it, and those who shout loudest against interference on the people's side would have seen no injustice in her interference on the Queen's. But if they will press the letter of the law, then let them press it, and on their own conditions Elizabeth was merciful. Mary had claimed her crown. As soon as the excommunication should fall there was not a Catholic in England who would not regard Mary as his lawful sovereign. Was this a person to be allowed to go abroad and organize European invasions?

Rival claimants of thrones are not commonly dealt gently with; nor is it desirable that they should be, considering what civil war is. The leaders in political conspiracies, no matter what they are, are the very last persons that governments may pardon: our moral estimate of them may vary infinitely; but if they fail, they have no right to look for anything but the very worst. Revolutions, even when vast interests are at stake, are not things to play with, and to trifle in them is as reckless a piece of wickedness as man can be guilty of. If there were nothing else against Mary than this claim of hers, it

is mere idle talk to clamor that she was not an English subject.

Elizabeth was dealing faithfully with her, if she could have believed it, or if her cause was one which could prosper with any faithful dealing. If the charges against her turned out false, she would be restored to Scotland; if true, she was still heiress of England, with noble fresh chances before her, if she pleased to deserve them; at any rate, whether true or false, Elizabeth's first duty was to secure herself and her country from Mary's treason, and already she had too good reason to suspect her. Mary had come to England in June. She was not a person to hesitate when there were opportunities of intrigue, and, finding a new field open, she at once plunged into it. Nor, indeed, was it altogether new; years before, as we saw, she had been throwing out golden feelers there with the money of the King of Spain. Elizabeth heard at once of some of her doings, and wrote to complain. Mary must bear witness against herself, true Stuart as she was, and true in nothing else.

In her answer to these complaints, dated the 8th of October, she writes:—

"Madam, since I have been in your country, I will defy the world to say that I have offended you in deed or word; confiding implicitly in you, wherein, I am sure, you will not find yourself deceived."

And yet here is a letter, dated a fortnight earlier, to the Queen of Spain:—

"I will tell you one thing, by the way, that if the King, your lord and brother, were at peace, my misfortunes might be of service to Christendom, for my coming to this country has caused me to make acquaintance by which I have learnt so much of the state of things here, that if I had ever so little hope of succor elsewhere I would make ours the reigning religion or perish in the attempt. The whole of this part (Yorkshire) is entirely devoted to the Catholic faith; and with the right that I have, for this reason in my favor, I could easily teach this Queen what it is to intermeddle and assist subjects against princes. She tries to make me appear guilty of what I am unjustly accused of. God be praised, I have gained the hearts of a great many good people of this country since my coming, so that they are ready to hazard all that they possess for me and my cause."

What was to be done with such a woman—who would keep no faith except when it suited her convenience, and whose indomitable spirit could neither be crushed nor gained,

except at the price of what could not be given it—its own way?

The trial came on. Murray wrote again and again to her, imploring her to spare him the necessity of showing the letters by confirming her abdication. When Elizabeth came to know better where the truth really lay, she, too, joined in entreating her; but it was no use. Mary saw their reluctance, and laid her plans in a confidence in their generosity. Her commissioners were instructed to refuse all concessions, but to prevent, not meet investigation. As soon as it was clear that it would be proceeded with, they proposed a compromise. Elizabeth told them that at that stage of the proceedings a compromise would be fatal to Mary's honor. It was still open to her to abdicate. In that case everything would be dropped. But Mary had seen another game opening before her in England; she still trusted (as the event proved, with sufficient grounds) to Elizabeth's unwillingness to disgrace the honor of a sovereign. She withdrew her commissioners, and contented herself with protesting against further proceedings. But a protest like this of course could not put an end to the trial of Murray. He produced the letters reluctantly, being, to the last, willing to exhaust every other means. They were examined by the Privy Council with the result which we have already spoken of; but Elizabeth had first bound the Lords of the Council to secrecy, and she had no intention of allowing the contents of papers so disgraceful to transpire to the world. The day after they had sent in their report, she declared that "Mary could not be restored, that she must remain in England, and that the whole affair should be buried in oblivion." Mary had not miscalculated; after another fruitless attempt to prevail on her to resign quietly, the Queen of England declared the investigation at an end. Cecil, in her name, pronouncing in the way of sentence words to the following effect:—"That as to Murray, and his adherents, she was of opinion that nothing had as yet been brought forward against them which impaired their honor or allegiance;" while, on the other hand, "There had been nothing sufficiently proven nor shown by them against the Queen, their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of her gude sister for anything yet seen." A sentence which Fraser Tytler calls the most absurd in all history. And, indeed, it is absurd on any other hypothesis, except that Elizabeth was really sincere in doing the best for Mary

which the circumstances could allow; on that hypothesis it is not absurd at all. She could not restore her; she could not set her free; but she would not disgrace her. If the whole truth had been then publicly told, Mary's chance of succeeding to the English throne would have been as utterly swept away as her chance of recovering that of Scotland; and when shortly after the French and Spanish ambassadors ventured a faint request for her liberty, Elizabeth was able to tell them, that she had concealed matters which, if published, would have overwhelmed Mary with infamy, and so utterly disgraced her, that for very shame neither Catholic nor Protestant could ever again lift hand in her cause.

On the 21st of December, immediately after the trial, she wrote herself to Mary. What more kind or genuine or generous she could have written it is hard to say.

"As we have been very sorry of long time for your mishaps and great troubles, so find we our sorrow now doubled in beholding such things as are now produced against you to prove yourself cause of all the same. Our grief herein is also increased in that we did not think at any time to have seen or heard such matters of so great appearance and moment to charge and condemn you. Nevertheless, both in friendship, nature, and justice, we are moved to cover these matters;"

at any rate till such time as, if any answer were possible, Mary would condescend to give it.

And again, on the 31st of March, after repeated letters, in which the Queen of Scots had endeavored to convince Elizabeth of her love for her, declaring that she felt for her as for an elder sister, and valued her friendship above all things, and on the strength of these feelings complained that her sister had been publishing hard things against her, Elizabeth, although she knew well enough how Mary had been showing her love to her since she had been in England, yet was contented calmly to reply—

"That since her unsatisfying answers she had hushed up the case and never meddled with it since." "All parties," she told her, "were now at rest in Scotland, and after years of anarchy they were at length peaceful and contented."

And she concluded with words which, as it appears to us, she must have written directly from her heart with the fullest consciousness of sincerity:—

"I thank God I have not been left to stumble, much less to fall, against you; and with a clear

conscience, I call on Him to witness, who will be my judge, if I have not gone openly on my way without feints."

And now, if we consider the sort of penalties which the sense of mankind has declared, and always declares, to be due to crimes such as those of which Mary Stuart had been indubitably guilty, it really cannot be considered that the measure which was dealt out to her was so severe as to give her claims on our commiseration. For it was no more than this—to remain quietly, in all ease and splendor, at the castle of an English nobleman, with all liberty and all indulgence out of doors and in, with no restriction on her correspondence, and none upon her pleasure—to remain quietly, only till she had recovered a confidence which Elizabeth was longing to restore to her; with opportunities of beginning life anew, with clear ground and clear new magnificent prospects, if she could only bring herself to deserve them. This, at least, is the light in which it appears to us. To M. Mignet it appears in a very different light indeed. As a specimen of his style, both of thought and writing, take the following, as his summing up at the point of the history at which we have arrived:—

"Quant à Marie Stuart, elle resta prisonnière en Angleterre. Elizabeth non seulement ne l'assista point contre ses sujets, comme elle l'avait offert, mais ne lui rendait pas même la liberté dont elle n'aurait jamais dû la priver. Sans respect pour les règles de la justice, et les droits de l'hospitalité, comme pour les prérogatives des couronnes, elle n'avait pas craint d'emprisonner une suppliante, et de mettre en jugement une reine. Elle n'avait été sensible ni à la confiance de la fugitive, ni aux prières de la parente, ni à l'affliction de la femme, ni à l'honneur de la souveraine. Marie Stuart, à son tour, n'avait plus aucun ménagement à garder envers Elizabeth. Arrêtée avec perfidie, diffamée avec haine, retenue avec iniquité, il lui était permis de tout entreprendre pour se rendre libre. Elle ne manqua point de la faire."

We cannot praise these "rounded periods," at any rate in a historian. The temptation of choosing words for their poise and euphony is apt to make literal truth suffer sadly in the shaping. However, to such persons as have a taste for it, we beg to offer this, which if not absolutely true, is a good deal truer than what we have quoted from Mignet:—

"As for Mary Stuart, she remained in England. Elizabeth not only refused to surrender her to be tried under the laws which she had violated, but she did not even submit her to a restraint which would

have disabled her from a repetition of her crimes. Disregarding alike the demands of justice, the peace of her subjects, and the safety of her own person, she did not hesitate to throw a shield over a murderess, and to keep a rival claimant of her crown in the heart of her kingdom. Mary Stuart had violated her hospitality, had tampered with her subjects, had done dishonor to the royal blood of England; and she was reckless enough to put faith in promises which had been repeatedly and perfidiously broken. She sheltered her from a punishment which she had deserved. She maintained her in a credit which she had forfeited. She continued her a kindness which she abused. Was it likely that Mary would fail to use the opportunities which her own unjustifiable lenity persisted in affording her?"

The remaining eighteen years which Mary lived present features singularly uniform. So far she had profited by the past, that she could now keep her personal passions subordinate to her larger purposes; and she fell into no more love scrapes, except where love could be made politic. Her interests were coincident with the interests of Catholicism, and it suited the interests of the Catholics to forget the misdoings of a person whose situation could be so useful to them. Universally acknowledged as heirress to the crown of England, and after Elizabeth's excommunication acknowledged through Catholic Europe as its lawful possessor, her position filled the world with a romantic sympathy for her; and the struggle between the two faiths, at the moment when it was fiercest and hottest, centred in the fortune of Mary.

The Protestants of Navarre were to fall with Elizabeth; Flanders, Don John of Austria said, could only be conquered in London; and Mary was able to throw off the painful past, and to persuade herself that in her later schemes she was fighting the Church's battle. Her energy never flagged. The kindness of Elizabeth, except in the intervals when conspiracies were known to be ripening, put no check on her correspondence, which covered the world. Her funds were ample; for she had her French dowry all at her own disposal, the Sheffield expenses being paid out of the English treasury. Philip, too, gave her vast sums; and the organization of the Jesuits provided her with the ablest ministers of conspiracy to be found in Europe. And the result of all this was, that the history of her imprisonment is a history of a succession of plots to have Elizabeth dispatched, and in the confusion to bring the Duke of Alva, or Don John of Austria, or the French, into England. One after another she shaped her schemes, entangling hundreds of gallant

gentlemen in her service. One after another they exploded without effect; Mary's share in them demonstrated by the clearest evidence; her punishment expected abroad and demanded at home, yet prevented from falling on her by Elizabeth.

So skilfully the first great rising had been planned, that if it had taken effect as she intended, or if the Duke of Norfolk's energy had been equal to her own, Mignet thinks it would have succeeded. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were to rise in the north; Norfolk in the south and south-east; while Alva was to land, with twelve thousand men, either at Yarmouth or at Southampton. Alva was quite alive to the danger of the enterprise, but he was ready for it; only, he says, (the easy *naïveté* with which he writes it to Philip is not a little remarkable,) the Queen must first be got rid of—a purpose for which one of his own people was sent to London, under pretence of a diplomatic commission, and therefore with a safe conduct. But rebellion had bad luck. The north rose prematurely, and Alva would not risk help to a mutilated enterprise.

Those "good gentlemen," whom she boasted to the Queen of Spain that she had gained, were ready, so far as their lives went, to risk them for her—and they risked them, and lost them by hundreds on the scaffold. It was proposed at that time to punish Mary. We learn from Leicester—"How effectually all the Council of England then dealt with her Majesty for justice to be done on that person—how the Great Seal of England was then sent, and thought just and meet upon the sudden with execution." But Elizabeth interposed and saved her—saved her only to play her next card in the same game. Murray's murder made an opening in Scotland in 1570. It had two years' breathing time; but she found means to unchain the devil of civil war again there. She got Elizabeth at last excommunicated; and prevailed on Philip and on Charles of France to sink their differences in a common league against her. The next year the Norfolk affair exploded; and he, too, had to go to the scaffold. Once more the Privy Council—again with fatal proof of Mary's complicity—the Houses of Parliament, and the whole Bench of Bishops, implored Elizabeth to save the country, and execute her. In vain. Her answer was touching. "Can I put to death the bird," she said, "that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to me for protection?" As Elizabeth would do nothing, the Parliament

thought to act for themselves, and passed a unanimous vote, cutting the Queen of Scots off from the succession; but the Queen, in her imperious way, at once dismissed them, forbidding them evermore to approach the subject—conclusive enough, one would think, as to her real feelings for Mary. In the meantime the Catholics were showing that they were not choice in their means, and Elizabeth might well prepare herself. In 1570 Murray had been murdered; in August, 1572, just after Norfolk's execution, came St. Bartholomew. Cecil had previously been down at Chatsworth to try whether there was any chance of being able to let Mary go; but he had only been met with duplicity and defiance. Then came out the conspiracy, which of course made further negotiating out of the question. There is a letter, or a fragment of one, extant, dated just after the Duke of Norfolk's execution, and it reads like the most genuine piece of Mary which she has left us—pride, rage, disappointment; but a fixed determination to stand at bay and die game.

"I am resolved to die and have grace and mercy of God alone, who, by His goodness, made me a free and sovereign princess. I am determined; and I will have none of her pardons. She may take my life, but not the constancy which Heaven has produced and fortified in me. I will die Queen of Scotland."

She would have been in no danger, however, except for St. Bartholomew; but with so terrible an evidence of the temper in which the Catholics were, Elizabeth felt that she had no right to run any more risks. Twice, at least, since she had been in England, Mary had forfeited her life under every circumstance of treachery. In the September following the massacre she announced that she would withdraw her shield; and here, we think, is the one thing which we have any reason to regret in the later treatment of Mary, that what at this moment was intended was not carried into execution. Bad as had been her doings in England, in her own country they had been infinitely worse; and it was decided that she should be sent back thither to answer there for her husband's murder. Killigrew was sent to Scotland by Cecil, and it was arranged between him, as representative of Elizabeth, Morton, and Lord Mar, who was then Regent. The Assembly and the clergy were to be summoned, and in their presence she was to be publicly tried and afterwards publicly executed—by far, as it appears to us,

the most wholesome termination of the tragedy. The Divine vengeance would then have overtaken her in the direct form of punishment for her greatest crime, instead of lingering out uncertainly for years, and falling at last with an ambiguous stroke, which admitted of being distorted into a martyrdom. It was not to be, however. The sudden death of the Earl of Mar made it impossible for the moment, and Elizabeth had relented before another opportunity had offered itself.

Mary's retrospect, it might now be thought, whatever might be her views for the future, would have been enough to sadden her. Not for the dangers, perhaps, which she had herself escaped; nor for the unavailing guilt in which she had involved herself; but at least for the trouble which she had brought on others. Hundreds of gallant gentlemen were lying low in bloody graves, who, but for her, might have been still sunning themselves in prosperous life. And one there was whom she had pretended that she loved, the highest English subject, whom she had first entangled in apostasy, and then in treason; and he had had to lay down his head remorsefully on Tower Hill. But it is not the least sad feature in the Queen of Scots, that it was all nothing to her; she was without feeling either for friend or enemy. Fearless for herself, and reckless for them, no sufferings either of her own or of any other cost her a really uneasy hour. This last danger having blown by, and for the present no fresh opening presenting itself, she employed herself in arranging her affairs, and in careful study of the various English factions. In the management of her property, she showed a real genius for finance. She knew the value of useful servants, and we find her not forgetting among her pensioners the Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who had shot her brother; and Lord Adam Gordon, who had burnt Lady Forbes, and all her household, in Towie Castle. Her vacant hours she amused with writing sonnets to the birds or clouds; ordering new Paris dresses, and feeding her poodles and Barbary fowl, loving them, as she says, very dearly; but only afraid that they would die of plethora. To Elizabeth she sent off periodic letters, imploring her not to listen to the slander of her enemies, and to believe that she did nothing but love her; occasionally, as the season of the year suited, throwing in dashes of religious sentiment; and so weak Elizabeth was with her, that a few quiet months were always enough to give her fresh hopes, and to

set her looking again for means to set her free.

Mary, however, had not so tamed the natural devil in her, but that it would break out sometimes with the old recklessness. Though it cost her her life she could not resist the temptation to a sarcasm.

When Cecil came down to Chatsworth with conditions, the first was the old one—a formal surrender of her claim to the English crown during the lifetime of Elizabeth or issue of her body. Mary insisted on the insertion of the word "*lawful*" before issue. Elizabeth was not pleased, naturally, but consented at last that it should stand "issue by a lawful husband." And Mary would have been free if a fresh plot had not been discovered at the moment. Another time she deliberately sat down and polluted a sheet of paper with the filthy scandals which had been gathered out of the kennels and the gutters against Elizabeth's character, and sent it to her, "trusting for her dear sister's sake that these things were not true, and yet Lady Shrewsbury had assured her that they were."

When she set herself to study the religious and political position of parties in England, she shows an insight which would have done credit to Cecil himself; and in the style of her reflections she gives a piquancy to the driest details. Thus of the divisions between Puritan and Protestant (by which she means Church of England) she writes:—"These two factions are very inimical to each other, and always united against me. An unworthy comparison; and yet, as they say in the proverb, 'Caiaphas and Pilate became friends to judge our Lord.'"

Her recklessness about truth was frightful. She could pretend to Elizabeth that she was dying, and directly after write off to Babington, that "her enemies flattered themselves she was breaking down, but she thanked God she could still ride her horse and use her cross-bow with the best of them."

Look at her on which side we will, it is impossible to feel interest in her or pity for her, except on that common ground for sorrow which all bad persons share with her, for being what she was. Elizabeth, as she herself said, "had not stumbled, much less fallen, towards her." She had not, and she never did, unless, indeed, it was in the last business of all, when it would be hard to say what Mary had left undone to provoke her fate. Through the nineteen years during which she was a prisoner, Elizabeth's life was one long struggle with her Parliament

and her ministers to save her. As plot after plot came out, the country became more and more urgent, for other interests besides the Queen's were at issue; the death of Elizabeth would at once have let loose civil war among them. But she would neither punish Mary herself, nor allow her to be cut off from the succession. In the Throgmorton affair, in 1584, Parliament made it a condition under which it would grant supplies, "that for the greater safety of the Queen in case of invasion, or of any attempt to injure the royal person, the individuals by whom or for whom the attempt was made, should forfeit the succession, and be pursued to death." But again Elizabeth interposed. She insisted that it was unjust that any one not personally engaged in treason should suffer for it; and she forced upon them an amendment, "that no one might be pursued to death who had not been pronounced privy to conspiracy by a competent court," and Mary was only to be incapable of succeeding in case of the Queen being murdered.

We said we could find no fault in Elizabeth's conduct except it were in the concluding scenes of this weary struggle: we do not mean in the execution, for Mary had dragged it down upon herself; but the reluctance with which the Queen of England yielded to the necessity gave a character of irresolution and uncertainty to her actions, which has enabled later writers to fasten invectives upon her that it is difficult to clear away. We are not apologizing for her. Her conduct is to be admired, not apologized for; but at a time when she was swayed backwards and forwards by violent tides of conflicting feelings, it is naturally made difficult to explain. But let us first look at such of the facts as are certain.

The embers of the plot of 1584 had not been entirely extinguished. Two years later they kindled up again into what is familiarly known as the "Babington Conspiracy." Discovered by Walsingham, it was determined that this time, if Mary Stuart was implicated in it, there should be evidence of it so conclusive as to leave Elizabeth no pretence for softness. The Spanish invasion was evidently approaching; the country could not afford to be kept any longer in a chronic fever, and it was time that it should come to an end. Foolish persons affect a horror at what they call the perfidy of a minister who would intercept letters and watch the progress of a traitorous correspondence; which is as much as to say that, as treason never shows in open light until the moment when

it can strike, it must be let alone to mature itself; that, because it is insidious itself, they are insidious too who track it down and crush it, and that an honorable man may take no precaution against a dagger till he feels it in his breast. Walsingham did his duty as a faithful servant ought to do it; and at last he was enabled to lay before the Queen fatal evidence, in Mary's own letters, of a design upon her life. Elizabeth was thunderstruck. She was incorrigible, then. The Privy Council was summoned, and it decided, after a short debate, that the Queen of Scotland must this time be brought to judgment. She was tried in the Hall at Fotheringay; and, after such defence as she was pleased to make, the Court, after due discussion, (not without great stomaching, as Cecil said,) pronounced her guilty. The sentence, which was properly death, was referred to the Houses of Parliament and confirmed by them, and they proceeded to urge on Elizabeth the duty of relieving the country by putting it in execution, reminding her how Saul sinned, and called down God's anger on himself, when he spared Agag.

Elizabeth's answer, if it had been the only document which had come down to us from the time, would have been enough to have shown us what she was.

Her life, she said, had been dangerously shot at; but her sense of danger was lost in sorrow that the bolt should have been launched at her by one so near of kin as the Queen of Scotland. So far she had been from bearing ill-will to her sister, that, on discovering her treasonable practices, she had at once written to her, that if she would privately confess them, they should be buried in silence. Even now, if the matter involved only danger to herself, and not to the people's welfare, she would willingly pardon Mary, but, as it was, she was in grievous difficulty.

Without anything more decisive she left them, and two days after, the 14th of November, she sent down a message requesting them to consider whether they could not devise some gentler expedient by which her commiseration for the Scottish Queen might be allowed to operate, and her life to be spared. Both Houses answered unanimously that there was no other way. So much for the pretence of that hatred and vindictiveness of which men accuse Elizabeth.

She then sent for the foreign ambassadors, putting to them the same question, and she promised to respite the execution at least till an answer had been returned from Paris.

But nothing came of it ; they had nothing to suggest.

Yet Elizabeth's hesitation was no nearer being terminated. The sentence had been confirmed by Parliament in the middle of November ; January passed, the warrant had not been issued, and her reluctance to issue it had begun seriously to alarm the country. Mary wrote to her after the sentence had been communicated to her, and Leicester says of the effect of it to Walsingham, "There is a letter which hath wrought tears, but I trust shall do no further harm—albeit the delay is dangerous."

February came, and found her still undecided. On the morning of the 1st, Davison, her secretary, was summoned ; when he entered, she was with Lord Howard, who had been pressing the execution upon her. The warrant had been drawn for many days. On that morning she signed it—to content the people, as she said—and it did content them, as the bells in all the churches were set ringing at the news. To sign a warrant did not mean with her that it was to be carried into effect, as her ministers very well knew. The Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant, for instance, had been three times signed and as often recalled. However, between the 1st of the month, when the warrant was signed, and the 7th, when it was executed, there was a singular interlude. So far Elizabeth's conduct had been quite consistent. We are now required to believe that, in this interval, she ordered Davison to write to Sir Amyas Paulet, in her name, and suggest to him, that if he wished to please her, he would take Mary off quietly. He had now an opportunity of serving her to which he was bound by his oath of association, &c. Paulet, we are told, refused indignantly, and the Queen affected extreme anger at the preciseness of his Puritanism. So much of this is certain, that, on the 1st of February, a letter to that effect did go off to Paulet, signed by Davison and Walsingham, and Paulet answered as has been said ; for both letters (the original which was sent to him and a copy of his answer) were found among his papers, at least so it is said, and we have no present ground for questioning the genuineness of them. Besides other difficulties, Walsingham having joined in sending such a proposal is strange, as it was Walsingham who, in opposition to Leicester, insisted on having Mary openly tried, Leicester then proposing more silent methods. At all events, too, Davison was the only authority, and Davison's offences in the matter were deeper

than any of us know : we will not take his word when it is against Elizabeth's ; and her estimate of him may be seen in his punishment. However, we have no room to argue it further, and we will take his own story and see to what it really amounts :—There had been an association for the protection of Elizabeth's life, the members of which (Paulet was one of them) had bound themselves to pursue traitors to the death by all and every means. Their loyalty had been so vehement in words that Elizabeth herself had been obliged to restrain it ; and on the morning when she signed the warrant, full of bitterness as she was about it, she was not sparing of some sharp sarcasm at their flatulent fidelity. They had sworn oaths enough and to spare, but when the time came it was all left to her. Davison, either from folly or worse, caught at the words, and interpreting them into a hint, went off with them to Walsingham, and Walsingham doubting Elizabeth's resolution, and feeling it necessary at all events to rid the country of Mary, joined him in sending off this undesirable dispatch to Paulet.

Such seems to us to be the natural account of this matter : perhaps it is the true one, perhaps some other is the true one ; but as a serious purpose of assassination can in no way whatever be reconciled with the character of Elizabeth, we must interpret what is difficult by what is certain, and answer ourselves, without any doubt at all, that, whatever else is true, that is not. What Davison was is clear enough to us from his punishment. Miss Strickland has made a notable discovery of a grant of money made to him shortly after it, proving, as she asserts with much noise, that Elizabeth could not have been so very angry with him. Elizabeth had fined him £10,000, and he was made a beggar by it. The grant is a wretched pittance to save him from starvation. At any rate it is to us certain, that he knew her indecision about the warrant, and that she knew that he knew it. If she had given him no precise directions, her silence was enough. But he put it in Burleigh's hands, and Burleigh, with the rest of the Council, determined to save Elizabeth in spite of herself, and venture her displeasure. The Queen of Scotland was executed on the 7th of February, 1587. Her manner of death has been much commented on ; her high bearing having passed as evidence of her innocence. But there is no reason for regarding it so. She died, as she had lived, without fear ; she never knew what fear was ; and, in dying for

an attempt on the life of a heretic excommunicated and marked for destruction, she was suffering in so good a cause that she might easily persuade herself that she was a confessor. If years before she had been calmly able to compare herself to Christ, she would not fail of means to comfort herself when really and truly she was dying in a cause which, if her own, was that of her religion as well.

That Elizabeth did not intend it, we may take on her own word:—"You cannot believe," she said to the French Ambassador, "that if it was really done by my orders, I should lay the blame on a wretched secretary." "Five of them did it," she added; "and if they had not grown gray in my service, they should have paid dearly for it."

But if it was not her act, it was well done.

It was the act of faithful servants, who loved their Queen better than she loved herself, and who were ready to risk their own favor to save her. Peace be with them all! They are all together now, where there are no more conspiracies to form or to revenge. It has been no wish of ours to wave again the black banner with its sad blazonries over the grave of Mary, but Elizabeth's fame must not be darkened because Mary sinned and suffered. Let us leave M. Mignet, with a hope that this book of his is the last of its kind; that henceforth, when the history of these times is written, it will not be by men who are not afraid to put good for evil and evil for good; and that, for himself, he will find some better use for his high talents than to employ them in stereotyping calumny and stimulating a vicious sympathy with wrong.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gaiety in front of Senor Arguellas' country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark *Neptune*—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas,

and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelve-month previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, *etcetera*, to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unsaleable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was ex-

cellent cabin accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the north-west, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good-humor, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havana and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendors of the intensely-lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The senor, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

"Do not go away," said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, "till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements."

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause. The commander of the *Neptune* had agreed to take several free colored families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba. The American gentlemen had previously express-

ed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with their taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's "negro principles," as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of colored people to their own souls and bodies. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave-squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humor into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: "I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable."

"Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*" shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!"

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. "Let us proceed," he said in a quick whisper, "to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption." He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr. Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: "I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall"—

"Thank you, Mr. Desmond," replied the English captain; "but I shall not require

your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight M. Dupont."

"What does he say?" exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. "Not fight!"

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. "Not fight, Captain Starkey!" said Mr. Desmond with grave earnestness after a painful pause: "you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!"

"I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle."

"A coward upon principle!" fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

"Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you."

"But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!" exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; "or by Heaven I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!"

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

"The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!" shouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

"I almost doubt whether Mr. Starkey is an Englishman," exclaimed Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; "but, at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that"—

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantés là*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed

that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, the last-named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongfully interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: "*Lâche!*" He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. "*Ecoutez, monsieur,*" said Captain Starkey: "individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica." He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, colored as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already apeak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in duelling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the

most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the north-west, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behavior of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter of an hour afterwards Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, I understood, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at that moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of "Fire! fire!"—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro,

and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the fore-castle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognized that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigor, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: "Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment." Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: "You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. Yon drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish."

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. "Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember," he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, "that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!"

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. "Well done, my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you"—and he named them—"remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and

bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear."

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as colored, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. "Back, back!" he shouted. "We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!"

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

"Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!" roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: "or if you will, look there but for a moment," and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards' distance from the ship. "Men," he added, "let whoever presses out of his turn fall into the water."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the colored women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

"Pull off," was the order; "you are deep enough for safety."

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

"Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!"

The next boat was quickly loaded; the colored lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

"You are a noble fellow," said Mr. Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; "and I was but a fool to"—

"Pass on," was the reply: "there is no time to bandy compliments."

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

"Hold on a moment!" he cried. "Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;" and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: "Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again."

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered amongst us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, the remaining colored man, the four seamen, and Captain Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

"Can she bear another?" he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

"We must, and will, sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with yon ugly customers swimming round us."

"Stay one moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board." He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with the still senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. "Now pull or your lives!" The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. "We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart; there may be a chance yet." All this scene, this long agony,

which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguelles till the last boat left the ill-fated *Nep-tune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of descrying the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seaman's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly-propelled pilot boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

"What ship is that?" cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

"The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!"

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: "A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!"

"That's young Mr. Mainwaring's face and voice!" exclaimed the foremost pilot. "Hurra, then, for the prize!" and away both sped with eager vigor, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly no doubt from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot-boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbor. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot-boats: we recognized the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterwards we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Nep-tune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr. Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honor—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half-a-dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. "I was very early left an orphan," he said, "and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs. —." (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) "Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had

passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behavior during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is"—Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly: he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the sly significance of Senor Arguellas' countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senora Arguellas' grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that

so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humor, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havana; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs. Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied, as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguellas has attained the rank of major: at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguellas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez bucaneeering affair. And I also am pretty well now, thank you!

From the Critic.

THE NORTH BRITISH, THE BRITISH QUARTERLY, AND THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

ALTHOUGH *The Edinburgh* still preserved a title which seemed to connect it intimately with Scotland, it had, some time before 1842, ceased to be in any sense a Scotch Review. Not only was it published in London, but its editor was an Englishman, and never in any way very peculiarly Scotch, especially under the influence of a light cosmopolitan thinker like Jeffrey, it was now in no way to be distinguished from the professedly English *Quarterly*, save by the difference of its political tone. But in 1843 there happened an event which shook Scotland from its circumference to its centre, even to the making of it subscribe two millions of money; and it must have been something that made Scotland do that. In the May of that year, some

two or three hundred members of the General Assembly took sad and solemn leave of their old ecclesiastical parliament, and, with Dr. Chalmers at their head, proceeded to set up the "Free Kirk." Scotland was now suddenly rent asunder into two mortally hostile camps: Under which *kirk*, "Bezonian live or die?" The chief "organ" of the disruption was an Edinburgh newspaper called *The Witness*, conducted with considerable nerve and talent by Hugh Miller, of *Old Red Sandstone* notoriety, a man great no less in theology than in geology, whom his native abilities and Lady Gordon Cuming, of Altyre, herself geological, and mother to the South-African lion-hunter, had helped up from a very humble obscurity. *The Edinburgh*, of

course, looked coldly, and *The Quarterly* inimically, on the seceders; and the friendly zeal in their behalf of Mr. John Robertson, in the pages of *The Westminster*, was of too purely secular a kind for the chiefs of the Free Kirk. After two years, when it had been found that the most potent furtherer of the secession was not any minister, however eloquent, or any layman, however influential, but a mere newspaper like *The Witness*, it was resolved to start a quarterly organ, and to call it *The North British Review*. Noblemen and gentlemen, enthusiastic for the Free Kirk, like the Marquis of Breadalbane, and Mr. Campbell of Monzie, subscribed a portion of the needful. Mr. Blackie, the Glasgow publisher, and Mr. Cowan, the Edinburgh paper-maker, gave their aid. It was this Mr. Cowan that ousted Macaulay at the last Edinburgh election. He guaranteed the carrying on of the speculation for a certain period. Whether it was paper of his own manufacture that was to be used is unknown to Herodotus Smith.

A Dr. Welch, who had suffered losses in the cause of the Free Kirk, who was a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, and the biographer of Dr. Thomas Brown, was pitched upon for the editor. Indeed, it was something done to him that heated the Free Kirk enthusiasm so as to boil over and form *The North British Review*. Dr. Welch, when the disruption took place, was "Moderator," that is, President or Speaker, of the General Assembly, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and Secretary, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, to the Scotch Bible Board. At the secession, he, of course, cheerfully surrendered the Moderatorship and the Professorship, but saw no reason to surrender the lucrative Secretaryship, of which, however, Sir James Graham took the liberty of forcibly relieving him. Whereon *The North British* was hastened into existence. Welch was a man of ability and tact, and began operations with a promising staff of veterans and others. He did not fall into the error which, in his circumstances, might have easily been committed, that of making his review too theological. His great gun, Dr. Chalmers himself, fired off articles chiefly on politico-economical subjects, his first being one on Sterling's *Philosophy of Trade*; but his most famous was that on Morell's *History of Philosophy*, which was considered as an annihilating manifesto against Continental speculation. In physical science, the biographies of its heroes, and books of scientific travel,

Sir David Brewster, the noted *savant*, was mainly depended on; he wrote the papers on Cuvier, Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Watt, Cavendish, and the like, and is still a contributor. Hugh Miller led off his series of performances by a vivid paper in which herring-fishing was made poetical. Mr. Moncrief, now Lord Advocate, reviewed Jeffrey's *Essays*, the first of a set on the light literature of the day. Dr. Heugh, of Glasgow, recommended "Christian Union," and Welch himself dealt with Archbishop Whately. Among the early contributors too, if we are not mistaken, was Dr. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, a singular and gifted individual. With the zeal of an old alchemist, (but with a purer enthusiasm,) he has been occupied many years in endeavoring to effect the mutual transmutation of some of the primary chemical elements, and by some of the good people of Edinburgh is looked upon as one in search of the philosopher's stone. He is a man, however, of sane, clear, and subtle understanding, of varied accomplishment, and deeply versed in his own science, the chair of which, in Edinburgh University, he narrowly missed attaining. He sometimes lectures with success in public; he published, a good many years ago, a series of tracts by "Victorious Analysis," with a high and beautiful meaning, and more recently the tragedy of *Galileo Galilei*; and so he lives on there, in Edinburgh, with one believing and helpful disciple, a life of scientific romance in an age of scientific prose. But to return. In religion, the aid had been secured of the well-known Isaac Taylor, the author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. So that, on the whole, *The North British Review* started under good auspices, and with very fair promise of success.

Dr. Welch died the year after he had commenced the labors of editorship, and it passed for a short time into the hands of Mr. E. Maitland, an Edinburgh advocate, whence it was received by Dr. Hanna, the biographer and son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers; so that three of our chief reviews were being conducted by sons-in-law of distinguished men—*The Quarterly*, by Mr. Lockhart, a son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott's; *The Edinburgh*, by Mr. Empson, a son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey's; *The North British*, by Dr. Hanna, a son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers; while a son of James Mill was editing *The London and Westminster*. So powerful in literature, even, is the hereditary principle! Somewhat more than a year ago, *The North British* ceased to be edited by Dr. Hanna, and was transferred to Professor Fraser, its present conductor. This gentle-

man is the son of an Argyllshire minister, was educated for the Scotch Church at Edinburgh University, where he was a favorite student of Dr. Chalmers, whom he followed into the Free Kirk to become Professor of Logic in its metropolitan college. In England as well as in Scotland *The North British* is said to be doing well among reviews, not at present a very prosperous class of publications. In politics, its principles are liberal; it recognizes the interest and importance of the new social theories, without committing itself to any of them. It acknowledges the right of the State to supervise industrial arrangements, and tends towards the advocacy of a general system of education, although its religious views are orthodox, without, however, being sectarian. In addition to the contributors already named, we can mention that most shrewd and hearty observer, Mr. Samuel Laing, the Norway tourist; Principal Cunningham, and Professors Fleming and McDougall of Edinburgh; Dr. Hamilton, the earnest minister of the National Scotch Church in Regent's Square; Dr. Kitto, versed in Palestine; Thomas de Quincey, who has contributed some half dozen articles or so, among them a striking one on Pope; the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of *Alton Locke*, whose hand we recognized mauling Festus-Bailey; and Mr. Anthony Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, who writes upon Italian literature and Italian affairs, and in a review of Sir Harris Nicolas's *Nelson Despatches*, is said to have "settled" the question whether our naval hero was right or wrong in hanging some Neapolitan prince or other. Indeed the library of the British Museum sends more than one contributor to *The North British*. Thus Mr. John Jones lately explained in its pages the system pursued in his own department, and there, too, figures Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose ingenious and subtle essays on architecture are, we confess, more to our taste than his poetry. Last, not least, among the contributors to *The North British*, is Mr. David Masson, a searching and meditative writer, chiefly on social topics, yet the critic, too, of Wordsworth and Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. But stop—we are forgetting one of the cleverest articles that have been recently published in any review—that on "The Literary Profession," which appeared about a year ago, and is from the pen of a Mr. John W. Kaye, of whom we are likely to hear more.

It had been one of the designs of *The North British* to secure the support of the

English Dissenters, but this was soon found to be impossible. Doctrinally, there was no great difficulty, but a radical difference of opinion on ecclesiastical polity presented an insuperable obstacle. The Free Kirk was friendly to the principle of an Establishment, the great bugbear of English Dissenters, or at least of English dissenting laymen. Stimulated by the appearance of *The North British*, some wealthy English Dissenters founded *The British Quarterly Review*, the first number of which came out in February, 1845, then, as now, under the editorship of Dr. Vaughan. The Doctor (a man surely of more energy and industry than parts) is the Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, a leader of the Congregational dissenters, and formerly preached in a chapel at Kensington. He is said to have been patronized, when in London, by the Duchess of Sutherland and the late Lord Spencer, and it may easily therefore be supposed that he makes some figure in Lancashire, where he is a frequent preacher, and an orator no less—in this latter capacity mainly on behalf of Kossuth, Liberty, and that sort of thing. He writes a great deal in his own review, and chiefly with the aim of diminishing the influence of such living authors of renown as he considers, from their insinuating skepticism, dangerous to the faith of the rising generation. The more marked of his papers in this branch are those on Theodore Parker, Emerson, and Carlyle. Yet an article from his pen in one of the earliest numbers of his review, entitled "The Priesthood of Letters," said a good many things which were looked on by his friends as far too bold. In theological and biblical literature he has had the assistance of Dr. Davidson, likewise of the Independent College. In political and social economy, a good deal has been done by that striking personification of prosperous mediocrity, Mr. Edward Baines, the editor of *The Leeds Mercury*. Mr. Edwards, formerly of the British Museum, and now at the head of the Manchester Free Library, contributed an instructive paper on public libraries. And here, too, in these dashing sketches of Macaulay, Carlyle, and D'Israeli, do we not once more recognize the hand of the omnipresent Mr. Lewes?

The same month of the same year that witnessed the birth of *The British Quarterly*, welcomed to the light the first number of *The Prospective Review*, the organ of English Unitarianism, as the other is of orthodox dissent. This small and modest-looking pub-

lication has been and is managed by a trio of Lancashire Unitarian ministers, the Rev. John James Taylor of Manchester, and the Rev. Messrs. Thom and Martineau of Liverpool. In general talent, although it is of a refined rather than of a vigorous kind, Mr. Taylor is considered to stand at the head of his class; and certainly none of his brethren have produced a work displaying as much acumen as his *Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, although as sermons many Unitarians would rank Mr. Martineau's *Endeavors after the*

Christian Life, higher than Mr. Taylor's *Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty*. But we must leave these questions of precedence to more competent judges, and conclude with saying, that while *The Prospective*, by the nature of the case, circulates almost exclusively among the sect of whose doctrines it is the organ, yet it occasionally contains articles on neutral topics which, from their calm elegance of style and discriminating intellectuality, might be perused with pleasure by even the most orthodox.

From the Westminster Review.

SHELL-FISH—THEIR WAYS AND WORKS.*

It is reported of the Orcadians that they hold in utter contempt a certain people among the Thuleans, who satisfy hunger by eating limpets, an act regarded by the prouder race as the last extremity of human meanness. The self-exaltation of the Orcadians above their couchivorous neighbors may be paralleled intellectually by the proud disdain with which naturalists have looked down upon conchologists. Your dry and prosaic mathematician, in his turn, slights the naturalist, whose studies he is apt to rank among the more trifling exercises of human intellect. The idle and self-satisfied satirist has his fling at all, and spins his filmy rhymes and pithy verses in happy ignorance, or unfeigned dislike of natural knowledge and the Royal Society.

Yet if any one of these wise men, be he Orcadian, or conchologist, or naturalist, or mathematician, or satirist, have the good fortune, so far as his stomach is concerned, to partake of a feast aldermanic, in the Egyptian Hall of the temple wherein the Neo-Babylonians annually erect a Lord Mayor, and worship him with baked offerings of venison and steaming censers of odorous turtle-soup, he shall find a wiser man in his generation at his elbow; one who holds

Thulean, Orcadian, conchologist, mathematician, and satirist alike in contempt, and makes no distinction or bones between mortals, unless they have been money-producers.

Now, to our way of thinking, all the various kinds of knowledge distinctive of each of these varieties of men are good, respectable, and worthy of mutual esteem. The knowledge of the Thulean that there is nutrition even in a limpet; of the Orcadian, that there is something better than a feast of limpets; of the conchologist, that shells are worthy of examination and admiration; of the naturalist, that there is a philosophy in shell-fish over and above their jackets; of the mathematician, that his own is among the profoundest of sciences; of the merchant, that money-making requires forethought, energy, and skill. Nor do we admit the right of any kind of knowledge to puff itself up and stamp upon any other sort, however apparently mean. There are facts worth knowing, and a philosophy worth evoking in all things, small and great; even in shell-fish and conchologists, two despised categories of individuals, often brought into contact with each other, with more advantage, however, to the latter class than to the former.

Look at an oyster. In what light does the world in general—not your uneducated, stolid world merely, but your refined, intellectual, cultivated, classical world—regard it? Simply as a delicacy—as good to eat.

* *An Introduction to Conchology, or Elements of the Natural History of Molluscous Animals.* By George Johnston, M.D., LL.D. London: J. Van Voorst.

The most devoted of oyster-eaters opens the creature's shell solely to swallow the included delicious morsel, without contemplation or consideration. He uses it as a candidate for orders does an article of faith; he bolts it whole and without a question. He relishes, with undisguised *gusto*, the good living that lies embodied in a barrel of Colchester natives. He gratifies his palate, and satisfies a craving stomach. He takes neither note nor notice of the curious intricacies of its organization; he neither knows nor cares about its wisely-contrived network of nerves and bloodvessels. He clips its beard, that wondrous membrane of strange and curious mechanism by which the creature breathes, as thoughtlessly as he would shave his own. He gulps down its luscious substance unmindful that he is devouring a body and organs, which all the science of man can only dissect and destroy, without a hope of being able either to recompense or reanimate. Moreover, were Cuvier, or Owen, or any other philosopher deeply versed in the mysteries of the molluscous microcosm, to remonstrate for a moment against the cannibal act of one soft body swallowing another without understanding, and endeavor to enlighten our ostreophagist, by discovering to him the beauties of his victim's conformation, he would regard the interruption as ill-timed and impertinent, and hold by his original intention of bolting his oyster without inquiry or investigation. The world is mainly made up of such ostreophagists. Yet could we persuade them to hesitate—to listen for five minutes—we feel sure that they would live and die wiser and happier men, without the slightest diminution of the keen relish with which, in the days of their darkness, they enjoyed their testaceous prey.

On the other hand regard the mere conchologist. He eviscerates his oysters as earnestly and gloatingly as the voracious Dando. Nay, worse! he rejects, without either inspection or deglutition, the soft and tempting substance, and contents himself with the hard and unprofitable shell. He counts all its little waves and scales and ribs, without heeding whether they ever inclosed a living body. He cares not to know how they have developed with the creature's growth, and what were the features of the incipient germs. His whole ambition is centred in the wish to possess a fine example of an oyster-shell. He has gained his inglorious aim, and, after one more gaze at his beautiful treasure, goes to rest happily for the night, to dream that he is reposing upon

an oyster bed, entirely composed of choice unchipped specimens, all shells and no insides! Lucian ridiculed the philosophers who spent their lives inquiring into the souls of oysters. The satirist overshot his mark. Such wisecracks were respectable when compared with their brethren, who care for neither an oyster's soul nor body, but concentrate their faculties in the contemplation of its shell.

And yet there is a philosophy in oyster-shells undreamed of by the mere conchologist! A noble and wondrous philosophy revealing to us glimpses of the workings of creative power among the dim and distant abysses of the incalculable past; speaking to us of the genesis of oyster-creatures ere the idea of man occupied the creative mind; giving us a scale by which to measure the building up of the world in which we live, such as the mathematician, and the natural philosopher, and the astronomer, all combining, could not furnish; unfolding for us the pages of the volume in which the history of our planet, its convulsions and tranquilities, its revolutions and gradualities, are inscribed in unmistakable characters. The letters of that book are shaped in the likenesses of extinct and existing beings; plants and animals; not written slovenly and shapelessly, but drawn by a firm and sure hand. The sentences of that book are all consistent and inseparable verses of one eternal and symmetrical psalm; of a grand and harmonious hymn, plenarily inspired. There can be no question about the plenary inspiration of the Book of Nature. Yet the letters of those sublime sentences are in great part despised oyster-shells and similar relics. The alphabet that we use ourselves, could we read what passes in the mind of an infant, would seem bizarre, fantastic, and incomprehensible, if looked upon without understanding of its meaning and purpose. The great majority of grown men, educated and uneducated alike, are to the alphabet of nature in the position of children. To them the oyster-shell is a mere rude and sportive device. But teach them to read and spell, to peruse and study the great Bible of Nature, and that device becomes a sign pregnant with meaning. Assuredly there is a philosophy in oyster-shells.

And then the oyster itself—the soul and body of the shell—is there no philosophy in him or her? For now we know that oysters are really he and she, and that Bishop Sprat, when he gravely proposed the study of oyster beds as a pursuit worthy of the sages

who, under the guidance of his co-Bishop, Wilkins, and Sir Christopher Wren, were laying the foundation stones of the Royal Society, was not so far wrong when he discriminated between lady and gentleman-oysters. The worthy suggestor, it is true, knew no better than to separate them according to the color of their beards; as great a fallacy as if, in these days of Bloomerism, we should propose to distinguish between males and females by the fashion of their waistcoats or color of their pantaloons; or, before this last great innovation of dress, to diagnose between a dignitary episcopal and an ancient dame by the comparative length of their respective aprons. In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without—its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobserving even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronic beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Leeuwenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell-fish, "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it were so incredibly great, that I could not be satisfied with the spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to reflect that all this elaborate and inimitable contrivance has

been devised for the well-being of a despised shell-fish! Nor is it merely in the working members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy; which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together. These are symbols of organs to be developed in creatures higher in the scale of being; anti-types, it may be, of limbs, and anticipations of undeveloped senses. These are the first draughts of parts to be made out in their details elsewhere; serving, however, an end by their presence, for they are badges of relationship and affinity between one creature and another. In them the oyster-eater and the oyster may find some common bond of sympathy and distant cousinhood. Had the disputatious and needle-witted schoolmen known of these mysteries of vitality, how vainly subtle would have been their speculations concerning the solution of such enigmas?

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and, if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as

its monument throughout all time; a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust, were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or becomes the luxurious repast of a successful pickpocket.

Were it not that pains are taken to rear and cherish oyster-broods, the incessant war waged by the human race against this highly-esteemed but much-persecuted mollusk would have gone far to extirpate the species long before now. It must have been a natural instinct that prompted the first oyster-eater to make his great experiment. "Animal est aspectu et horridum et nauseosum," truly observed Lentilius, "sive ad speciem in sua concha clausum, sive apertum, ut audent fuisse credi queat, qui primum ea labris admovit." Once, however, the luscious morsel had been tasted, the horrid and nauseous aspect of the animal was forgotten. Epicures soon learned to discriminate between the various qualities of this submarine delicacy, as well as of other edible shell-fish, and to prefer those that came from some localities over others.

..... "non omne mare est generose fertile testæ.

Murice Baiano melior Lucina peloris :
Ostrea Circeis. Miseno oriuntur echini ;
Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum."

Thus minutely did Horace lay down the law respecting the proper places from which each favored mollusk should be procured. In the matter of oysters, however, the Circæan examples could never have equalled our own natives, and the ancient Romans deserve the warmest commendation for the justness of their taste in appreciating our British aborigines, the recognition of whose excellence, after carriage to Italy before the days of steam and railroads, was the greatest compli-

ment ever paid to a shell-fish. The epicure of whom Juvenal reports—

"Circæis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu,"

deserved to be once more called into life and being, and permitted to spend one delicious hour amid the newly-dredged natives, cultivated and civilized, after centuries of experience, to the highest degree of perfection, in a London oyster-cellar.

The consumption of oysters in London alone is indeed enormous. During the season of 1848-49, one hundred and thirty thousand bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell-fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than seven thousand three hundred a day. Fifty-two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828, and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. French naturalists report that before an oyster is qualified to appear in Paris, he must undergo a course of education in discretion. For the artificial oyster-beds on the French coast, where the animals are stored to be carried away as required, are constructed between tide marks, and their denizens, accustomed to pass the greater part of the twenty-four hours beneath the water, open their valves and gape when so situated, but close them firmly when they are exposed by the recession of the tide. Habituated to these alternations of immersion and exposure, the practice of opening and closing their valves at regular intervals becomes natural to them, and would be persisted in to their certain destruction, on their arrival in Paris, were they not ingeniously trained so as to avert the evil. Each batch of oysters intended to make the journey to the capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length the shell-fish have learned by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. We would not stake either our own or Dr. Johnson's authority on this conchological anecdote, which we offer with the preceding statistics (these we warrant) as

supplementary to his interesting dissertation on oyster-fisheries. We have it, however, from some of the best-qualified informants in France. In consequence of the continually-increasing consumption of oysters, the comparatively small number and extent of well-managed artificial oyster grounds, the waste and neglect of the dredgers upon those which are natural, and the limited localities in which oysters are found thriving indigenously in any considerable quantity, we believe that the time will come when the supply will be greatly decreased, and when this cherished luxury will necessarily rise in price until it may no longer, as now, find a place among the delicacies of the poor man's table. The law has done its best to preserve them, and Parliament has more than once legislated about oysters. With proper care a plentiful supply might doubtless be kept up, but they have many foes and devourers besides man. Starfishes, with greedy fingers, poke them out of their shells when incautiously yawning, and whelks assail them from above, perseveringly drilling a hole through and through their upper valves. Fortunately man at least does not carry them away from their homes until they have attained their maturity. A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth, so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity the shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusk is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. Among fossil oysters specimens are found occasionally of enormous thickness; and the amount of time that has passed between the deposition of the bed of rock in which such an example occurs, and that which overlies it, might be calculated from careful observation of the shape and number of layers of calcareous matter composing an extinct oyster-shell.

In some ancient formations stratum above stratum of extinguished oysters may be seen, each bed consisting of full-grown and aged individuals. Happy broods these pre-Adamite congregations must have been, born in an epoch when epicures were as yet unthought of, when neither Sweeting nor Lynn had come into existence, and when there were no workers in iron to fabricate oyster-knives! Geology, with all its wonders, makes known to us scarcely one more mysterious or inexplicable than the creation of oysters long before oyster-eaters and the formation of oyster-banks—ages before dredgers! What a lamentable heap of good nourishment must have been wasted during the primæval epochs! When we meditate upon this awful fact, can we be surprised that bishops will not believe in them, and, rather than assent to the possibility of so much good living having been created to no purpose, hold faith with Mattioli and Fallopio, who maintained fossils to be the fermentations of a *materia pinguis*; or Mercati, who saw in them stones bewitched by stars; or Olivi, who described them as the "sports of nature;" or Dr. Plot, who derived them from a latent plastic virtue?

A collection of shells is a beautiful and surprising sight: beautiful, since more exquisite examples of elegance of form and brilliancy of color cannot be found through the wide range of natural objects, whether organized or inorganicized; surprising, when we consider that all these durable relics were constructed by soft and fragile animals, among the most perishable of living creatures. Still more surprising is such an assemblage when we reflect upon the endless variation of pattern and sculpture which it displays, for there are known to naturalists more than fifteen thousand perfectly distinct kinds of shells, each presenting some peculiarity of contour or ornament, distinguishing it from every other sort. Then, again, whilst multitudes of species present constant and invariable features, others, as numerous, are capable of changing their dress so capriciously that scarcely two individuals can be found exactly alike. Some, too, obey in the coiling of their whorls the most exact geometrical rules, whilst others are twisted and twirled into fantastic likenesses of cornucopiæ and trumpets, without regard to symmetry or direction. Yet, every one of the fifteen thousand and more kinds has a rule of its own, a law which every individual of each kind through all its generations implicitly obeys. Thus there is a liberty to vary

given to some, whilst others are rigidly bound by immutable rules of the utmost simplicity; but to none is allowed the license to depart, unless in the exceptional case of useless and abnormal monstrosities, from the law of its specific organization. The researches of the naturalist have made him conversant not merely with the fact of these myriads of modifications of the type of the molluscous shell, but also with the laws obeyed by whole groups of forms, and the principles which may be evoked from the careful and minute study of species and genus. Thus a science arises out of the knowledge of conchological details, and truths are elicited which bear importantly upon the elucidation of the laws of life and being throughout organized nature. The formation of the shell itself is but an example of a process at work equally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A shell, whether simple or complicated in contour or color, is the aggregate result of the functional operations of numberless minute membranous cells, the largest of which does not exceed one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and in the majority of instances is less than one two-thousandth of an inch. In the cavities of these microscopic chambers is deposited the crystalline carbonate of lime, which gives compactness to the beautiful dwelling-house, or rather coat of mail, that protects the tender mollusk. How astonishing is the reflection that myriads of exactly similar and exceedingly minute organs should so work in combination that the result of their labors should present an edifice rivaling, nay, exceeding, in complexity yet order of details and perfection of elaborate finish, the finest palaces ever constructed by man! Throughout nature we find the same complicated results attained by the same simple mechanism. The flower of the field, the shell of the sea, the bird of the air, the beast of the forest, and man himself, are all so many cell-constructions, wings of the one wonderful animated edifice, whose masons we may behold through the aid of instruments of human construction, but whose architect is beyond the power of mortal science to comprehend. Everywhere the naturalist discovers the hand-prints of an omniscient Designer, but must humbly content himself with endeavoring to develop the unity and benevolence of the design.

The mollusk in building up its house does not always labor for itself alone. The brilliant lustre and gleaming iridescence of its shelly envelope are not always destined to remain hidden in the depths of ocean, or im-

mured within mountains of rock. The painted savage appreciates its pearly charms, and plunges beneath the waves to seek the living joints of his simple necklaces and armlets, or to supply his civilized brother with highly-prized materials for more elaborate ornaments.

Mother-of-pearl, as it is called, is the nacreous portion of the shells of certain mollusks belonging to very different orders. Its charming coloring is not due to pigments, but caused by the arrangements of the layers of membrane and solid matter of which it is composed. The nacreous shells which furnish it are now sought for greedily wherever they can be obtained in sufficient quantity, and form articles of considerable import. From our own seas, or rather from the sea around the Channel Isles, we procure the *Haliotis* or Sea-ear to use it in the decorations of papier-maché work, and other and larger kinds of the same curious genus are brought from the shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean for the same purpose. They furnish the deep-colored and richer-hued dark green and purple mother-of-pearl; the brighter and paler kinds are derived from the shells of the pearl-oysters, almost all inhabitants of tropical regions. The nacre of pearls themselves is identical with the substance of these shells. These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only the rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically-disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil; for, rendered uncomfortable, their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed by some intruding and extraneous substance—a grain of sand, perchance, or atom of splintered shell—the creature incloses its torturing annoyance in a smooth-coated sphere of gem-like beauty. Would that we bipeds could treat our troubles so philosophically, and convert our secret cankers into sparkling treasures! It is not to be wondered at that the earlier naturalists ascribed the production of pearls to other causes than the true one, believing them to be congealed and petrified dew or rain drops falling from heaven into the cavities of gaping shell-fish, thereby supplying the poets with a suggestive hypothesis, out of which many a beautiful verse and quaint conceit has sprung. There is, indeed, a version of malacology peculiar now to the poets, but originally derived from the fanciful dreamings of

unobservant zoologists, or their credulous acceptance of the narratives of superstitious fishermen and exaggerating travellers. To it belongs such pretty but imaginary actions as the voyages of the nautilus, floating with outspread sails and paddling oars on the surface of unruffled seas, the terrestrial expeditions of the cuttlefish, and the dew-drop theory of pearls. Long after such errors have been investigated and exposed, and consequently expunged from the text-books of scientific students, they retain a tenacious hold of more popular treatises, and keep their accustomed place in the compilations put into the hands of children. Indeed a general revision of all the pretended facts of science, stereotyped as it were in school-books, is becoming more and more desirable every day.

Excellent and estimable as many shell-fish are, a few partake of a reputation by no means creditable. There are among them creatures exceedingly obnoxious—poisoners and sickeners. Mussels, above all, have a bad name, yet the quantities of them brought to the London market and purchased as treats by the poor (for the richer classes despise them) are very great. In Edinburgh and Leith about 400 bushels of mussels, that is, about 400,000 individual animals, are used as food in the course of the year.* A statement has lately gone the round of the newspapers to the effect that, during the two months ending in November last, no fewer than 330 tons of mussels have been sent by rail from Conway to Manchester, in consequence of the opening of the Chester and Holyhead Railway. These were brought in bags, of which sixteen went to a ton, and each bag was sold at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings. Yet on many parts of our coast the mussels remain ungathered, for the people believe them noxious, and every now and then the doctors register in the sanguinary periodicals devoted to their profession, authentic cases of poisoning by these shell-fish. Yet the number of persons killed or wounded by this virulent though savory mollusk is but small; almost minute when compared with the number of mussel-eaters. One man "musselled," however, makes more noise in the world than a million unharmed; just as the fate of a single victim of a railway accident overpowers all our recollections of the myriads who travel safely every day. Like railways, too, mussels sometimes upset people in batches. In 1827 the

town of Leith was thrown into commotion and fearfully frightened, in consequence of the hostile proceedings of a number of these fish-in-armor, who, after having for many years conducted themselves quietly and digestibly in the stomachs of their devourers, suddenly waxed rebellious, and were declared to have insidiously poisoned many hundreds of human beings, though, as with great battles, the number of the fallen was wickedly exaggerated, very few really having been killed, and no more than two score wounded. The victims of these attacks are thrown into convulsions; often partially paralyzed; their skins, in many instances, become covered with nettle-rash. Why such symptoms should supervene has sadly puzzled physicians. No rule seems as yet to have been made out; so that if a man will eat mussels he must just trust to his stars. The chances of safety are a million to one in his favor. A restless night and hideous dreams are likely to be the worst results of his indiscretion. There is a bivalve shell-fish called *Anomia*, remarkable for having a hole near the beak of its under-valve, through which a fleshy plug is protruded to serve as a cable and moor it to the rock. It strikingly resembles an oyster, and when of ample size has been treated as such, and eaten. Its pungent flavor tickles the palate; but if once tasted it should be immediately rejected, since this oyster, peppered by nature, is exceedingly pernicious, and apt to produce very ugly symptoms in its consumers. In it we have an instance of a mollusk reputed harmless being in reality dangerous. Evil qualities are, however, more frequently assigned to animals unjustly. An example of this we find in the sea-hare or *Aplysia*, which from very ancient times has been held in bad repute as a malignant. The ancient Romans regarded this sea-slug with exceeding horror, and believed that its aspect alone caused sickness, nay, death itself, sometimes, in its beholders. Pregnant women were brought to bed before their time, if unluckily they caught sight of this ill-omened creature. Its scent was said to infect the air. The fool-hardy meddler who handled it, swelled and possibly burst in consequence; at any rate his hair fell from his head and chin. Subtle poisons were concocted from its slimy corpse. With these *Locusta* drenched to death the enemies of Nero, and prepared a like beverage for the crazy tyrant himself, but his stomach could not muster resolution to receive the odious draught. An inquisitive virtuoso could not marry a rich widow in those days without having the sea-hare sum-

* History of British Mollusca, vol. ii. p. 175.

moned as a witness against him: Apuleius, having done so, was accused of magic; a very strong proof against him being his employment of fishermen to procure *Aplysia* for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity by a careful examination of them. The poison itself was reputed subtle and peculiar in its action, killing very slowly and deliberately, not absolutely destroying life until after as many days as the sea-hare itself had lived after having been taken out of the sea. Its employment, however, was not safe to those who used it, for it betrayed its presence by too many peculiar symptoms in the human sufferer, who gave out an odor from his body similar to that attributed to the mollusk. Even in these enlightened days, fishermen all over the world—Britons and Italians, Malays and Polynesians, devoutly believe in the evil qualities of this sea-slug. How strange that so prevalent, so far-extending a superstition should be absolutely groundless! All modern naturalists of reputation who have examined the sea-hare about its poisonous qualities, have agreed to pronounce it guiltless of the crimes laid to its charge. This *bête noire* of fishermen and compilers is a pretty, harmless, quiet, inoffensive creature, crawling among the rainbow-colored seaweeds that fringe most rocky shores just beneath low-water mark; sporting with *Doris* and *Antiope*, and other graceful nymphs of the briny waters, who in these prosaic times reveal themselves to men in the diminished shapes of delicately-robed mollusks. The *Aplysia* might stand as the representative of a thousand similar vulgar errors. Erroneous fancies about the qualities of animals and plants are elements of popular belief. Often, as in the instance we have just been recording, it is almost impossible to trace even the shadow of a foundation for the popular notion. Fictions of this kind have an astonishing vitality, and survive in defiance of general intellectual progress. They are changeable and pertinacious as some of those surprising creatures which the microscope brings within the compass of our ocular ken—now contracted into an almost inconceivable point, now swelling into sizeable masses; round one moment, square the next; shooting out limbs at pleasure, and retracting them as rapidly; capable of disappearing for a season, and on the return of favoring conditions, becoming as vivacious and astonishing as before. So very few persons have acquired in the course of their education even the rudiments of natural history science, that it is almost impossible

to argue with, still more to convince them, about the erroneousness of their baseless superstition respecting animals and plants. In nine cases out of ten they appeal to the experience either of themselves, or of some equally ill-informed friends, on whose judgment they place confidence. It is not merely the uneducated or partially educated who sin in this foolish way; scholars and mathematicians are as prone to be confident in their capacity to pronounce judgment upon matters requiring a peculiar training and study ere they can be correctly observed, as peasants and fishermen. The evil will not be remedied until training in the methods of observation, and instruction in the elements of natural history, form part of the necessary education of youth. None but a naturalist can conceive the astounding folly of the prevailing ignorance about even the commonest biological phenomena.

There is, however, a mollusk, the worker of ten times more mischief to mankind than ever the sea-hare was accused of doing, savagely as that poor innocent has been slandered. The shipworm or teredo is a bivalve shell-fish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have registered a vow to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shell-fish, is a prodigious one, for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs and went to sea in ships, the teredo has unceasingly endeavored, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the object of its attacks, for many a goodly landing pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavor to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments.

The shipworm is the only mollusk that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectively. A century and a quarter ago, indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the teredo was sent by the Deity to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. "Quantum nobis injicere terrorem valuit," wrote Sellius, a politician who suddenly became a zoologist, and a good one too, under the influence of the general alarm, "quum primum nostros nefario ausu muros conscenderet, exilis bestiola! quanta fuit omnium, quamque universalis consternatio! quantus

pavor ! quem nec homo homini, qui sibi maxime alias ab invicem timent, incutere similem, nec armatissimi hostium imminentes exercitus excitare majorem quirent." In our own country, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbors might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbors by the operations of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak offers no impediment. As a defence against it, the underwater portion of woodwork in dockyards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails. Like most mollusks, the teredo, though fixed when adult, is free in its young state, and consequently enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even teak and sissoo woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it with rapidity ; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it fails before the voracity of the teredo. By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet and a half in length ; it is not always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course, and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner it avoids any interference with its fellow-shipworms, winding round them in such a way, that at length a piece of wood attacked by many teredos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreaded mollusk. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe or tube is a limewalled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence, and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated is still a matter of discussion among naturalists. There are many shell-fish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone ; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or by chemical agencies, or by a combination of the actions of an auger and a solvent. Many sea snails, as well as bivalve shell-fish, have the power to perforate solid substances ; and some of

the predacious kinds exercise this faculty to the detriment of their brother shell-fish by boring through their outer coverings, and extracting the juices of their bodies by means of long soft extensile trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the siliceous teeth which stud their long ribbon-shaped tongues. These microscopic teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes ; so constant, indeed, that by mere inspection of a fragment of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified ; and in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced) probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted, armed with no fewer than 150 or more bands of denticles, twelve in each row, so that in all it may possess nearly 2000 teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp with which to reduce to small particles the substance of the sea-weeds upon which it feeds. In some of our common garden slugs as many as 20,000 teeth may be counted. Wonderful, indeed, is this complication of minute organisms !

Throughout nature apparent evils are compensated by unnoticed benefits. Destructive as the shipworm unquestionably is, nevertheless we could ill dispense with its services. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both, for were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber that would choke harbors and clog the waves, permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result would soon far exceed all the damages done and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shell-fish is one of the police of Neptune : a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it a hundred are really saved ; and whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturesome mariners doomed to watery graves.

Shell-fish had once the reputation of being among the dullest, most inert, and stupid of

living animals. "Les mollusques," wrote Virey, even within our own time, "sont les pauvres et les affligés parmi les êtres de la création; ils semblent solliciter la pitié des autres animaux." Their senses were believed to be developed but imperfectly, and in the majority not at all. At the same time marvellous manifestations of intelligence and sensibility were occasionally attributed to favorite or popular species, usually on account of actions for which they deserved no credit; at best, mere instinctive impulses or even convulsive contractions. The older writers on natural history, especially, sinned in this way. Hector Boethius reported of pearl mussels, that they had so quick an appreciation of the treasure contained within their shells, as to close their valves carefully and firmly on hearing the approach of a footstep, or desecrating (how, the witness deponeth not) the greedy shape of a fisherman upon the bank overhanging their translucent home. And Otho Fabricius, a much greater authority, indeed one of the best observers of his time, asserted that the *Mya byssifera*, a bivalve indigenous to the seas of Greenland, moored itself by a cable or remained free and unattached after due consideration of the circumstances in which it was placed; a nearer approach to the truth, however, than the ingenious figment of Boethius. The fool told King Lear, that the reason why a snail has a house, was "to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and have his horns without a case;" which wise and significant explanation was as good an interpretation of the fact, as many a one gravely set forth in the ponderous tomes of Rondeletius and Aldrovandus. The wisdom of the snail, however, met with its highest appreciation from Lorenz Oken, that mistiest of philosophic naturalists, yet at the same time one of the most far-seeing and suggestive. To him (alas! the past summer has witnessed the death of this venerable teacher, and, in spite of all his absurdities, true genius) the snail was the very embodiment of circumspection and forethought. To use his own words, he saw in it "the prophesying goddess sitting upon the tripod." "What majesty," he exclaims, "is in a creeping snail! what reflection, what earnestness, what timidity, and yet at the same time, what firm confidence! Surely a snail is an exalted symbol of mind slumbering deeply within itself." In plain truth, however, there is no need to give shell-fish credit for acts and doings that belong not to their intentions. They have sufficient acuteness and sensibility in their own peculiar

way, and their instinctive proceedings are often very surprising. In every collection and museum may be seen the turbinated top-shell called *Phorus*, that by some tasteful impulse decorates its tarreted whorls with fragments of variegated pebbles or shells of other kinds than its own, cementing them to its dwelling-house symmetrically and at regular intervals, something in the manner that the members of the Carlton Club have struck parti-colored stones at proportional distances over the front of their palace in Pall Mall, or as Mr. Hope has done on his somewhat ponderous shell in Piccadilly. Nay, more curious still, the *Phorus* will sometimes occasionally let its taste get the better of compassion, and seize upon a little sea-snail weaker than itself, but possessed of fatal attractions of sculpture or color, and regardless of the agonized writhings of its captive's neck and tail, remorselessly suspend the victim for life from the battlements of its testaceous tower: as if the members of the said Carlton Club had impaled some stony-hearted but handsome reformer on their chimneys or the sharp angles of their frieze. Mark any snail, be it aquatic or terrestrial, in the act of crawling, and observe how cautiously it gropes its way, gently and deliberately inspecting with its slender and pliant tentacles each impeding object, and apparently gathering an instantaneous knowledge of the nature and composition of the opposing body. Its actions manifest all the delicate perception and judgment with which a blind man explores with his staff the ground over which he is passing. The mollusk has the advantage over the man of carrying an eye at the end of his rod. This eye, indeed, is not the complicated organ that gives such powers of vision to animals higher up in the scale of creation. It is a true eye, however, although probably not intended to discern the exact shapes of objects, yet sufficient to ascertain the presence or absence, and possibly, in some cases, the nature, of interrupting bodies; certainly to perceive the different degrees of light and darkness. Among the members of the highest tribes of mollusks, the eye becomes more perfect and complicated in its organization. The actions of the cuttle-fishes would lead us to the inference, that these strangely-shaped and cunning creatures actually saw things as well as any of the inferior vertebrata. Among the lowest tribes, on the other hand, it is reduced into a mere light-perceiving point, a colored representative of a visual organ. In the common *Acallopp*, and some allied bivalves, the eyes are placed in a very ex-

traordinary position, being arranged in shining rows along the borders of the creature's cloak or mantle, starring the edges immediately within the margin of the shell and in front of the tender and filamentous gills; as if a man should bear a row of eyes instead of buttons upon his coat and vest, a place for them by no means inappropriate or inconvenient, if, like acallops, he were deprived of a head. The sense of smell is clearly possessed by slugs and snails, for fresh food, as long ago observed by Swammerdam, attracts them towards it. In what particular organ lay the faculty was, however, a matter of dispute; and Cuvier went so far as to surmise that in these animals the whole surface of the skin might be susceptible of perceiving odors, as if the mollusks were just so many animated and independent noses. But Owen has of late years shown that in the nautilus, at least, there is a distinct and specially organized smelling organ; and the indefatigable naturalists who do so much honor to their town of Newcastle,* have demonstrated, among sea-slugs much lower in the molluscous series, elaborately-constructed organs of smell, the true significance of which had previously been undiscovered.

Strange as it may seem, next to touch, the sense most generally distributed among shell-fish is that of hearing. The ear or hearing

organ is of very curious structure. It consists of one or more hyaline capsules, each supplied with its special auditory nerve. In this little cavity or sac are contained sparry crystalline corpuscles, composed of carbonate of lime, varying in number in different species of mollusks. These minute bodies are in continual motion, vibrating backwards and forwards, rotating on their own axes, or rushing with violent motion towards the centre of their prison, whence they are as violently repelled. A careful tracing of the relations of this curious mechanism to the well-developed and unquestionable organs of hearing in higher animals, leaves no doubt respecting their functions. Indeed, it would seem that among much lower types of animal life than shell-fish belong to, the sense of hearing is manifested by similar rudimentary organs. Our knowledge of the extension of the senses among the mollusca is of very recent date; yet inquiries into this matter have not been undertaken of late years only. These creatures have been favorite subjects for the inquiries of anatomists for two centuries back. But nature seems to dole out her secrets gradually and in portions, so that we may have due time to meditate upon the significance of each fact, and be more and more impressed with the imperfections of human science, and the necessity for continued and persevering research. "In these discoveries," writes Dr. Johnston, "you have a lively example of the nicety of anatomical researches in our times. In my student days it was questioned whether any mollusks besides the cuttles had eyes; and it was agreed on all hands that they were earless and surd. Behold the change a few years have made in our knowledge of this branch of physiology!"

* Mr. Alder, Mr. Albany Hancock, and Dr. Emberton, all of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The researches of these gentlemen among the mollusks are among the most elaborate and admirable that have been conducted during the present century. The beautiful monograph of the British Nudibranchiata, published by the Ray Society, a union of naturalists deserving of general subscription and encouragement, is the work of the two former naturalists.

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep, than that in one of Leigh Hunt's papers in the *Indicator*: "It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle

failure of the perceptions comes creeping over; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

From the Eclectic Review.

DANIEL DE FOE.*

HUMAN nature, which must worship, worships the Dead rather than the Living. To award extraordinary praise to a man while he is among us is generally avoided, as though it were a tacit admission of inferiority. But when he is dead, he seems to be removed beyond comparison. Men do not then wound their own pride by being fair to him; they rather gratify it in the very act of praising, which at that period is a sort of assumption of equality, if not of superiority.

To the truly great man, however, human praise or blame is of small value. He knows its worthlessness, and looks to a higher Judge. He runs his course steadily, although no hand is raised for him—although all hands are raised against him; and when it is over, he goes calmly to his rest. To him it matters little if the earth resounds with praises or reproaches—for there is another and a better world.

This truth is illustrated in the life of the extraordinary man whose name heads this paper. He pursued an honest and manful course; he was hated, and persecuted, and wronged in every way by his contemporaries; but posterity have done him justice, and there are few hearts now that refuse respect, if not reverence, to his name. But the general public do not know how many claims he has on their esteem. They associate his name with his "Family Instructor," "Religious Courtship," "Memoirs of the Plague," and, above all, "Robinson Crusoe." But all these were works of his old age. His chief labors were as a politician and Nonconformist; and he was a sufferer in the cause of religious liberty. The fact is, that De Foe had no biographer worth notice till more than fifty years after his death. Since then several memoirs of him have seen the light; but scarcely any of them deserve to see light any longer. They lack the animation and reality which their subject demands. The energetic hero of them shows calm and passive under

treatment. They are as lifeless as he is. The best is that by Mr. Wilson, whose elaborate and painful work will always be the standard for future biographers; but it is written with a diffusiveness of style not calculated to lure those who begin it, to the end.

This is so opposed to what should be the case, that we think it well to present a brief account of his life and opinions, touching chiefly on his career as a politician and Nonconformist.

To go no further back in his pedigree, his father was a butcher in Cripplegate, where Daniel was born in 1661. His parents were Independent Dissenters; their minister, Dr. Annesley, was once rector of Cripplegate, but, having seceded from the Establishment, preached in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

Under such care, he was brought up in the strictest rules of the Dissenters of those times. The sect was then comparatively small, for it was dangerous to belong to it; and true piety had then, as it would have now, under similar circumstances, but few votaries. As Lord Bacon says of virtue, we may say of religion—it is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

Of his early years we know little. They were overshadowed, we know, by one cloud—the Great Plague. He was in London all the while it raged; his father judging that his family was as safe there as anywhere else, if it were God's pleasure they should be preserved. The scenes he then saw, and constantly heard of, remained, though he was very young at that time, indelibly impressed upon his mind, but he did not write about them till many years after.

In 1675, at the age of fourteen, he was put to Mr. Morton's academy, or college, in Newington, where, he afterwards says, the pupils had one advantage over those in the established universities; namely, that while, in the latter, the tutors were careful about the dead tongues, and had all their readings in Latin and Greek, in this one, the tutors

* *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. In Three Volumes. London. 1834.

gave all their lectures and systems, whether of philosophy or divinity, in English; by which, of course, great advantages were gained. For, as he says, it seems absurd to the last degree that preaching the gospel, which was the end of their studies, being in English, the time should be spent in the language which it is to be fetched from, and none in the language it is to be delivered in. And to this error he humorously attributed it that many learned, and otherwise excellent, ministers preached away their hearers; while jingling, noisy boys, with a good stock in their faces and a dysentery of the tongue, though little or nothing in their heads, ran away with the whole town.

The languages, however, were not neglected. He learned Latin and Greek, Italian and French. He also appears to have acquired a good stock of mathematics, geography, logic, and the like; although the bent of all his studies was primarily towards the office of the ministry.

But it was not intended that this should be his career. He was to preach from the press, and not from the pulpit. He was solemnly set apart to the clerical profession; but in the impatience of no common genius, he so mixed himself with political controversies, sharp-witted discussions, and secular matters, that it was found necessary, as time drew on, to withdraw him from this employment.

Two years afterwards, he began authorship; and it appears that his worthy parents got over his disgrace at college on learning that he was likely to become of some note and use as a defender of Nonconformity, and in the troubled atmosphere of politics. It seems to us as if he never lost sight of his original destination, though he left the regular road to it—we mean preaching; but that, in the majority of his writings, he was constantly aiming at the spread and growth of true and unfettered religion.

Among his earliest pamphlets was one which has not descended to us, but being on a subject nearly akin to certain recent transactions on the continent, we may notice it here. The Emperor of Austria had goaded the Hungarians into rebellion. These poor people were Protestants, and the Emperor a Papist, which made matters worse. They appealed for aid to neighboring Protestant countries, but without success. On this they called in the Turks, who were then a brave nation, and with them they pressed the Emperor so hard, laying siege to Vienna, that Sobieski, King of Poland, fearing lest the

Mohammedans should get footing in the very heart of Europe, raised a large body of troops, horse and foot; and, suddenly coming on the Turks, defeated them with great slaughter. The question in England was, whether it was right to help the Papist Emperor, who had dealt very unmercifully with his Protestant subjects, and many said, no; but De Foe thought, that their calling in the Turks quite overbalanced the scale against the Hungarians—it not being the interest of the Protestant religion to have even Popery itself thus extirpated. In fact, he said, he had rather the Emperor should tyrannize than the Turks. "For the Papist hates me because he thinks me an enemy to Christ and his church; but the Turk hates me because he hates the name of Christ, bids him defiance as a Saviour, and declares universal war against his very name."

This was the first time he differed from his friends in politics, many being much offended with him, for which he expressed his sorrow; but, having carefully examined his opinions, he would not suppress them when he believed them to be true. This was one of the noblest traits in his character. He was an sincere man. He began life by boldly avowing what, after mature consideration, he believed to be the truth; and he continued to do so in spite of persecution, and loss of friendships, and of money. No sleek, variable man, he—bending and yielding to the opinions of others, either from courtesy or fear. He feared nothing but his Conscience: that was the only critic who could make him afraid. Unlike the great body of his contemporaries—unlike the great body of our contemporaries, too—he thought for himself; he ascertained the truth for himself; and then he would not hide it, but proclaimed it on every side, although dungeons, and pillories, and fines, as well as arguments, were brought against him.

In 1685, Charles II. died, leaving the nation in a truly pitiable state. Morality, honesty, religion, and all other virtues, were not only neglected, but ridiculed in every way. Such things could not be suffered in another reign. Divine right was a straw to prop such a fabric; and though James II. came to the throne with fair promises, it was no sooner known that any amendments were proposed with a view to the establishment of Popery, than the whole body of Protestants in the nation determined to make a stand against him.

Their first efforts failed. With a number of others, mostly Dissenters (for the reve-

nues of the Church not having been as yet fingered, that body only looked on.) De Foe joined Monmouth when he landed in June, 1685. The expedition was badly managed: had it been otherwise, he states that it must have succeeded, for half the Dorsetshire nobility would have joined the Duke but for his ill-timed proclamation of himself as king, and the denunciation of Albemarle and Faversham as traitors. These and other follies worked against them; and on Sedge-Moor the army was scattered by James's forces, and Monmouth was afterwards taken. De Foe did not wait for the issue, but escaped to London, where he managed so well as not even to be suspected of a share in that business; nor would it have been known at all, if he had not himself divulged it years after.

This event, however, made him seriously consider whether he was not losing his time by thus mixing in the battles of politics, which he could neither direct nor allay. He was recommended to a respectable manufacturer, then in want of a London agent; and, after a struggle, he was persuaded to lay politics partly aside, and commence as a broker. His offices were in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, where Royal Exchange Buildings now stand.

But he did not take kindly to trade. It was solemn drudgery to him; and he hankered after politics and adventure, just as a jockey turned ploughman would hanker after the chase when he saw his field alive with hunters in full course. Accordingly, he took a very early opportunity to join once more in controversy; and when James, to encourage the Papists, proposed the free toleration of Dissenters, he wrote a pamphlet to caution his fellow-Nonconformists against accepting such a gift, not granted by Parliament, but by the royal dispensation alone. It was plain, he said, that it was wholly inconsistent with the constitution, and done only to create a feud between the Dissenters and the Church, that the Papists might find a weak and divided camp, and so get the day. Here, again, he offended some of his friends, who told him that he was a young man, and did not understand the Dissenters' interests, but was doing them harm instead of good; to which, when time undeceived them, he only returned the words of that young man to Job, for which God never reproved him—"Great men are not always wise, nor do the aged understand judgment." In fact, though he had said he had rather the Popish Austrians should ruin the Protestant Hungarians than that the Infidel House of Otto-

man should ruin both Protestant and Papist in Germany, yet he would rather have the Church of England pull the Dissenters' clothes off by fines and forfeitures than that the Papists should fall both on Church and Dissenters and pull their skins off by fire and fagot.

This was a strange time in our ecclesiastical history. The Nonconformists held the real balance of power, and, had they joined with King James, the Prince of Orange might as well have stayed in Holland. But they would not do this. The Church had cruelly plundered them, yet they chose rather to be under a Protestant than a Papal governor, and so saved the Church of England from her enemies.

De Foe's account of the conduct of that Church in her straits is very amusing. The clergy, he says, became the very opposite of what they had been, and were the foremost to cry up peace and union, pressing the Dissenters to forget unkindnesses, and come into a general league against the danger that threatened them; and they were "their brethren, the Dissenters," and "their brethren that differed from them in some things," now that it was evident if the Nonconformists joined Rome they would be undone. To these sudden friends, however, the Dissenters paid little or no heed; they preferred their tyranny to Papal tyranny, and therefore did not intend to side with Rome, which, when they found, the Church party took courage, and the crisis of our history arrived.

James had grown proud, in consequence of his success against Monmouth, and pushed his prerogative far beyond its rightful limits. Mass-worship was openly practised in many places, and the offices of trust and high pay were filled with priests. The Protestant feeling of the nation would bear no more, and proposals were made to William of Orange, who landed at Torbay on the 4th November, 1688. De Foe regrets, in one of his tracts, that he could not leave his business so long as to go there to meet him, but he joined the march at Henley.

It seemed as if the whole people of England had, with one consent, risen for their deliverance. Where they could they joined William; where they could not do that they assembled under the gentlemen and nobility, and drew together in great bodies at York, Nottingham, and elsewhere. The enthusiasm was so great that a sudden terror fell on the enemy's camp, and when the people looked for at least a battle, the whole Popish pack had vanished, like spectres at cockcrow.

De Foe tells many tales of this excited time; how poor James parted with his dignity, and courage, and crown altogether. He gives the best account of his escape from Faversham by boat, and his return, and how, being recognized, he was nearly mobbed; how he applied, but without effect, to a clergyman for protection, reminding him of the doctrine of divine right of kings so much preached and professed by his cloth. And he satirically expresses his wonder how the clergyman could so suddenly have forgotten the doctrine, just as the King was dethroned. If he had forgotten it when the throne was firm, and Judge Jeffreys the lion rampant on the arms, it would have been another thing, but,

"'Tis natural in man to save his own,
And rather to be perjured than undone."

As soon as William heard how James was handled he sent a coach and guard for him, and had him brought to London, where his presence being inconvenient, he allowed him to pass to Rochester, and thence, on the first opportunity, he escaped to France.

Thus, as De Foe says in one of his papers, was the public peace of Britain preserved, and the religious and civil liberty of the country were rescued from the ruinous projects of Popery and tyranny. The crown was effectually secured in the hands of Protestants, it being, once for all, declared inconsistent with our constitution to be governed by a Roman Catholic; and not only this, but the right of the people was proved to dispose of the crown even in bar of hereditary title—that is, to limit the succession of the crown. By which article De Foe—who hated divine right as much as the Stuarts hated freedom—saw a thorough suppression of that absurdity.

But still he was disappointed with the Revolution, because of the scanty allowance made to the Nonconformists. It angered him to see how foolishly that party acted—unlike men of sense, and men who had been so long ill-used. He would have had them make just and reasonable conditions with the Churchmen; not the Low Churchmen only, but the High Flyers also. Both, as he said, wanted the Revolution equally, and would have given any terms. Schools, academies, places—they might have been all had under hand and seal—they could not have been denied at that time. But the simple Dissenters ventured their liberty on a parole of honor, when they might have secured it by

express stipulation, and we all know the result. It has been too much our practice. Our chief men, long in opposition, are flattered when their powerful antagonists are humbled, and ask for terms; and they are easily induced to play the magnanimous part, and trust that to generosity which they should insist on as their right. Let us be awake in these times, when we are again holding the balance of power; and, while we secure our freedom as Protestants, take heed that we free ourselves from our Protestant chains.

However, when the Church property was once more settled, a bone was thrown to the Dissenters, by the Act of Toleration in 1689. This was much against the desire of the High Church party, whose affection for their "brethren that differed from them in some things" was now over. But De Foe could hardly attend to these things at that time, having met that fate, as he says, which imprudence is sure to bring, even if unattended with negligence, such as we fear must be charged to him. His brokerage business appears to have answered well, but he was not content with it. He traded on his own account, and, indeed, overtraded; and although many do this and succeed, our great merchants often making their chief money, that is, the first of it, at risk of the insolvent court, yet the system of false capital is utterly rotten, and those who pursue it deserve to fall.

There were other causes, however. He was a hosier; but, although the "*blue-stocking*" has long been the sign of feminine litterateurs, we do not find that authorship was happily blended in the case of De Foe with trading in the article itself. In fact, his soul was not in what he did in Cornhill; and some heavy losses in 1692 forced him to a deception which he abhorred, and he absconded from his creditors.

He who has nothing, can pay nothing; and, to keep a man in perpetual prison for debt, De Foe argued, was murdering him by law. To avoid this, he escaped in time; but we record it to his honor, that he eventually paid every one nearly twenty shillings in the pound.

After a short absence from his country, which he dearly loved, and was always loath to quit, the temper of his creditors proved friendly, and he returned. He was solicited by some merchants to settle at Cadiz, as a broker once more, put Providence, he says, who had other work for him to do, placed a secret aversion in his mind to quitting Eng-

land, and made him refuse the best offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home in proposing ways and means to the Government. Some time after this he was made accountant to the commissioners of the stamp duty, in which service he continued till the termination of their commission in 1699.

After this he formed a company for making pantiles, which, till then, had been wholly imported from Holland; the works were at Tilbury, on the Thames. De Foe was made secretary; but the scheme had not much success, and at last, owing to the barbarity of his enemies, it was ruined.

Meanwhile he did not cease writing. It will be impossible for us in this sketch to refer to all his labors, for he was a far greater literary phenomenon for productiveness than even Sir W. Scott or Southey. We shall, however, omit none of the most important.

The high Tory party had soon tired of the Revolution, and William found both plentiful and malignant assailants. Among their most current nicknames for him was foreigner and alien; and, as De Foe narrates, a vile abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, came from one Mr. Tutchin, called the "Foreigners," in which the author fell personally upon the King himself, and then on the Dutch nation; reproaching his Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, and summing all up in the odious name of FOREIGNER. Such conduct filled De Foe, as he says, with rage, and he wrote the "True-Born Englishman."

This was his first truly popular work. Hitherto he had plied in the shoals and narrows, but now he put boldly out to sea. His cause was good, and he sincerely loved it; he set himself to defend a great and noble man, and he succeeded. He covered the opposite party with ridicule; he showed how foolish it was to suppose such a person as a true-born Englishman could exist, seeing that every nation under heaven had intermixed with us, and he concluded with some strong and hearty lines, which, being the best, as well as the essence of the whole, we will quote:—

"Then let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore;
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end,
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,
For vice would be hereditary too.

"Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;

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How we contend for birth and names unknown,
And build on their great actions, not our own;
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And openly disown the vile degenerate race;
For fame of families is all a cheat—
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great."

The poem had numerous faults, as had all his poetical works; so many and so apparent, as he says, that even his enemies could not avoid blundering on them. But it contained so much sense, and did so much good to the liberal cause, that the King himself noticed him, made a friend of him, and employed him on several services. What these were we can never know, but that they were important he himself informs us. He seems to have honored, and even loved, the so-called stern William, and never suffered the royal memory to be abused. We do not at all doubt that he told the truth when he said that the King would never have suffered him to be so persecuted and ill-treated as he afterwards was, if he had been spared. He adds, with true sorrow, "Heaven for our sins removed him in judgment." He wrote many political pamphlets at this time, but we hasten on to a more stormy period of his life.

On Queen Anne's accession, she having been brought up in the High Church sect, the zealous of that party—as the hot men of all sides do—thinking the game in their own hands, and all other people to be under their feet, began to run into mad extremes. The Nonconformists immediately saw that they had acted foolishly in leaving the whip in their enemies' hands. They were as completely shut out of all places and chance of rising in the State now, as they had been in the worst days of Papal tyranny. Their hard-gained Act of Toleration was nullified as much as possible; and De Foe raised a cry of warning.

But the Dissenters were like a rope of sand, and would nowise hold together. Some among them, esteeming their views so far as not to conform to the Church, but not esteeming them so far as to forego worldly distinctions for the sake of them, allowed occasional conformity, as it was called, by which, for the sake of office, they attended church, took the sacrament kneeling, and otherwise conformed to the Establishment, though at heart Dissenters.

Now De Foe hated half-men, as all sincere men do. He had—(and we take this opportunity to say, that in speaking of his opinions we use his own language as much as possible, though without the confusing inverted commas)—he had written a pamphlet on

this subject in 1697, when Sir Humphrey Edwin, the Lord Mayor, took the sword and traps of office to church in the morning, and to the chapel at Pinner's Hall, Broad street, in the afternoon, of the same Sunday. But the question dropped at that time, and there was no particular occasion to revive it till 1701, when Queen Anne having ascended the throne, and Church pretensions having grown higher, it was necessary to stand more sternly than ever to principle.

In this year Sir Thomas Abney was Lord Mayor, and followed Edwin's example; he both conformed to the Establishment and dissented from it, which De Foe took to be cause for scandal. It does not appear that he found any other fault with Abney. We all know something of him from his munificent and Christian treatment of Dr. Watts, whom he invited into his family after a violent fever, and kept in his house till he recovered, and for many years after. But in this occasional conformity he was wrong, and De Foe acted the part of a faithful monitor in reproving him for it. It was an ill example for the chief magistrate of the chiefest city in Christendom to dodge religions in this way; to communicate in private with the Church of England to save a penalty, and then to go back to Dissenters from that Church. De Foe, feeling strongly on the subject, addressed a new edition of his "Enquiry" to Sir Thomas Abney's minister, at Pinner's Hall, the Rev. John Howe, who had been a Churchman, but was afterwards a persecuted Nonconformist. De Foe's object was to draw from Howe some defence, if he approved, of the practice, or to give him an opportunity to declare against it if he did not, without the offence of a voluntary announcement.

But he got no satisfaction: he ought to have chosen a younger man; for John Howe was gone on too far in his way to heaven to be dragged back to the controversies of this troublesome world. Doubtless the eminent piety of the author of "The Tears of the Redeemer over Lost Souls" caused De Foe to address his preface to him, and he not unnaturally expected to be answered when Howe published a tract on the subject. However, the great theologian merely said that he would not enter into controversy on the circumstantial of religion, believing that every man must answer to God, who would not be severe on a wrong judgment.

De Foe returned to the charge. To Howe's somewhat strong expressions concerning him personally, as also to his argu-

ments on what did not touch the question, he was brief, his object being the question itself. And he maintained, as we think, with great clearness and truth, that he who dissents from an established church, except from a true principle of conscience, is guilty of sin in making a wilful schism; that he who conforms to an established church against his conscience is guilty of a great sin; that he who dissents and conforms at one and the same time must be guilty of one of these sins; and that he who has committed either of these sins ought not to be received again on either side, except as a penitent.

And whereas, in his tract, Mr. Howe had spoken of the differences between the Church and Dissenters, as though the points at issue were but trifles, De Foe said, that if they differed only about trifles, the Dissenters would have much to answer for in making so large a chasm in the Church. But he denied that they were such, and stated that he dissented because of the episcopal hierarchy, political ordination, and royal supremacy—because of the imposition of things owned to be indifferent, as terms of communion, and the like; adding, that no one pretends to dissent in everything, but that the above were not, in his opinion, trifles: if they were, he would conform. To all this, however, Mr. Howe made no further reply, and the Government soon took up the matter, nearly passing a bill to prevent occasional conformity in future.

But this was not De Foe's aim. He saw the scandal of occasional conformity as regarded the Dissenters themselves, but he also felt bitterly the crying shame of excluding the most liberal body of Protestants in the country from all place and power in the Government. For surely the nation cannot be said to be represented in Parliament, while one sect holds the keys of the great gates of the State, and lets none in but through their baptisms, confirmations, and other formalities of religion.

The part which De Foe took in this question, however, was badly received by some of the best men among the Nonconformists of that day, and made them less willing to assist him when he fell into trouble for their sake, which happened soon afterwards. For, finding that their enemies grew fiercer every day, and that the Act of Toleration was being continually narrowed, he fell, he says, into a sort of fury, and produced one of the most extraordinary pamphlets that ever issued from the press.

He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the High Flyers, or, as we should say, High Churchmen, and collecting all their venom, put it into form. And when Sacheverell preached a sermon called the "Political Union," in which he urged all true sons of the Church to raise the banner of defiance against the Dissenters, De Foe sallied out with his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and made some jump on their seats. He pretended to be a High Flyer himself, and began by rejoicing that the Dissenters had, on Anne's accession, lost the power they had enjoyed nearly fourteen years, to eclipse, buffet, and disturb the poorest of all churches. But now, he said, seeing their day was over, they were all for peace and mutual forbearance, wishing, like Æsop's cock after he was unperched, to preach up union. "But no, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "your day of grace is over: you should have practised moderation and charity, if you expected any yourselves—it is now our turn." He then went on to speak of the fatal lenity (?) which had been shown them by James I. and Charles I., in their being suffered to colonize New England, instead of being sent to the West Indies, (the transportation of those times,) or by some other method cleared out of the nation! "If this had been done," he said, "the anointed of God would never have been murdered (Charles); we should have had no sordid impostor set up (Cromwell);" and more to that effect.

After this he turned to the reasons offered why the Dissenters should be tolerated, answering them plainly. To the reason that they were very numerous, and made a great part of the nation, he said that the Protestants in France had been more so, but the French king had effectually cleared the nation of them on St. Bartholomew's day, and did not seem to miss them; and the more numerous they were, the more dangerous, and therefore the more need to suppress them: adding, that if they were to be allowed only because their number was an obstacle to their suppression, then it ought to be tried whether they could be suppressed or not. To the reason that it would be inconvenient to have internal strife in war time, he adduced the success of suppressing the old coinage during the late war, and said that the nation could never enjoy peace till the spirit of Whiggism and schism was melted down like the old money.

He then undertook, in his character of Churchman, to show the Queen what she ought to do as a member of that Church,

whose doctrines he took care to show were charity and love. This was, in short, to renew fire and fagot; and he excused it by showing how toads and snakes, being viperous, are destroyed out of charity to our neighbors, and whereas these are noxious to the body and poison life only, the others poison the soul. It is in vain, he pursued, to trifle in this matter. If the gallows, instead of fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be many sufferers: the spirit of martyrdom is over; they that go to church to be chosen sheriffs or mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. He then turned with his satire on the system of fines. "We hang men," he said, "for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming, but an offence against God and the Church shall be bought off for five shillings! this is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity." He then reproved such Dissenters as said with Mr. Howe that the differences between the sects were on trifles—making use of it as an argument why they should be compelled to give up such whimsies. So he closed his case, with a few sentences calling on all good Churchmen to uproot the schismatics and shut the door of mercy.

The effects of this pamphlet were extraordinary. Every one was deceived. The Low Church party were terrified at this bold proposition of red-hot persecution, fearing to be forced into it, or compelled to join the Dissenters. The Dissenters fell into a kind of stupor at so positive a threat of war to their barren liberties. And the High Church people were delighted to have their secret wishes so thoroughly set forth; Sacheverell himself not having dared hitherto to name the stake and gallows.

It is to us, we confess, a perfect mystery how any one could have been deceived. Party spirit is the most dull and earthy of all spirits. The banter is so evident on the very face of the thing, that none but religious disputants could have doubted it. De Foe often boasted of having a letter by him from a Churchman in the country to his bookseller, which was as follows: "Sir, I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise in the world, called 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book that, next to the Holy Bible and sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put

it into her Majesty's heart to put what is there proposed in execution." Truly if his belief came from no more deep study of his Bible and Comments than he could have given this tract, it was of small value.

No sooner, however, was the authorship of the satire traced to De Foe than a storm burst on his head. The High Flyers were ashamed at having been so thoroughly deceived, and vexed at having their designs so discovered and given to the world by an Independent; and they blushed when they reflected how they had applauded the book, and as they were now obliged to condemn it, so they were hampered betwixt doing so and pursuing their rage at the Dissenters. The greater part of them, in order to condemn the author, condemned the principles, for it was impossible to do one without the other, and they labored in print and in the pulpit to clear their Church of the slander. But this still answered the writer's end; for, the more they censured the practices he recommended, the more they condemned such wretches as their pet Sacheverell. But he had wounded the tenderest part of these men's human nature; and few men can pardon a wound in their self-esteem. They might have overlooked, or answered, an insult, but he had made them laughing-stocks to themselves, and their very discovery of this made them laughing-stocks to the world. So they resolved to punish him. A reward of fifty pounds was offered for his apprehension; and his pamphlet was burnt by the hangman. He wrote a defence, but it availed nothing. His printers were arrested, and he, to save them, gave himself up to the law, which treated him with the utmost cruelty. He was tried at the Old Bailey in June, 1703, having lain in prison six months. He was advised to plead guilty, with many half promises that if he abstained from defending himself he would find mercy. In this his own lawyers concurred, and he accordingly did so. But it was a snare. He was found guilty; there was no recommendation to mercy; and his sentence was—a fine of 200 marks; to stand thrice in the pillory; to be imprisoned during pleasure; and to find sureties for good behavior for seven years.

This infamous sentence was sufficiently severe in itself. But its consequences were severer still; from being in respectable circumstances, he was reduced to ruin. His Pantile Company was completely broken up; and he had no other means of supporting his wife and children, while in prison, than by

his pen. Besides which, he lost the countenance of many of his friends, who could not believe an innocent man would be so severely punished.

The brave man was not to be subdued by means like these. He was put up in the pillory at Temple-bar, in Cheapside, and at the Royal Exchange, where every second man knew him; but, by a poem which he circulated among the people, he turned the disgrace of the punishment upon those who inflicted it. "Hail! hieroglyphic state machine," he exclaimed, addressing the pillory,

"Contrived to punish Fancy in."

"Tell all people that De Foe stands upon it:—

"Because he was too bold,
And told those truths which he should not have
told,
That thus he is an example made
To make men of their honesty afraid!
Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes!"

For this publication, however, the Government did not care to prosecute him, having already gone too far that way.

And now he turned with stern determination to provide bread for his family. We cannot give an abstract of all he wrote in his imprisonment; we shall only refer to some of the chief topics. In his "Reformation of Manners," he says of the slave traders, respecting their infamous traffic, which had never before been censured:

"The harmless natives basely they trepan,
And barter baubles for the souls of man:
The wretches they to Christian climes bring o'er,
To serve worse heathens than they did before."

Thus stepping far in advance of his age in this as in so many other things. He wrote several pamphlets in defence of the Dissenters from various enemies, as well as against the High Church party. He entered into the question of "The Liberty of Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland," in which he adverted (as afterwards at greater length in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland") to the miseries and brutalities to which they had been subjected by the High Flyers in past and present times. We wish that poor Aytoun had read some of his statements before he put out his absurd prose prefaces to the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." De

Foe now turned his pen to the defence of suffering Nonconformity in Ireland, where the Episcopalians, under pretence of preventing the growth of Popery, had got the Dissenters shut out of all place and power in government.

His most extraordinary work, which he commenced and carried on in prison, was the "Review," a periodical which he at first issued once, then twice, and ultimately thrice a week, writing the whole of it himself, and continuing it for nine years. This, independently of his other elaborate works, written at the same time, is a feat unparalleled in the history of letters; and considering the variety, pathos, wit, and satire contained in it, would have served, if he had left no other works, as an imperishable monument of his genius.

In 1704 his enemies' administration ended, and Harley entered office. De Foe's almost boundless talents and invention, although employed under all the disadvantages of personal captivity, had naturally drawn much attention to him. Many attempts had been made to win him, but in vain—he was not in the market; they could not buy the indomitable Dissenter. But Harley was almost one of his own school, and though he could not buy his services, he got him set free from prison, and afterwards made a useful public servant of him. He left Newgate in August of that year.

He retired with his family to the country, where he continued his literary labors. But malignity followed him there. He was said to have stolen from custody; this he answered by offering himself to the officer who said he had a warrant against him. His works were reprinted in a garbled form. His Reviews were stolen from the coffee-houses to prevent their being read. His debts were brought up that he might be prosecuted. He was summoned before magistrates on frivolous pretences. He was harassed in every conceivable way. At one time, he says, he had fifteen letters threatening to kill him, some naming the very day and manner of the murder.

Still he held on his way; steadfastly walking by that inner light of truth which was his constant guide. Not too peacefully, however, for he took every occasion to show his scorn of his opponents. He was several times waylaid, but came to no harm; and he told his enemies that he put such trust in God and his own rectitude, that he should adopt no other caution against them than to stay at home at night, because he was per-

suaded they would not do their murderous work by day; or by day, he would wear armor on his back, because he was sure they would not attack him face to face.

So time passed. Space fails us to speak of his controversies and tracts much further. We had purposed to enter on his belief in apparitions, and his ludicrous imposition on the credulity of the public, in order to sell Drelinecourt's terrible book of divinity on the "Fear of Death." We must pass these by, however, to speak very briefly of one or two more of his greatest works.

In 1706, he went to Scotland in a diplomatic character. The object of his mission was the union of that country with England. There he was, at first, very unpopular, but he conducted himself so well that at last he became somewhat of a favorite. His services were repaid with a pension on his return to England in 1708. He wrote several very popular works at this time, but the best is the "History of the Union," a huge quarto, now seldom to be met with, but which we should much like to see reprinted. It contains some of the most vigorous passages that ever came from his pen. When in the commencement of this year Harley left office, De Foe prepared to fall with his semi-patron; but Harley would not have it so, and passages to the honor of all parties occurred, by which his pension was continued by Harley's successors.

We can but allude to his writings against the Pretender—against theatrical performances, which he condemned, as men of experience in them usually do; and upon the subject of literary copyright. Far-seeing, and gifted with the courage necessary to propound the almost innumerable schemes that crossed his mind—schemes which were then ridiculed, but are now adopted—he was, of course, subject to the most virulent attacks. His old enemies were ever persecuting him, and in business, and in letters alike, he met with care and misfortune sufficient to have crushed a less resolute man.

When George I. came to the throne, and the Whigs, on whose behalf De Foe had written and suffered so much, regained power, the ungrateful treatment he received from them seems to have saddened and subdued the spirit of the great man. Old age was stealing rapidly upon him, and disappointment, and poverty, and persecution, were doing their swift work. It seemed as though the stern conqueror of the strongholds of tyranny and priestcraft was about

to fall into the back ground, and his sun was to go down in darkness. Yet he made one great effort to defend his career, and in his "Appeal to Honor and Justice," he has left a piece of pathetic self-defence, which few we think who know his life can read unmoved. "By the hint of mortality," he says, "and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a very great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity; and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go. I am unconcerned at the rage and clamor of party-men; but I cannot be unconcerned to hear good men and good Christians prepossessed and mistaken about me. However, I cannot doubt but it will please God at some time or other to open such men's eyes. A constant steady adhering to personal virtue, and to public peace, which, I thank God, I can appeal to him, has always been my practice, will at last restore me to the opinion of sober and impartial men, and that is all I desire." But this self-defence was not completed ere a stroke of apoplexy laid him low.

And now comes the most wonderful part of our tale. He languished for six months, (Mr. Chalmers says six weeks,) between life and death, at the end of which time his constitution suddenly threw off his disease, and he returned once more to the world. But he was no longer a dispirited and broken man. Like a phoenix new rising from the ashes, he came from the bed of sickness as with new youth, with fresh energies and renovated powers.

He devoted them almost entirely to fresh pursuits. Thirty years of political struggling was enough even for him. His first work was "The Family Instructor," written in dialogue. Its object was the revival of family religion, which had visibly decayed; and the piety, as well as the nature and good sense pervading it, have kept it popular till the present day.

His chief labors were, however, in fiction; and the series of imaginative works which he now poured forth, will, as Mr. Wilson says, entail honor on his name, as long as true genius, consecrated by moral worth, shall be esteemed. His stores of reading, and his intimate knowledge of mankind, were now turned to account. His fancy and judgment had been ripened, and, at the same time, chastened, by his many sufferings. The first

and greatest of these works was "Robinson Crusoe."

The number of genuine good works that have been refused by "the trade," is extraordinary. "The Fathers," as Southey calls them, are a timid race. Novelty is the worst characteristic of a book with them; good common-place matter is the safer card. It has ever been so. Not to speak of "Paradise Lost," and works of olden times—in our days "Pelham" was refused, and "Vestiges of Creation" was refused; and "Mary Barton" went round the trade. "Vanity Fair" was rejected by a magazine. We need not wonder, therefore, that no one would undertake "Robinson Crusoe." It was at last bought for a mere trifle by an obscure bookseller; while, if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune.

Who does not wish that he still had to read this extraordinary work for the first time? It is one of the eras in a boy's life when he gets this book. Full of life and incident, it enchains the attention from first to last, while the wisdom contained in it, and the depth of religious coloring with which it is pervaded, endear it to the heart, as long as truth and beauty have a place there. The style is plain and matter of fact, but no one notices the style while reading it. All is so natural, and unaffected, and real, that its truth seems beyond question, and on putting it down, the universal wish is, with Dr. Johnson, that it was longer.

His subsequent fictions, if not equal to Robinson Crusoe, are extraordinary in their degree, from the same causes. We can only name them: "The Dumb Philosopher," "Captain Singleton," "Duncan Campbell," "Colonel Jacque," "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The last named is, perhaps, superior in genius to all the rest. Then came the "Memoirs of the Plague," which is full of pathos and exciting interest and truthfulness. Its reality is in fact intense; we become spectators of the scenes in the grass-grown streets; we hear the bellmen cry, "Bring out your dead," and see the dead-carts wending to the pits and emptying their fearful burdens. The subject is, indeed, revolting; yet the treatment of it is so impressive, as well as interesting, that the reader is compelled to finish the book when he has once begun it.

Besides all these, our wonderfully second author—who we think must have exceeded Voltaire, or even Lope de Vega, in quantity as much as he did in quality—wrote three

long works (two of them novels) on subjects which we shall not further name, not being in accordance with the better morality of our time. Our knowledge of them is from secondhand, but we believe they did not at all derogate from his own character.

Then followed "Religious Courtship," "A Tour through Great Britain," "New Voyage round the World," "Essay on Apparitions," "System of Magic," "Political History of the Devil," "Complete Tradesman," "Captain Carleton," with numerous tracts, chiefly on social subjects. Amongst these was one "Augusta Triumphans," which contained a project for a London University and for a Foundling Hospital, both of which we have seen carried out in our days. These, as well as his poetical works "Caledonia" and "Jure Divino," deserve elaborate criticism, but we must be content with naming them.

He was now (1730) an old man of seventy, afflicted with both gout and stone. He seems to have borne these sufferings with equanimity, looking forward in religious confidence, as he had done from his youth, to that time when he should drop his pains for ever in the grave. His circumstances appear to have become once more somewhat easy, and he might fairly have expected to close his eyes in peace. But the world he had done so much to improve, harassed him to the last.

Some creditor came on him this year, as it seems from sheer malice. He was imprisoned for a short time, and then released. To save what money he had for his children, from an enemy whom he describes as perjured, he made it over to one of his sons, in trust for two unmarried daughters and his aged wife. But his son proved worthless. "I depended upon him; I trusted him," he writes to his son-in-law; "I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands. But he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound, under hand and seal, beside the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me." Yes, the brave heart that had showed an undaunted front to all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," could not bear up under

this dreadful treachery. Committing the desolate ones to this son-in-law's protection when he should be gone away, "I would say," he added of himself, "and I hope with comfort, that 'tis yet well. I am near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases, *Te Deum laudamus*. It adds to my grief," he concluded, "that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts to his last breath." His last breath was not far off; in a few weeks the hand of death came mercifully upon him, and his toils, and sufferings, and sorrows, were for ever over.

In summing up his character we must notice the two great features of it: his intense *sincerity*, and his no less intense determination that, as far as possible, it should be sincerity about *the truth*. Always looking to another tribunal than that of man, he passed unwavering on his wonderful career. Living in a troubled time, he took his side, and having taken it, stood fast. He dared to be moral in an age of vice, and to be personally pious in an age of formalism. We have abundance of sentimentalists about us in the matters of religion, and so had he. But he dared to speak openly about Him in whom he trusted; in his tracts, and histories, and novels—in the greater part of these two hundred works which have come down to us, we find him, whenever there is a suitable occasion, speaking of the great truths of revelation. And though many of his faults, and they are all on the surface, are such as we cannot now palliate, they were mostly those of a heated and controversial age, and never those of an evil heart; in Mr. Wilson's words, "Religion was uppermost in his mind; and he reaped its consolations"—may we not hopefully add, "its exceeding great reward also."

From the Quarterly Review.

KEW GARDENS.

In one respect there is little difference of opinion about a garden—that it is a good thing to have and a pleasant thing to use and enjoy, even temporarily and briefly. But if we go a step further, and look at the various modes of use and enjoyment—the forms, purposes, projects, reflections, and speculations of which gardens have been made the subject—we find a wondrous amount of diversity. Gardens, in the first place, ought to furnish only pure delights. “God Almighty,” says Lord Bacon, “first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks.” And yet gardens of old were systematically made scenes of voluptuousness and indecency under the sanction of religious rites. Their tutelary deity was in outward form the most disgusting of the heathen Pantheon. The emblems then used to typify the reproductive powers of nature were indeed gross and sensual. We may not uncharitably believe their alleged hidden meaning to have been the shallowest of excuses for the raising of vile ideas. Gardens, again, should be gay—and Watteau has appropriately pictured them as saloons and ball-rooms—thus carrying out the idea of a full-dress promenade, in which the French of the old *régime* delighted. But Hervey’s “Reflections on a Flower Garden,” though well meant, are so dull and doleful that the reader suspects he has taken up the “Meditations among the Tombs.” What would become of the earth—he asks, as a cheering topic—if the sun were gone? “Were that radiant orb extinguished, a tremendous gloom would ensue, and horror insupportable.” Ordinary ladies and gentlemen would not see much analogy between an avaricious curmudgeon and an unopened blossom. Hervey, however, is more perspicacious:—

“On every side I espy budding flowers. As yet they are like bales of superfine cloth from the

packer’s warehouse. Each is wrapt within a strong inclosure, and its contents are tied together by the firmest bandages; so that all their beauties lie concealed, and their sweets are locked up. *Just such is the niggardly wretch* whose aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminate upon himself.”

To the laborious Nehemiah Grew, M.D. and F.R.S., his garden was a school of anatomy and a dissecting room, wherein he endeavored to trace the secret processes of vegetation; while the respectable Gerarde took a wider as well as a more prepossessing view:—

“For if delight may provoke men’s labor, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with orient pearles and garnished with great diversitie of rare and costly jewels? . . . Give me leave onely to tell you that God of his infinite goodness and bounty bath, by the *medium* of Plants, bestowed almost all food, clothing, and medicine vpon man.”

With such recorded examples (which we could multiply *ad libitum*) people will plead for the indulgence of their respective horticultural whimsies; nor would we deny the claim;—but if the right of private judgment is allowed to others, we hope it will be tolerantly extended to ourselves. Now the leading idea at the present moment is, that there must be made, somehow and somewhere—and there soon will be made, else the public will fret itself to death—a vast covered garden, in which we are to have we know not what, in we know not what way exactly. Something of the kind is inevitable. Smithfield is to be a Ward’s Case of several acres, where cryptogamic students will be able to extend their knowledge of moulds and mycelium; the Crystal Palace—whether kept where it is or re-erected elsewhere—is to be a conservatory containing ponds blooming with *Victoria regia*, (the singular number would be unseen in such a space), and yet remain cool and dry; or Battersea fields, when not under water, are to bear the

honors of a winter garden; or the whole of London is to be put under a glass roof. No project, based on this principle, is too wild to be entertained with attention and discussed seriously. But there may be lookers-on who believe that the people are seized with a remittent covered-garden fever—an infatuation from which they will recover by-and-by, though perhaps after much outlay and disappointment, and after two or three fortunes have been made by those who minister to the mania. But what can a cool and disinterested dissident do, except treat Master John Bull as a spoiled child clamoring for an expensive toy, which, when he gets it, may do him more harm than good? A good-natured friend will endeavor to soothe and comfort the capricious young giant. He cannot immediately have his glass-roofed garden—still the dear infant shall be shown what pretty gardens he nevertheless has to play in. He shall not be too much contradicted for fear of spoiling his temper, which must not be with a young gentleman come of such a good family and with such large expectations. He shall be shown where to pop his head and shoulders into Naples or Madeira any day of the year (except Sunday) that he chooses; and if that will not do, he shall have a little Calcutta to call his own; but his guardians and tutors cannot quite yet consent to a Sierra Leone.

Let us, in short, respectfully suggest that it would be prudent and wise to know and enjoy the good things we do possess, before running headlong after new inventions, and craving for acquisitions of uncertain usefulness. "The slothful man," we have been of old admonished, "roasteth not that which he took in hunting." Englishmen in general are not justly chargeable with slothfulness, but if the power of accumulation be indulged to a degree greatly disproportionate to the faculty of concocting and digesting, the folly of the sluggard is in reality committed. And is not *Kew* one remarkable enough instance of an accumulated hunting, as yet but half or a quarter roasted and digested? It is only just beginning to be known throughout the country as a *public* treasury of a certain class of facts. A principal bookseller in an important provincial town, of whom we ordered the "Guide" a few months ago, was unacquainted with it, and thankful to become cognizant of the existence of so useful a little book, "*for the sake of chance purchasers and general readers.*" The number of visitors to the Gardens has of late increased greatly, and may be expected to do so still

more, now that, by the liberality of her Majesty, and the judicious arrangements of the director, the *pleasure-grounds* are thrown open *daily*—Sundays not excluded—during the summer months.

Everything relating to Kew indicates what a vast quantity of vegetable prey we are constantly taking, by the industrious hunting of our *employés* all over the world. In George III.'s time, the Old Arboretum—five acres—was considered sufficient to contain all the hardy trees; now, two hundred acres are not thought too much. Our venerable Pinnock, of course on the authority of Linnaeus, states that "it is supposed there are upwards of *twenty thousand species* of plants, which compose what naturalists have termed the *Vegetable Kingdom*; nor will this number appear so very surprising when we consider that the whole surface of the earth is covered with them." In 1851, the private herbarium of the director of Kew Gardens contains 150,000 species, which number, however astounding, falls far short of those yet to be discovered and collected.

The plants here have attached to them, with but few exceptions, their scientific name, and, when it can be given, a plain English one, with the native habitat. But we are not here, as in St. James's Park, mystified and confounded with the information that willows are *Salicineous* trees, and walnuts *Juglandeous* trees; that *Berberis vulgaris*, the common barbery, a native of Britain, is a *Berberideous* shrub—and that *Corylus arborescens*, the arborescent hazel, a native of Siberia introduced in 1829, is a *cupuliferous* shrub. The same school of science would perhaps add the information that Mr. Flam-borough, who is staring at the black swans, and who cannot make head or tail of *cupuliferous*, is a bimanous mammal from the coast of Yorkshire, and that his little friend Pincher, who has been refused admission by the gentleman in bottle-green, is a canine quadruped from the Hebridean Archipelago.*

There is hardly a variety of horticultural appetite, unconnected with the orchard and the kitchen-garden, which may not be reasonably gratified at Kew. It is the *Encyclopædia* of such matters, presented to the

* The date of the introduction of plants is valuable—but the majority of such dates can only vouch that the plant was settled here *before* a given year. Aiton, in the preface to his *Hortus Kewensis*, says:—"Some plants are by tradition known to have been introduced by Robert James, Lord Petre, but the times when are utterly forgot. To remedy as much as possible this inconvenience, they are always stated as having been introduced before 1742, the

eye in the shape of facts instead of printed words. Thus, when the Pino-maniac enters the beautiful iron gates—almost worthy, as was said of those for the Baptistery at Florence, to be the gates of Paradise—in- stead of proceeding to the attractive archi- tectural conservatory before him, he is arrested, in summer, by two large specimens, in tubs, of the *Araucaria Cunninghami*, or Moreton Bay Pine, on either side of the principal walk. These are to him the pil- lars of Hercules, which he courageously passes; and turning sharp to the left, is at once in the Mediterranean expanse of the Old Arboretum. Still on his left is a noble specimen of the *Pinus Laricio*, or Corsican Pine, something in the way of the Scotch fir, but with a more airy and upright car- riage. By this handsome tree he is reminded of the very circumscribed native home of several of his favorites, and resolves to cul- tivate them with the greater diligence, from the consciousness that if their tribe is by accident brought low in its original habitat, it will utterly perish, unless he aids in dis- seminating it. Cephalonia, like Corsica, claims a pine to herself—and it bears her name. Another, *P. occidentalis*, not yet in the gardens, is supposed to be confined, or nearly so, to Cuba. The true pines have another limit; they are restricted to the northern hemisphere, though *coniferous* trees are brought from the southern. A fine ruin of a Cedar of Lebanon illustrates the former contingency. There are now in England more individuals of this species, first brought home by Dr. Pococke, than in all the range of Lebanon put together. Next to the *P. Laricio* is the ever scrubby *P. Pumilio* of Carniola; the *P. Pinaster* looking not at all at home—(the sea-side might suit it better:)—succeeded by a true Scrub Pine, *P. inops*, from North America, presenting the curiosity of a weeping fir. A Deodara Pine, and a species called *P. macrocarpa*, from Cali- fornia, on either side of the path, are rivals in beauty. Immediately to the right is an unknown tree from Japan, called *Taxodium distichum*, var. *nutans*, with a straight taper stem and bark spirally twisted like the horn

of the Narwhal. Its neighbor is the true Deciduous Cypress, the *Taxodium distichum* from North America—a very elegant and feathery tree. These are only the most obvious members of the coniferous party at hand. Proceeding, the visitor leaves on the right the Temple of the Sun and a grand Cedar of Lebanon;—the Palm House, like a gigantic bubble, is just visible in the dis- tance, and draws him on, in spite of the temptation to linger. Soon, an avenue of standard roses receives his footsteps; but to continue even in that flowery path is impos- sible, for to the left appears what might be a tree of the very olden time, out of the German coal-mines or the quarries of Craig- leith—the *Araucaria imbricata*, the oldest specimen in Europe, brought home by Van- couver after his voyage round the world. Larger individuals exist in the far eastern (or western) banishments of the Old World, but *seniores priores*. On one of the topmost branches appears something like a bird's nest:—it is a cone or globe. Such have been put forth for several years past, but all in vain. The tree is a solitary female. The hapless *Araucaria* mourns her absent lord; and, unlike that wonderful instance in the Great Palm House, to be noticed pres- ently, attests the sincerity of her sorrow by producing only imperfect nuts.

These diceous plants are sad puzzles to the popular mind. But the enthusiast in pines, when he enters the Museum, will there find, contrasted with the abortive English fruit, native specimens from the mountains of Chile. The cone of the *Araucaria imbricata* grown in the garden, and with imper- fect seeds, is nearly globular, and has an equatorial circumference of 16½ inches; an- other, from South America, similar in form, measures in the same way 20 inches; another 24½ inches. The nuts are 2 inches long, plump and smooth; and knowing that they are eaten for dessert, like the kernels of the stone pine in Italy, one longs to taste of the forbidden fruit. In a neighboring com- partment of the case are other monstrous cones—e. g. that of *Pinus Coulteri*, (not unanimously allowed to be a synonym of *P. macrocarpa*,) measuring 10 inches from apex to base; of *P. Lambertiana*, 13 inches: but the top of the tree are the cones of Bid- will's *Araucaria*, the Bunyah Bunyah, from Moreton Bay, North-East Australia, as big as a child's head, and shaped like a pine-ap- ple, only without the crown. The nuts are even larger than those of *A. imbricata*, and resemble a chestnut in flavor. The aborigi-

year of his lordship's death. Mr. Miller, in his Dic- tionary, often mentions plants as having been com- municated to him by Dr. Houston; but he fre- quently omits the time when he received them; those, therefore, are stated as having been intro- duced before the Doctor's decease—in 1733."

Mr. Aiton, and after him his son and editor, did their best to arrive at more precision in these mat- ters;—but we cannot say much for their success.

nes of Australia at the proper season migrate to the pine-woods for the sole purpose of collecting them as an article of food: so that unless we, civilized, cool philosophers, as is probable, exterminate the natives, they may in their barbarous ardor exterminate the tree. It is, no doubt, well worth the saving, being indeed one of the highest aristocracy of the vegetable kingdom; but, unfortunately, it is tender here. Attempts are made to keep it protected and trained against a wall like a peach tree—a curious situation for any Conifer to find itself in. The beautiful *Cryptomeria Japonica*, not hardy in Scotland, is hardy at Kew. Several other noble trees, however, as the *Sophora Japonica*, make this distinction between the north and south sides of the Border.

But instead of the coniferous amateur, we will suppose a small mixed party started in quest of any botanical or horticultural marvels that may seem worth staring at. Such visitors will probably, on first entering, follow the crowd, and make for the Architectural Conservatory. It will gratify the curiosity of many to know that three greenhouses, exactly alike, were erected at Buckingham Palace, from designs by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville; and that in 1836 William IV. had one of the three removed bodily to this place. The second has been converted into a Chapel Royal—and the third is still a conservatory at the Palace; so that her Majesty's subjects here behold the exact counterpart of the building which fulfils the same office in the private grounds of royalty. In this they will find an extremely rich collection of bottle-brush-flowered, zigzag-leaved, gray-tinted, odd-looking things, to most eyes rather strange than beautiful, notwithstanding that one of them is named *Banksia speciosa*. They are the "Botany Bays" of old-fashioned gardeners, but are more in the shrub and tree line than that of flowering pot-plants. *Banksia Solandri* will remind them to turn to their Cook's Voyages when they get home, to read how poor Dr. Solander got up a mountain and was heartily glad to get down again. Else there is little to fix the attention of our party. Whether *Dryandra*, *Grevillea*, *Hakea*, or the other Proteaceæ, all may take part in the same glee—

"It was a shrub of orders gray
Stretched forth to show his leaves."

Thence, the main path will be followed to the cloak-room, where the ladies may leave their shawls or other cumbrous what-nots.

In descending the steps, notice the two hardy palms, *Chamarops excelsa*, on each side, in large china vases. The mass of ivy at the back of the cloak-room is worth looking at; which reminds us to note here the pretty and uncommon cut-leaved ivy in front of the Museum.

Reascending the steps, a noble walk is before us, terminated by the smoke-shaft of the great Palm House, in the guise of an Italian Campanile. It stands nearly five hundred feet from the structure to which it is accessory. The smoke from the furnaces is conveyed by flues to a shaft within the tower, and by the use of coke for fuel little is perceptible. Hidden by shrubs, not far from the base of the tower, is a coal-yard, and also the entrance of the tunnel, which, by means of a tram-way, conveys fuel, and brings back ashes, &c., from the furnaces. The tunnel is about eight feet high, convenient to walk in, and lighted and ventilated by shafts from above, many of whose grated openings are concealed in flower-beds. Of course, the public are not indiscriminately admitted to these subterranean wonders. An understanding must first be had with the well-behaved gnomes who

"Here, in a grotto shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,"

give the first impulse to the machinery which elaborates the beautiful vegetation overhead.

Water is the vehicle to the grand Palm-stove of whatever philosophers may decide heat to be, whether substance or accident, essence or effect. Twelve mighty boilers, six belonging to one half, six to another, are the hearts propelling the "thermidor" fluid through pipes, which, by the circulation passing within them, represent rudely a venous and arterial system. This battery has been wisely calculated with a prospect to extreme cases. During the three years the Palm-house has been in action it has never been found necessary to light more than eleven furnaces. In July and August four fires are sufficient to keep things going. There always ought to be a reserved power in establishments whose very existence depends on the maintenance of a given temperature; otherwise, a frost might occur to destroy the whole invaluable contents of this Palm-house in a single night. We shall never forget the story told us by a light-house-keeper, on a coast much exposed to north winds, of the awful anxiety lest the

oil should congeal, and the lamps go out, at a time when a gale, we know not how many degrees below freezing point, must drive every unwarned vessel on a lee shore.

But we caught sight of the smoke-tower on leaving the cloak-room, and have not yet advanced far along the vista. On our right are some beautiful large Conifers in tubs, out for their summer airing. They are tender; the more's the pity—for the *Dacrydium cupressinum*, from New Zealand, is perhaps the most unmistakably weeping and disconsolately mournful tree in the world; and no one can look at the Norfolk Island Pine without being angry with it, that so much beauty should be combined with so much effeminacy. Perhaps we blame and punish other weaknesses and unrobust idiosyncrasies, with the same degree of reason and justice as we should exercise in scolding the delicate *Araucaria excelsa* because it is not gifted with the obstinate temper of a Norway fir. On the left is the Great Orangery, one of Sir William Chambers's solid magnificences, now empty of its inmates, but soon to become the winter garden of those High Tenderesses for whose infirmities we have been offering a sentence in apology. As we proceed, Mr. Nesfield spreads on each side of us bright pieces of carpet, each tinted with one color. The materials of which this living tapestry is woven are, Calceolarias—*C. amplexicaulis*, a clear canary yellow; Pelargoniums—pink-flowered, ivy-leaved, and "Frogmore," of a scarlet bright enough to blind weak-eyed mortals; blue *Campanula Carpathica*; gray (when considered in toto) *Alyssum variegatum*; *Ageratum Mexicanum*, of clear lavender; the dingy blue (as seen in mass) *Lobelia Erinus*, var. *compacta*; fringed with black and yellow, the *Sanvitalia procumbens*; and Verbenas that bid defiance to the tinctorial art. There stands the Palm House—certainly the most elegant if not the most bulky glass structure in the world; but we will leave it for the present, and turn to the left, for the sake of the Victoria and other houses. Here, on the grass, grows a puzzle for Hybridists—a laburnum between *Cytisus nigricans* and *C. Laburnum*. The plant has put forth one branch of *nigricans* and one of *Laburnum*; the rest is hybrid. Farther on we pass between two paper-mulberry trees—*Broussonetia papyrifera*—from the Society Islands, which have stood the last seven winters without any protection. We are inclined to discard the word *acclimatize*, for denoting the supposed process of making a

plant capable of living with us the year round in the open air, and to adopt *conclimated*, to express the innate power of doing so, originally given to it. On the rockery there, on the other side of the non-perplexing labyrinth of British plants, are a few spare Cactuses and Euphorbias, inserted to give a little style to the group. They are scarcely expected to conclimate, though some of the *Opuntias* do set up a sort of pretence to half-hardihood, which is no hardihood at all. But till plants, in a new home, are thus tested one by one, the most skilful vegetable anatomist and the most learned physiologist cannot say decidedly, on mere inspection, what lowest degree of temperature any novel species may be exposed to and survive.

We are now approaching an assemblage of glass houses conveniently near to each other, and of most varied contents. Their very outside shell is made to protect and support plants that would by themselves give interest to an ordinary garden. Here, in a narrow bed in front of the house No. 13, are growing in the open air both the Black and the Green Tea shrubs, from either of which the Chinese appear to make any sample at pleasure. (See Fortune's "Wanderings.") The Museum has shown us the powdered Prussian blue which confers the bloom, and other matters employed in the first adulteration in the East, before tea becomes acquainted with the strange company introduced to it in England. In No. 16 is the Assam tea, by means of which we hope to keep these amusing processes entirely to ourselves. Side by side with the Black and the Green grows the Sasanqua Tea, whose blossoms are used to give the *bouquet* to the two former. At the end of another house grows a Chinese tree pæony, the showy and delicate Moutan;—not apparently a very remarkable specimen—but it is the original plant introduced by Sir Joseph Banks, and the grandmother or great-grandmother of most of the Moutans that have settled in European gardens. Take off your hats to it, ye Nurserymen—that plant has been the means of putting something like 100,000*l.* into your pockets!

There are one or two low small houses that everybody is anxious to peep into. Prying curiosity examines what can be discovered through the keyhole and some supposed chink in the door. Many are the noses flattened against the glass; little regard is paid even to the damaging of a bonnet; a crushed trimming would be a cheap price for a glance into the interior. Why is

this?—On the door stares the word PRIVATE. “The Director may be a sort of Blue Beard, and these are his secret dens. Oh, if I could but rummage in *these* for one five minutes! And they call this throwing open the collection to the public! It is pretty cool of the Guide-book to tell us that ‘No. 21 is a substantial new Propagation-house, kept private:—at this time chiefly occupied by the numerous young plants reared from Dr. Hooker’s seeds of Sikkim-Himalayan Rhododendrons;’ and that ‘No. 4 is another Double Propagation-house on an admirable construction; that it is used as a hospital for valetudinarian vegetables, and rickety or sea-sick plants which require peculiar care and attention, and, therefore, *this house is most frequently kept locked, because what is in it is of little or no interest to the public generally!*’ Very provoking. I do not believe it.”—Do not, quite; for we contrived to insinuate ourselves into one of the tyrant’s hiding-places, having caught him in one of his *molliæ tempora jandi*, and detected there in the very fact—“of what?”—of growing—a double cocoa-nut, all the way from the Seychelles. There—that *was* a secret. While double cocoa-nuts were believed to grow in sub-marine palm forests, one of them would purchase a ship’s cargo; but now times are sadly altered, and their price has dropped thousands per cent.

Into this small and recently erected low stove we *may* enter, on the disobliging condition of shutting the door after us; for a little cool breath would be agreeable—and see what grimaces those persons are making before they dare venture to plunge into the heated air, though it is not worse than the gallery-stalls at the Opera. Really the public are very amusing; they have an idea that this, on a large scale, will exactly suit their taste. But wonders and beauties crowd upon us. The plant there should have been dedicated to St. Vitus. It has got the fidgets incurably. Night and day, from its seed-bed to its repose in the compost heap, it twitches and twists the two little leaflets that grow on each side the larger oval leaf. Without perceptible cause or motive—except the indulgence of its own caprice—the Moving-plant, *Desmodium* (once *Hedysyrum*) *gyrans*, goes on with its antics. But other beauties in this nice boudoir have taken lessons of the posture-master. A tall gentleman, who is followed by a string of listeners eager to catch every word he drops, takes from his waistcoat pocket a pair of scissors; with these he snips the tip of a pretty leaf, whose

divisions seem made up of scores of little leaflets;—and, mark!—each leaflet folds itself close to the midrib, like the sticks of a shut fan, and the footstalk itself of the leaf has a joint at the axilla, by which it drops and stands at ease. This is the Humble Plant, *Mimosa pudica*, very different from the Sensitive Plant, *M. sensitiva*, which you will see in the great Palm Stove. Though both are so curious, and one so pretty here at home, in Brazil and the West Indies they are nuisances to be exterminated by fire. Their prickly stems choke the growth of sweeter herbage;—neither is it clear that the cattle like to have their noses tickled by the motions of living plants that *writhe* when they begin to be eaten. And now a small bell-glass is lifted; the scissors touch a pair of scaly leaves fringed with green bristles; they close: it is the American Fly-trap, (*Dionæa muscipula*), which has, as its name implies, a veritable living trap at the end of its leaves. Listen to what is said:—

“The moment an insect (or any extraneous body) touches the hairs on the disc, the two lobes close firmly and press the luckless intruder to death; the struggles of the victim indeed, occasioning the lobes to shut more firmly, hasten its own destruction. As soon as the insect ceases to struggle, and dies, the trap opens, ready to continue the work of destruction; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the dead insects in any way nourish the plant.”

What, then, can be the object of the contrivance, unless the checking a superabundance of insect life? The facts are not novel, but are too wonderful ever to become stale. Gigantic plants existed in præadamite times. If there were then a Fly-trap large enough to catch a man! You have rightly guessed that our conductor, so full of information and so kind in imparting it, is Sir W. H. himself. He crushes an evergreen leaf, and gives it to a friend to enjoy the perfume, perceptibly that of the clove; to another he offers a bruised morsel of the lemon-grass, having a delicate odor like the three-leaved Verbena. Tea from this fragrant herb was a favorite beverage with the good Queen Charlotte; and the rumor is that it is not unpalatable to the most illustrious of her Majesty’s descendants. Observe the Caricature Plant, with bright green leaves something like those of the Bay-tree, but marked down the middle with yellow blotches, the outline of many of which bears a very accurate resemblance to the human face, more or less divine. Here is the Duke, and here Lord Brougham,

dos à dos, on the same leaf; there is Pitt; Punch and Judy seem the principal characters on the next. You may remember that, on the first restoration of Louis XVIII., a colored print of a bunch of *violettes* was contrived to show profiles of Napoleon, his Empress, and the King of Rome;—a leaf turned back did the office of the immortal cocked-hat. That little pot-plant, labelled *Dorstenia*, shows a curious fructification. It is something like a flat piece of green leather growing at the end of a flower-stalk, and is, in fact, a flat, open receptacle of minute flowers visible with a magnifier. It is a strange intermediate form; for roll it up with the flowers outside, and it is a bread-fruit; with them inside, and it is a fig. Were the ripened receptacle large and juicy enough to be eaten, it would be literally a *fruit-cake*. In that corner stands a pot of ginger, not preserved, except from unnecessary handling. It would take a long day to pay due attention to everything in this one small hot-house. We will visit it again.

A moderate-sized apartment not far distant must be entered with courage, and yet with reverence. Therein swims in state the Queen of Plants. She would be confessedly a Cleopatra, were she not something better, a *Victoria*. It is stifling hot; and pray mind the descent. Warm work for the young man who remains here on duty, even though her Majesty consents to admit him to her presence in uncoated full dress! It feels the closer for the roof being so low; but most plants thrive the better for being brought near the glass, or for the glass being brought near to them. The cultivation of long-growing plants and shrubs would not be easy in a crystal cathedral. A forest of palms or a wilderness of bamboos would be more thrifty there than a series of flower-beds, to be sauntered amongst and gazed upon by promenaders of ordinary stature. But that is not our affair. Pictorial arguments are the order of the day. Mr. Leech's most alluring sketch of "John Bull in his Winter Garden" gives the blooming *Victoria* as a detail. But the plant is dormant in winter, unless it is to be forced; and the forcing that will make it a nice task for the gardener to avoid boiling it. By such shows as this—as *Punch*, smiling in his sleeve, well knows—the multitude are led. Another dioramic feeler of what may be tried on was explained by a lecturer, who, while modestly abstaining from discussing the feasibility of the project, still informed the admiring spectators of the Winter Garden by gas-light, that it was proposed

to cultivate in a large canal, crossed at intervals by tasty bridges, the *Victoria regia* and other *marine* plants! The *lapsus lingua* dispelled the whole charm of the scene. A new aquarium at Kew will by-and-by receive the *Victoria*; but even in its humble tank it is a vegetable wonder, putting forth alternately a blossom and a leaf, the latter not the less curious of the two, and looking, as it begins to emerge, very like a hedgehog swimming on its back. The little wheel, used at Chatsworth, at Syon,* and in the Regent's Park Botanical Gardens, to keep the surface water in agitation, is here found unnecessary for the health of the plant. The leaf attains its curious rim, and also perfects the honey-combed air-chambers in the under surface, by which its buoyancy is increased, enabling it, with management—that is, by equalizing the pressure—to support as much as ten stone weight. Another floating contrivance is seen in a corner of the same tank, in *Pontederia crassipes*, the footstalks of whose leaves are swollen into bladders. At the foot of the *Victoria* reposes the pretty *Nymphaea pygmaea*, a dwarf water-lily, with white flowers the size of a shilling; and on one side the *Nelumbium speciosum*, which furnished the bouquet to the ladies whose mummies adorn the British Museum, still offers to us its blossoms, though of paler coloring.

Let us pass the handsome symmetrical lake, thread the parterre of gaudy flowers, mount the steps conducting to the terrace, and enter the Palm-stove. We can now form some idea of a tropical forest; a tiger might start out from among these tree-ferns, a boa-constrictor might be climbing the trunk of that cocoa-nut palm, humming-birds might be darting amidst the leaves of those Bananas. Every plant has its own interesting history, but we can only glance at a few of the most remarkable. The tall shrub with crimson hollyhock-like flowers is the *Hibiscus—rosa Sinensis*; its blossoms are used in China to black shoes with! A plant inconspicuous in such a place as the great Palm-

* The plant was first introduced at Kew—from which the rest are offshoots. It first flowered at Chatsworth, next at Kew, then at Kew's charming neighbor, Syon—where this summer both the leaves, like enormous green card-tables, and the unrivalled splendor of the flower, were admired by so many visitors, through the princely generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, who may be said to have for the season of the Great National Exhibition surrendered to the public both his London palace—the only real one of our old nobility now remaining—and this equally unrivalled *suburbanum*.

stove, but of considerable botanical importance as an exaggerated instance of what might be called vegetable malformation, which yet works well in the long run, is the *Xylophylla falcata*, i. e., the scythe-shaped wooden-leaf, from the Bahamas. It has phylloid branches, or green branches flattened and resembling leaves, even more deceptive than those of the New Holland Acacias, being inserted horizontally, in the usual position of leaves on the stem, instead of vertically. The flowers, and occasionally, though rarely, true leaves, appear in what would be the serratures in a true leaf, but what in the metamorphosed branch must be considered as *axilla*. A vegetable of some notoriety is the *Cibotium Barometz*, or *Scythian lamb*—the vegetable lamb of Tartary, which, according to the writers of olden time, ate up all the herbage within its reach, but, being itself rooted to the ground, eventually perished of hunger. The proof of the story was the presence of this lamb in the cabinets of the curious. Seeing, it was thought, must be believing. Our plant reveals the mystery. The woolly rhizoma (of which the hare's-foot fern is an analogous example) is of considerable substance, and grows into curious contortions and nodosities. Four shortened frond-stalks, left for the dried specimen to stand on when turned upside down, completed the verity of a vegetable lamb. There grow here, however, things useful as well as things passing strange. Observe the chocolate-nut tree, *Theobroma Cacao*, "food for the gods," putting forth flowers from the thickest part of its woody trunk, to be succeeded by nuts in the same situation, instead of on the twiggy branches. Here is the mango tree, *Mangifera Indica*, with its fruit pendulous at the end of a long stalk, playing the most tempting bob-cherry; for though bad varieties are no better than tow and turpentine, first-rate numbers leave a delicious taste in the mouth, which is remembered for years and years, like the cream-tarts by which the widow of Nouredin Ali recognized the neighborhood of her cruelly mystified Bedreddin. Each fruit here is secured in a little bag-net, to prevent accidents, and to make hereafter a dainty dish to set before a Queen.

From pleasant fruits and "Herbes of Vertue," turn we now to the "banes and poysons of pernicious and malignant temperature." The *Caladium seguinum*, or dumb-cane, had better not be bitten, or it will bite in return, depriving lips and tongue of all power of speech. Instances of its virulence have

occurred here. The gardeners are now, however, pretty well aware where such mischievous powers lie dormant, and strangers have no business to volunteer dubious experiments. The horticultural official, who serves a friend of ours, places a stinging plant, the *Loasa urens*, with its pretty yellow flowers and dangerous leaves, in a conspicuous part of his greenhouse, to teach meddling children—and ladies—by the blisters on their poor hands, that it is safer to admire than to touch. Public and private establishments are quite different affairs, and such tricks at home look much like inexcusable treachery, but the instance will show what caution ought to be exercised in a national botanic garden.

The most deadly plant ever possessed by Kew, the *Jatropha urens*, is no longer to be found there; it has either been killed off like a mad dog, or starved to death in isolation like a leper. Its possession nearly cost one valuable life, that of Mr. Smith, the present respected curator. Some five and twenty years ago he was reaching over the *Jatropha*, when its fine bristly stings touched his wrist. The first sensation was a numbness and swelling of the lips; the action of the poison was on the heart, circulation was stopped, and Mr. Smith soon fell unconscious, the last thing he remembered being cries of "Run for the doctor." Either the doctor was skilful, or the dose of poison injected not quite, though nearly, enough; but afterwards the man in whose house it was, got it shoved up in a corner, and would not come within arm's length of it. He watered the diabolical plant with a pot having an indefinitely long spout. If the vase itself contained a *quid pro quo*, he is not to be greatly blamed. Another not much less fearful species of *jatropha* has appeared at Kew—and disappeared.

We must ascend the spiral staircase, and run round the gallery—for the sake of looking down on the luxuriant tree-ferns and palms, admiring the charming effect of the symmetrical flower-beds, and gazing along the vista of infant Deodaras at the noble *Pagoda*—only wanting the Dragons and Bells at the angles of the *stratum super stratum* to present a complete fac-simile of the far-famed one at Nankin. At this height the creepers admit of close inspection:—Note the flowers of the *Aristolochia gigas*, shaped like a helmet, and so huge that the children in South America, according to Humboldt, wear them as hats. *Aristolochia* is Englished Birth-wort, for reasons which the scholar will understand.

It is "curious, if true," that a not indigenous species should "frequently be found wild in the neighborhood of nunneries." We certainly have stumbled on another detestable plant, the savin, in suspicious localities, and fancied it looked much ashamed of itself when detected. Before quitting the Palm-stove, which we must with reluctance, we should remark the delicate green with which the glass has been tinted at the suggestion of Mr. R. Hunt, of the Geological Survey, in order to temper the too powerful rays of the sun—a purpose which the experiment has successfully answered. The sea-green hue is most visible outside towards sunset, or in winter when the sun is low. The last look here shall be given to a subject unique in natural history, Mr. Smith's own plant, which he has recorded in the *Linnean Transactions*, June, 1839. Its nature will be indicated by translating the name he gives it—*Calebogyne ilicifolia*—as the holly-leaved bachelor-female; suggesting at the same time that it would have been better if Latin and Greek had not been united in the first word. Mr. Smith tells us:—

"Shortly after their introduction the plants produced female flowers; but, although I have watched them carefully from year to year, I have been unsuccessful in detecting anything like male flowers or pollen-bearing organs; and I should naturally have passed them over as dioecious, and considered the three introduced individuals as females, had not my attention been particularly directed to them in consequence of each of them producing fruit and perfect seeds, from which I succeeded in raising young plants. This, too, was not the result of one year, but of several successive years' sowing. On considering the circumstances above noticed—in particular the absence of male flowers of the plant itself or of others related to it, with the fact of the stigma remaining so long unchanged, and not exhibiting the symptoms usually seen in stigmas after having been acted upon by pollen—I can arrive at no other conclusion than that it is not essential to the perfecting its seeds; but if an external agent be necessary, and really act upon the stigma, I am unable to say what that agent is, or how it acts."

The real wonder is, that in Australia, though not in Europe, there are plants of the bachelor-female which bear not inconspicuous male flowers, and that there is nothing at Kew likely to hybridize the imported and native-born individuals. It seems a true case of parthenogenesis. Skeptics who reason from analogy, never received a greater check.

Let us now visit the *Museum*, of three years' standing only, and entirely originated

by the present Director—but already a most instructive as well as interesting portion of the establishment. The "Guide" endeavors to serve as a sort of Concordance between this and the Gardens, but the collection at present is merely the nucleus of what it will become a few years hence. The building was formerly a fruit-house to the kitchen-garden, but being rendered unnecessary by the improvements at Frogmore, has been liberally relinquished by her Majesty. The two wings are in the course of addition as receptacles of the accumulating treasures, and the Director's *sancta sanctorum* will soon have to follow, by opening their doors to objects of public curiosity and study. The destination of these apartments is "to receive all kinds of fruits and seeds, gums, resins, dye-stuffs, sections of woods, and all curious vegetable products, especially those that are useful in the arts, in medicine, and in domestic economy; such interesting vegetable substances, in short, as the living plants cannot exhibit. This collection will, when more complete, require a separate catalogue:"—which is in preparation. It will be a treasury of facts to be perused with eagerness by hundreds who have no opportunity of inspecting the specimens themselves. We only hope that Sir William will not defer the publication till he thinks it will afford a complete history of the contents of the Museum; for in that case, the answer to many an inquirer will be deferred till the Greek calends.*

Great monopolies in certain materials and drugs have long been sustained by the concealment of the plants from which they are drawn. Instances will occur to every one connected with arts and manufactures. It is desirable for the public good that such selfish mystifications should be cleared away; and here we often have the product in the Museum labelled with a reference to its living secretor in the Garden or the Houses: e. g. Burgundy pitch from the *Abies excelsa*; American turpentine, from *Pinus palustris*; Gutta Percha, in all its stages, from the inspissated juice to the decorative casting (*Leonandra Gutta*); India rubber as it flows from the tree, to the railway buffer ring, the drinking cup and bottle (*Ficus elastica*); cakes of maple sugar, looking like bad brown soap (*Acer saccharinum*); beet sugar, in

* While we are correcting our proof sheets, the daily papers announce numerous additions made to this Museum from the breaking up of the Great Exhibition: among others, the noble collection of Scottish agricultural products formed at a vast expense by Messrs. Peter Lawson & Co. of Edinburgh.

loaves of the purest white, of French manufacture—and indeed the common sugar of France—from the *Beta vulgaris*, a native not of this country but of the south of Europe; gamboge, of which there are various species, the best being the *Hebradendron pictorum*, although the gardens possess but one sort alive—viz. “the *Xanthochymus pictorius* of Roxburgh, of which the fruits, which ripen with us, yield, on being punctured, the juice which concretes into one kind of gamboge, the most powerful of drastic medicines, and affording the brightest and best known of yellow colors.” The ivory-nut palm, (*Phytelaphas macrocarpa*), from New Grenada, is fully illustrated. Here is the stem of the plant, a portion of the wood—if such it can be called—the spathe—the flowers—the aggregate fruit, like a Negro’s head—the nuts—a nut with the radicle and plumule just germinating—besides various articles manufactured of this vegetable ivory.

The temples of Pan and Confucius, which once ornamented the gardens, have alike passed away, but the Museum more than supplies their place as an admirable Temple of Science. Strange uses of vegetables are disclosed to whosoever shall seek for initiation into the mysteries of this unsuperstitious fane. It is true the Cannon-ball Tree of Guiana, *Couroupita Guianensis*, though it does put forth odd-looking globes, does not actually furnish ammunition to the South Americans. Its shells are not dangerously explosive, but are used, like the calabash, for domestic purposes. Its fruit is said to be vinous and pleasant when fresh, and the only mischief it does is to emit when decayed an insupportably offensive odor. But the Towel Gourd, *Luffa Egyptiaca*, a native of the tropics, is used both as wadding for guns and as a sponge. The Bottle-gourds are well known—and the epidermis of the *Andromachia igniaria*, (Quito,) used as tinder, is only one of a numerous list of similar substances; but many of our readers will be surprised to hear of the Caripe or *Pottery-tree* of Para. The bark is burnt and ground, and the ashes are mixed with clay to make vessels. It enables them to stand the fire without breaking, and in the vast alluvial plains of the Amazon is doubtless a valuable succedaneum. In one single compartment of a case are shown leaves, wood, bark, ashes, and earthen vessels, all the produce of this pottery-tree. Then we have a small collection of *dairy plants*—a bottle of milk from the Cow-tree, *Galactodendron utile*, and a portion of its stem; leaves of the

Masseranduba, or Milk-tree of Para, a little loaf of the milk in a concrete state, and a portion of the stem with the milk exuding; Shea butter from the Niger, made from the kernels of *Bassia Parkii*, with the kernels themselves and leaves of the tree. The spathe which protects the flowers of *Maximiliana regia* is used as a canoe; the natives paddle themselves across a stream in one, and then throw it aside as soon as done with. A spathe in the gallery measures 7 ft. 6 inches in length and 19 inches in breadth. Other unexpected uses of vegetables are disclosed. Dr. Hooker has sent home a pair of vegetable bellows made of the leaves of a tree, and used for *smelting iron* by the natives south of the Sone River, India.

Many of the fruits in the Museum differ much from what we expect to find them. The *Nux vomica*, *Strychnos nux vomica*, is a capsule like a large discolored dried orange, containing a number of flat seeds which furnish the poison. The Sacred Bean of the Egyptians, so often seen in their monumental decorations, *Nelumbium speciosum*, looks in its dried state like a circular piece of over-baked pudding stuck full of hazel-nuts. The *Banksias* from New South Wales give the idea of shell-fish rather than of fruit. They resemble a number of little oysters naturally adhering around a cylindrical stick and imbedded in mossy sea-weed, the kernel representing the contained mollusk. There are pods of the *Cassia Fistula*, used in medicine as a cathartic, 2 feet 1 inch in length, like long thin sausages; pods of an unknown species of greater diameter are 2 feet 6 inches long; those of the *Entada Purpurea*, another leguminous plant, may be seen 2½ inches across. A natural alarum is afforded by the *Hura crepitans* or Sand-box of Jamaica, a plant belonging to the Euphorbias, whose large circular seed-vessel, unless confined by a string or wire, splits into a number of pieces, and scatters its contents with a sound loud enough to wake a sleeping botanist.

We usually think we know all about tea by our acquaintance with its vulgar shapes of Hyson, Souchong, &c. &c.; but there is such a thing as *brick tea*, which Dr. Hooker has brought from Thibet, looking in its paper package something like a mis-shapen cheese—another sort compressed like scrap-cake for dogs: small *ball tea*, answering to bull’s eyes for children, and large ball tea inclosed in the husks of Indian corn. The climax of all, as fancy articles in this line, are *wheat-sheaf tea*, in bundles just large enough to

make a good cup or two—and *twisted tea* or *old-man's eyebrows*.

As a pendant to the dairy-plants the light-giving ones may be adduced. In the first place we have candle-wicks from China, made of the pith of a plant, as well as our own rushlight wicks, the pith of *Juncus effusus*, of which a curious twisted variety is to be seen in the little *Frogger* in the centre of the hardy Fernery between the Temple of Æolus and the Museum. Then there are seeds of the *Croton sebifera* or Chinese tallow-plant, with candles manufactured therefrom; candles made from the *acorns of an oak* of New Grenada, from the *Myrica segregata* of New Grenada, from the wax of *Myrica parvifolia*, and of *Myrica macrocarpa*.

Those who are fond of observing *extreme plants* will find plenty in some shape. The Museum has in a dried state the *Rhododendron nivale*—the most alpine shrub in the world—brought by Dr. Hooker from an elevation upon Kinchin Jonga, equal to 17,500 feet above the ocean level. And the Garden has the most southern tree, the evergreen beech, *Fagus betuloides*, from Tierra del Fuego. That it is a real tree is evidenced by the fact that Captain King made large boats that would hold several men from one trunk, which happened to grow in a sheltered valley; while on the exposed heights of Hermit Island the same species is so dwarfish and stunted, and the branches so densely compacted, like other plants in similar situations—(see the undetermined alsinaceous plant from Tibet in the Museum)—that the traveller is able literally to walk upon the tops of them! For such plants in the south of England the summer's heat is more to be feared than the winter's wet or cold. They droop and are overpowered, like the white bears in the Regent's Park, under the rays of our oppressive sun.

Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; but we are here informed that there exist—in revenge—carnivorous vegetables. On the mantel-shelf stood, and may still stand, a glass case containing the perfect insect and larva of the creature, a Hawk moth, *Hepialus virescens*, which is preyed on by the Caterpillar Fungus, *Sphæria Robertii*. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and flourishes on the animal matter, and, without

destroying the form of the victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvae is performed in Van Diemen's land by a representative fungus, the *Sphæria Gunnii*; and another carries on the same work in China, *Sphæria Sinensis*—while the *S. entomorphiza* tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still animal-feeders are not common among plants—unless we include those orchids which a cockney visitor to the Gardens asserted to live entirely on hair.

The Museum not only communicates positive truth, but aids in the dissipation of vulgar error. Thus, it clears the poor darnel, *Lolium arvense*, from an unjust imputation. "Darnel," says the Museum through Professor Henslow, "is generally reputed to be noxious, and is added to beer (or something else under that name) to increase its intoxicating properties. But De Candolle considers its ill report to be a popular fallacy, and says it is used by the French peasantry for bread in times of scarcity." Grains of the calumniated grass are shown, looking not unlike grains of rye, whence its name of rye-grass; and Edward Salmon, laborer, of Hitcham, Suffolk, sends half a loaf (proverbially better than none) of Darnel bread, exhibited at his Horticultural Show—(we suppose the bold fellow dared to eat the other half)—in appearance better than many a loaf of rye-bread which we have seen used as the common food of man and beast, but never had the heroism to taste. It is true, however, that the darnel, like rye, is apt to be attacked by the *ergot*; and persons eating rye-bread made from flour mixed with ergot are sometimes paralyzed. The ergot itself affords a useful but dangerous drug, and of uncertain efficacy. Some able practitioners have no faith in it for good.

Some light is also thrown on certain little quackeries, of not profound ingenuity. If dyspeptic patients were told that their sufferings would be relieved by a simple farinaceous diet, they might choose to be skeptically scornful; but if they are recommended, by advertisement, to breakfast on something with a sonorous Latin name, who can resist the recipe? "There is," says the Museum, "a plant called *Ervum Lens*—in plain vernacular, lentil—the meal or flour of the seeds was first recommended for use as *Ervalemta*, in conjunction with *Melasse de la Cochinchina*, or common treacle! It met with a great sale at three times its value, until ex-

plained by Dr. Pereira. This led to another name being given to it, *Revalenta Arabica*, from the *Revalenta Estates*!!!—the seeds being much used in Egypt and Arabia. That again was explained by the same pharmacist, and it now meets with a ready sale, by vendors whose powers of face are not equal to their predecessors, as *lentil meal*, or *flour of lentils*." The same shelf displays bottles of lentils of various growth, and also bottles of *Revalenta Arabica*, *Ervalenta*, lentil powder, and patent flour of lentils, for comparison with the purchased packets at hand as witnesses. The permission of this disclosure is rather a cruel piece of demonstration on the part of the Director. If a man has genius enough to make his fortune by a rebus or an anagram, it is unkind not to let him do so. We should take it unfriendly to be in any way hindered in the accumulation of a plum from the rapid sale of muffins and crumpets at a high premium, after we had given them a run by the application of grandiose titles.

The cases containing specimens of injury to timber by insects, and from bad pruning, must be inspected to have their importance appreciated; while the cases of flax and its products are equally interesting to the ladies, who, while they are familiar with the "Irish," will be pleased and surprised by the colored velvets manufactured from the same fibre. There are many beautiful models in wax in various parts of this room—but fruits, flowers, gourds, &c., in spirits show us the real thing. There is the *Jack*, or *Jaca*, the largest known edible fruit—and a portion of the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, the largest known flower.

The series of *Papers*, from the untaught productions of the hornet and the wasp, followed by those prepared from various barks, will be completed by our highly-finished stationery of the present day, as soon as arrangements for its reception can be made. But as to barks, there is no knowing to what purposes they may not be turned. In the gallery are natural sacks, formed of the bark of the Sack-tree, *Lepurandra saccidora*, with a section of the tree left at one end to form the bottom. Another bark, that of *Bertholletia excelsa*, serves at Pará for caulking ships. Several barks are employed as cigar-tubes, or as envelopes for cigars—layers of that of one tree, called in Brazil *Cascarilla*, are cut into lengths of five or six inches, folded up the thickness of a tobacco-pipe, and are then ready for use in that capacity. A late importation is a rude sort of guitar from Paraná. It consists of a single joint of

bamboo; the bark on one side is raised in four strips, answering to strings—a bridge at each end gives the requisite tension—a sounding hole is cut in the middle—and the thing is done. A native performer might produce effects that would charm native ears; but we may believe it was not this instrument with which Orpheus led the brutes.

It is here too we may behold *what* our daily food consists of. Pause over these three potatoes modelled faithfully in wax. How Cobbett would have gloried had he lived to see it *demonstrated* that a pound of this vegetable contains nearly 12 ounces of water, and only 6 pennyweights, 9 grains, and 6 tenths of a grain, of nutritive matter! To him Professor Henslow would have been a second Daniel. We should like to see the chemist put them together again, and make three honest potatoes of these ingredients.

The Reverend Professor's various services to the Museum are warmly eulogized in the "Guide" (p. 49). He has, however, lately received a more flattering tribute than even this. A party of his parishioners, up for their Exhibition treat, were brought to Kew, and in conducting them through the houses a sort of clinical lecture on the contents was given. A gentleman, who caught a few sentences, begged permission to join the visitors, and listen to the delightful explanations. All concluded, he advanced to the showman, and in token of his great satisfaction offered him a shilling. Modest refusals, and hints that it was as much as his place was worth, were answered by an off-hand, "Oh, take it! take it!" We beg to charge Mr. Henslow with want of presence of mind in not taking it. Had such a chance been ours, we would have received it thankfully, got it double-gilt in the best style, and then displayed it as our professorial medal—a sincere *testimonial*.

The national value at this time attained by Kew must be at once admitted by whoever peruses the Director's last Report. The document is so full of matter that we have a difficulty in abridging it. The principal points, at least, shall be selected—though for our own reasons not exactly in the order in which Sir William Hooker, for his, found it expedient to arrange them.

"The Garden is especially intended to be the means of introducing new, rare, and useful plants, and dispersing them through our own and other countries, and to give an impulse to nurseries and persons trading in exotic plants. Perhaps at no period has there been so great a stimulus given to this introduction of new, rare, but more espe-

cially useful plants, as during the last ten years; and the Royal Gardens of Kew have contributed largely on this head, partly by means of collectors sent out from thence, but still more by the extensive correspondence of the Director with intelligent persons in all parts of the globe, aided, as such communication has been, by the public and private services of individuals and companies, more than can be enumerated, in conveying our collections to and from the East and to and from the West free of expense.

"It were impossible here to notice a tithe of the rare, or useful, or ornamental plants which these Gardens have imported and distributed. A few of those quite recently received may be mentioned—such as the Tussack grass from the Falkland Islands, proved to be already of the highest consequence to the West of England, Scotland, and Ireland, particularly to the Orkneys and Hebrides, and analogous climates; the Pará grass, (introduced by Earl Grey,) now transmitted to various tropical and sub-tropical colonies; the deciduous and evergreen beeches of Tierra del Fuego; the lace bark-tree of Jamaica; the jute of India; the Chinese grass, as it is called, which affords the best material for calico, and which has latterly been cultivated in the British territories abroad; the African teak, long celebrated in ship-building, yet till now unknown to science; the best caoutchouc (*Siphonia elastica*); the cow-tree of South America; the double cocoa-nut, (*Lodoicea Sechellarum*), that rarest of all palms; the Huon pine, from Van Diemen's Land—which proves hardy—[and is among the most beautiful of conifers]; the Cinchona bark (through Mr. Pentland); a hardy palm from China, &c. &c. The *Victoria regia*, introduced through our means, is perhaps one of the most remarkable plants ever reared in Europe; and the number of new and extraordinarily beautiful *Rhododendrons* sent to us by Dr. Hooker from India, has excited the astonishment of botanists both at home and abroad. In the eastern extremity of the Himalaya—at elevations varying from 6,000 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea—this traveller has detected, and in most cases drawn and described on the spot, no less than thirty-seven kinds, the majority of which are quite new. Twenty-two of these have already been reared at the Royal Gardens.

"We are sure that there is not a respectable nurseryman in the kingdom who has not profited by the riches of Kew, and is not willing to make presents to us in return. In such hands, the plants become commercial objects, multiplied, sold, and dispersed with a rapidity that few are aware of. It was not long after the introduction of the beautiful *Clarkia pulchella* from North-west America into England, that a naturalist found it cultivated in the windows of the rooms at Hammerfest, (the open air being too cold for it,) in 73° north. The seeds had passed from England to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. It graced, says the traveller, the residence of our host, and I observed this delicate and singularly shaped flower in many cottages of very inferior description near the North Cape."—Report for 1850.

Here is matter for reflection and congratu-

lation among people capable of forethought and common sense! The reign of Victoria will be chronicled as the era of a mutual distribution of the vegetable productions of the whole world, through the agency of Kew. It is in consequence of her Majesty's considerate liberality in ceding such a large additional extent of ground, that the establishment has been able to raise itself into this influential position—to be a metropolis of plants. But we must quote further. Sir William Hooker gives particulars of what has been done.

"Our books of the Garden show that we have sent abroad, mainly to our own territories, between January, 1847, and December, 1850, living rooted plants, in glazed Wardian cases, as follows:—To Ascension Island, 330 plants (mostly trees and shrubs calculated to bear exposure to the sea-breezes and the most powerful winds, and the success of these has been beyond all expectation, affording shelter and protection where none could be obtained before); Bombay, 160; Borneo, 16; Calcutta, 211; Cape of Good Hope, 60; Cape De Verdes, 20; Ceylon, 136; Constantinople, 90; Demerara, 57; Falkland Islands, 118; Florence, 28; Grey Town, Mosquito, 30; Hong Kong, 108; Jamaica, 124; Lima, 33; Mauritius, 36; Port Natal, 29; New Zealand, 57; Pará, 33; Port Philip, 33; St. Domingo, 34; Sierra Leone, 71; Sydney, 392; South Australia, 76; Trinidad, 215; North-West Africa, 65; West Australia, 46; Van Diemen's Land, 60; Valparaiso 34: total 2722, dispatched in 64 glazed cases, besides four cases of Pará grass. N. B.—From nearly all the above-mentioned colonies or countries, very rich and valuable returns have been sent either to the Garden or the Museum, or both."

The agency of Kew in interchanging the plants of tropical climates is not the less important because the process is little perceived at home; but that much good still remains to be performed by this agency may be understood from the fact that till 1784 the mango had not been introduced to Jamaica, and the acquisition then happened more by accident than by design. The fruit is now largely cultivated there in upwards of forty varieties, which are known not by names, but by numbers, as in Haller's nomenclature, or rather lists, the finest fruit being No. 11. And even after various introductions have taken place, a central half-way house for tropical plants still continues necessary. The Jamaica ginger-plant, originally a native of the East, is found so superior to others, that Oriental cultivators are anxious to be re-stocked from the improved offspring of their own grounds. The value of colonial botanic gardens here becomes ap-

parent; but they are the provincials, and Kew the head-quarters. Dr. Lindley had wisely directed attention to the importance of this point:—

“There are (said he) many gardens in the British colonies and dependencies, as Calcutta, Bombay, Saharanpore (in the Mauritius), at Sydney and Trinidad, costing many thousands a year. Their utility is much diminished by the want of some system under which they can all be regulated and controlled. There is no unity of purpose among them; their objects are unsettled, their powers wasted, from not receiving a proper direction; they afford no aid to each other, and it is to be feared but little to the countries where they are established; and yet they are capable of conferring very important benefits upon commerce and of conducing essentially to colonial prosperity.

“A national botanic garden would be the centre around which all these lesser establishments should be arranged; they should all be placed under the control of the chief of that garden, acting with him and through him with each other, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture, would derive considerable advantage from the establishment of such a system.”

We will revert to what has been done under the present directorship. Within the four years, 1847–1850, there were sent—

1. To botanical gardens on the Continent,	1,128 living plants.
2. To botanical gardens in Great Britain,	1,155 “
3. To nurserymen and private gardens,	17,616 “
Total of living plants,	
	99,623
4. Seeds collected in the garden and distributed abroad and at home,	4,519 papers.

The number of packets of seeds received at the Gardens it would be difficult to state. From Dr. Hooker alone, chiefly from Himalaya and North-Eastern Bengal, we have had 1532 packets within the last two years.

“A part of the Royal Gardens, comprising about 200 acres, consisting of wood and extensive lawns and walks, usually known as Pleasure-Ground, and till lately occupied as game-cover by the King of Hanover, has been planted systematically and ornamentally with a great variety of such trees and shrubs as will bear the open air. *Already in the short space of two years, it is, perhaps, the most complete collection contained in any single arboretum.* The fullest catalogue of hardy trees and shrubs was published by Loudon in 1842. It included of presumed

Species,	2170
Varieties,	1072

The Kew Arboretum already contains of presumed

Species,	2325
Varieties, or hybrids,	1156*

It is now ten years since these Gardens were first opened to the public; and the following is not the least interesting passage of this report:—

“In 1841 the visitors were	9,174
1842 “	11,400
1843 “	13,492
1844 “	15,114
1845 “	28,139
1846 “	46,573
1847 “	64,282
1848 “	91,708
1849 “	137,865
1850 “	179,627

“The mass of this great accession of visitors comes, no doubt, for pleasure, or health and relaxation; but many come for the avowed purpose of horticultural or botanical study; many for drawing botanical subjects, for sketching trees to be introduced into landscapes, and copying novel or striking vegetable productions; others for modelling flowers and making designs for manufactured goods. The several schools of *drawing* and of *design* in London derive great advantage from this collection, and on making application they are supplied with such specimens as can be spared at their own rooms. Various objects in the New Palm House, the Orchidaceous House, the Fernery, and, above all, that noble aquatic plant, the *Victoria regia*, have been eminently attractive to artists; and the number of engravings, and drawings, and models of them has been very great.* Every facility is given by the director and curator, and it has been suggested that one or two rooms might be advantageously appropriated to those who come for the express purpose of copying plants. Numerous schools, especially charity-schools, are in the habit of frequenting these gardens, and they can hardly fail to gain some instruction from their visits.”

By the close of September, 1851, the number of visitors had reached the sum total of 308,000! On the whole, then—looking at the data before us, and making every allowance for the influx of strangers in consequence of the Hyde Park Exhibition—we cannot take the *present* certain aggregate at less than 200,000 annually;—nor have we the least doubt that a large increase is to be calculated upon. The annual grant to Kew is 7000*l.*, out of which are paid many humble but necessary expenses, such as taking down trees, &c. &c. Now 200,000 visitors, at *ninepence* a head, would produce 7500*l.* per annum. Therefore—throwing aside all that may truly be called ignorant clamor and delusive hope about the chance of making such

* Let us call attention particularly to the splendidly illustrated work on the *Victoria Regia*, dedicated to the Duchess of Northumberland, by Sir W. Hooker himself.

institutions self-supporting*—if the nation presents every individual who visits the Gardens with a ticket costing somewhat less than ninepence, it gets into the bargain gratuitously all the honorable advantage and horticultural precedence which the afore-quoted passages demonstrate to be its right.

A curiosity arises to know *how* these students in the garden comport themselves. The regulations are given in Sir W. Hooker's "Guide :"—

"1. Smoking, or eating and drinking, or the carrying of provisions of any kind into the Gardens, is strictly forbidden.

"2. No packages or parcels can be admitted. Ladies, who may feel incommoded by their cloaks, umbrellas, &c., can deposit them in the cloak-room, near the head of the first walk."

John Bull and his family, absent from home, require a constant supply of little "snacks," however hearty and recent the last meal may have been. We once saw an old lady in a stage-coach pull out her pocket-pistol, and her cake-basket, exclaiming, with a triumphant flourish, "I've travelled *twenty miles* without tasting!" And so at Kew, the hungry tourists, just landed from the Boat or discharged from the Bus, buy as many pottles of strawberries or gooseberries as they can carry in addition to their other provender, which is confidently brought for the purpose of being devoured under the first spreading tree in the Royal Gardens which has smooth turf and a seat beneath it. But—the janitors are as iron as the gates, and as stony as the gate-posts, and the fruit-venders never drop a hint of the fact. Just outside the paradise grows a very unpleasant tree, and "beneath fit umbrage" sits a faithful guardian, who, for the small fee of two-pence, "takes charge" of any parcel that may inconvenience its owner till his final exit. A curious little pile of votive offerings to the Dryads is sometimes to be seen at the foot of this envious horse-chesnut, from the neat basket which *might* convey flowers and cuttings out, as well as comestibles in, to the paper bag of oranges, the pottles of fruit, and large uncouth packages of what the

natural philosopher, on strict analysis, must pronounce to be hunches of bread and cheese. It might be said, in apology for this tyranny, that the gardeners have plenty to do, without the daily sweeping up of orange-peel, plum-stones, nut-shells, pieces of paper, gooseberry-husks, and ginger-beer corks; and that if people are famished and fainting, there are plenty of taverns and tea-gardens within a bow-shot of the gates. But the plea will not avail. The ruling powers are exceedingly unfeeling thus to stop the supplies. As housemaids would say, "Missis is *very particular*."

"3. No person attired otherwise than respectably can be admitted, nor children too young to take care of themselves, unless a parent or suitable guardian be with them; the police have strict orders to remove such, as also persons guilty of any kind of impropriety.

"4. It is by no means forbidden to walk upon the lawns; still it is requested that preference be given to the gravel-paths, and especially that the lawn edges parallel to the walks be not made a kind of footway, for nothing renders them more unsightly.

"5. It is requested that visitors will abstain from touching the plants and flowers: a contrary practice can only lead to the suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that their object is to abstract a flower or a cutting, which, when detected, must be followed by disgraceful expulsion."

We have been anxious to learn for what set of people these restrictions are absolutely required; and it turns out to be for *those who ought to know better*. The "lower classes" are not the people who pick and pilfer here. We have seen a group of dirty children, who would not have been admitted at all had Rule 3 been strictly enforced, dancing round the vases of flowers near the Palm-stove in an ecstasy of delight, and all but worshipping them, but never daring to touch them. If, near the same date, a member of a liberal profession pockets part of a fern, denies it, is searched, and has to yield the chattel;—if women, in elegant attire, can pluck flowers which *they know* they ought to respect sacredly; a low opinion must be formed of the moral sense of such amateurs. It is clear that total abstinence is the only rule compatible with the very existence of the gardens. A luxuriant plant, as the Coral Tree, *Erythrina laurifolia*, may have on it two or three hundred tempting blossoms at once. "If I take only one, it cannot be missed." But you are one of a party of four or five thousand; and if others are as anxious for a specimen of the

* "It is to be lamented that the gardens of the great towns, such as Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, &c. &c., reared by voluntary subscriptions, are many of them nearly in a state of bankruptcy for want of the continued encouragement of the inhabitants: Belfast, however, standing out in striking contrast, from the spirited character of its population, and the peculiar tact and talent of the present curator."—*Report*.

leaf as you are of the flower, where will the plant be when the gardens close in the evening?

Before taking leave of this Report, another point must be mentioned—one in which the whole civilized world are the gainers by such an establishment as Kew.

"Gardeners consider it a great privilege to pass two years in completing their education here, where they have, moreover, been recently provided with a small library and reading rooms. Those

who have been most assiduous in improving themselves receive a superior testimonial. The number of applications for admission from foreign gardeners is so great, chiefly at the recommendation of the representatives of their sovereigns, that we have not vacancies enough for them. Applications are likewise frequent for good gardeners, both for public and private situations. The Government gardens of Ceylon, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ottacamund, (Neelgherries,) the Cape, Hobart Town, and others, have been recently supplied by us."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago—when children's books were rare presents, and so were prized, and read, and read again, until the very position of the paragraphs was known by heart—I had a little volume given to me at the Soho bazaar, called *The Peasants of Chamouni*, which told, in a very truthful manner, the sad story of Dr. Hamel's fatal attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc in 1820. I dare say that it has long been out of print; but I have still my own old copy by me, and I find it was published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, in 1823.

My notions of the Alps at that time were very limited. We had a rise near our village called St. Anne's Hill, from which it was fabled that the dome of St. Paul's had once been seen with a telescope, at a distance of some sixteen or seventeen miles, as the crow flew; and its summit was the only high ground I had ever stood upon. Knowing no more than this, the little book, which I have said had a great air of truth about it, made a deep impression on me; I do not think that *The Pilgrim's Progress* stood in higher favor. And this impression lasted from year to year. Always devouring the details of any work that touched upon the subject, I at length got a very fair idea, topographical and general, of the Alps. A kind friend gave me an old four-volume edition of de

Saussure; and my earliest efforts in French were endeavors to translate this work. I read the adventures of Captain Sherwill and Dr. Clarke in the magazines of our local institution; and finally I got up a small moving panorama of the horrors pertaining to Mont Blanc from Mr. Auldjo's narrative—the best of all that I have read; and this I so painted up and exaggerated in my enthusiasm, that my little sister—who was my only audience, but a most admirable one, for she cared not how often I exhibited—would become quite pale with fright.

Time went on, and in 1838 I was entered as a pupil to the Hôtel Dieu, at Paris. My first love of the Alps had not faded; and when the *vacancies* came in September, with twelve pounds in my pocket, and an old soldier's knapsack on my back, (bought in a dirty street of the Quartier Latin for two or three francs,) I started from Paris for Chamouni, with another equally humbly-appointed fellow student, now assistant-surgeon in the —th Hussars.

It was very late one evening when I arrived at the little village of Sallanches, in Savoy—then a cluster of the humblest *chalets*, and not as now, since the conflagration, a promising town—very footsore and dusty. At the door of the inn I met old Victor Tairraz, who then kept the Hôtel de Londres at

Chamouni, and was the father of the three brothers who now conduct it—one as *maitre*, the second as cook, and the third as head waiter. He hoped when I arrived at Chamouni that I would come to his house; and he gave me a printed card of his prices, with a view of the establishment at the top of it, in which every possible peak of the Mont Blanc chain that could be selected from all points of the compass was collected into one aspect, supposed to be the view from all the bed-room windows of the establishment, in front, at the back, and on either side. I was annoyed at this card; for I could not reconcile, at that golden time, my early dreams of the valley of Chamouni, with the ordinary business of a Star-and-Garter-like hotel.

I well remember what a night of expectation I passed, reflecting that on the early morrow I should see Mont Blanc with my own practical eyes. When I got out of my bed the next morning—I cannot say “awoke,” for I do not think I slept more than I should have done in the third class of a long night train—I went to the window, and the first view I had of the Mont Blanc range burst on me suddenly, through the mist—that wondrous breath-checking *coup d’œil*, which we all must rave about when we have seen it for the first time—which we so sneer at others for doing when it has become familiar to us. Every step I took that day on the road was as on a journey to fairy-land. Places which I afterwards looked upon as mere common halts for travellers—Servoz, with its little inn, and *Cabinet d’Histoire Naturelle*, where I bought my baton; the *montets* above Pont Pelissier; the huts at Des Ouches, where I got some milk—were all enchanted localities. And when, passing the last steep, as the valley of Chamouni opens far away to the left, the glittering rocky advanced post of the Glacier des Bossons came sparkling from the curve, I scarcely dared to look at it. Conscious that it was before me, some strange impulse turned my eyes towards any other objects—unimportant rocks and trees or cattle on the high pasturages—as though I feared to look at it. I never could understand this coquetting with excitement until years afterwards, when a young author told me a variety of the same feeling had seized him as he first saw a notice of his first book in a newspaper. He read the paragraphs above and below and about it; but only glanced at the important one, as though striving constantly to renew the vivid pleasure he had felt upon first seeing it. The whole of that week at Chamouni

passed like a dream. I started off every morning at daybreak with my *alpenstock*, and found my own way to the different “lions” of the valley—to Montanvert, the Flegère, the Pelerins, and the other points of resort; for the guide’s six francs a day would have made a great void in my student’s purse. With the first light I used to watch the summit of Mont Blanc from my room; and at sunset I always went into the fields behind the church, to see the rosy light creep up it, higher and higher, until it stood once more—cold, clear, mocking the darkening peaks below it—against the sky. From long study of plans, and models, and narratives, I could trace every step of the route: and I do believe, if any stalwart companion had proposed it, with the recollection of what Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard had done alone, I should have been mad enough to have started on their traces. I was in hopes, from the settled weather, that some one would attempt the ascent whilst I was at Chamouni; when I should immediately have offered myself as a volunteer or porter to accompany him. But no one came forward until the day after my departure; and then a lady, Mademoiselle Henriette d’Angeville, succeeded in reaching the top, together with the landlord of the Hôtel Royal, and a Polish gentleman, who was stopping in the house.

When I came home to England I had many other things to think about. With the very hard work which the medical practice attached to a large country union required, I had little time for other employment. One dull evening, however, I routed out my old panorama, and as our little village was entirely occupied at the time with the formation of a literary and scientific institution, I thought I could make a grand lecture about the Alps. Availing myself of every half-hour I could spare, I copied all my pictures on a comparatively large scale—about three feet high—with such daring lights, and shadows, and streaks of sunset, that I have since trembled at my temerity as I looked at them; and then contriving some simple mechanism with a carpenter, to make them roll on, I selected the most interesting parts of Mr. Auldjo’s narrative, and with a few interpolations of my own produced a lecture which, in the village, was considered quite a “hit,” for the people had seen incandescent charcoal burnt in bottles of oxygen, and heard the physiology of the eye explained by diagrams, until any novelty was sure to succeed. For two or three years, with my Alps in a box, I went round to

various literary institutions. The inhabitants of Richmond, Brentford, Guildford, Staines, Hammersmith, Southwark, and other places, were respectively enlightened upon the theory of glaciers, and the dangers of the Grand Plateau. I recall these first efforts of a showman—for such they really were—with great pleasure. I recollect how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back seat, and how we were received, usually with the mistrust attached to wandering professors generally, by the man who swept out the Town Hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever the institution might be located. As a rule, the Athenæums did not remind one of the Acropolis: they were situated up dirty lanes, and sometimes attached to public-houses, and were used in the intervals of oxygen and the physiology of the eye, for tea festivals and infant schools. I remember well the “committee-room,” and a sort of condemned cell in which the final ten minutes before appearing on the platform were spent, with its melancholy decanter of water and tumbler before the lecture, and plate of mixed biscuits and bottle of Marsala afterwards. I recollect, too, how the heat of my lamps would unsolder those above them, producing twilight and oil-avalanches at the wrong time; and how my brother held a piece of wax-candle end behind the moon on the Grands Mulets, (which always got applauded;) and how the diligence, which went across a bridge, would sometimes tumble over. There are *souvenirs* of far greater import that I would throw over before those old Alpine memories.

No matter why, in the following years I changed my lancet into a steel pen, and took up the trade of authorship. My love of the Alps still remained the same; and from association alone, I translated the French drama *La Grace de Dieu*, under the name of *The Pearl of Chamouni*, for one of the London minor theatres. I brought forward all my old views, and made the directors get up the scenery as true to nature as could be expected in an English playhouse, where a belief in the unreal is the great creed; and then I was in the habit of sitting in a dark corner of the boxes, night after night, and wondering what the audience thought of “The valley and village of Chamouni, as seen from the Col de Balme pass, with Mont Blanc in the distance:” so ran the bill. I believe, as far as they were concerned, I might have called it Snowdon or

Ben Nevis with equal force; but I knew it was correct, and was satisfied.

In the ensuing seven or eight years, I always went over to Chamouni whenever I had three weeks to spare in the autumn. Gradually the guides came to look upon me as an *habitué* of the village; and in our rambles I always found them clear-headed, intelligent, and even well-read companions. But whatever subject was started, we always got back to Mont Blanc in our conversation; and when I left Chamouni last year, Jean Tairraz made me half promise that I would come back again the following August, and try the ascent with him. All the winter through the intention haunted me. I knew, from my engagements in periodical literature, that the effort must be a mere scamper—a spasm almost when it was made; but at length a free fortnight presented itself. I found my old knapsack in a store-room, and I beat out the moths and spiders, and filled it as of old; and on the first of August last I left London Bridge in the mail-train of the South-Eastern Railway, with my Lord Mayor and other distinguished members of the corporation who were going to the *fêtes* at Paris, in honor of the Exhibition, and who, not having a knapsack under their seat, lost all their luggage, as is no doubt chronicled in the city archives.

I had not undergone the least training for my work. I came from my desk to the railway, from the railway to the diligence, and from that to the *char-à-banc*; and on the night of my arrival at Chamouni I sent for Tairraz, and we sat upon a bit of timber on the edge of the Arve, consulting upon the practicability of the ascent. He feared the weather was going to change, and that I was scarcely in condition to attempt it; but he would call a meeting of the chief guides at his little curiosity shop next morning, and let me know the result. I made up my mind, at the same time, to walk as much as I could; and, on the second day of my arrival, I went twice to the Mer de Glace, and, indeed, crossed to the other side by myself. In the court-yard of the Hôtel de Londres, on the Friday afternoon, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, who had come from Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva, with the intention also of trying the ascent. It was immediately settled that we should unite our caravans; and that same evening, Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz the elder, Jean Carrier, and Gedeon Balmat, met us to settle our plans. The

weather had unfortunately changed. It rained constantly: the wind came up the valley—always a bad sign—and the clouds were so low that we could not even see the Aiguilles, nor the top of the Brevent. But so determined were we to go, that, at all risks, we should have ventured. Every arrangement of food, covering, &c., was left to M. Edouard Tairraz, the landlord of the excellent Hôtel de Londres; and it was understood that we were all to keep in readiness to start at half an hour's notice. My young friends, who had been in regular training for some time, continued to perform prodigies of pedestrianism. I did as much as I could; but, unfortunately, was taken so poorly on my return from Montanvert on the Monday—I suspect from sudden overwork, and sitting about in the wet—that I was obliged to lie down on my bed for four or five hours on my return to the hotel, and, in very low spirits, I began to despair of success.

All this time the weather never improved: it rained unceasingly. We almost rattled the barometer to pieces in our anxiety to detect a change; and Jean made an excursion with me to the cottage of one of the Balmats—the very same house spoken of in my old book, *The Peasants of Chamouni*—who was reported to have a wonderful and valuable weather-guide, the like of which had never been seen before in the valley, called *Le Menteur* by the neighbors, because it always foretold the reverse of what would happen. This turned out to be one of the little Dutch houses, with the meteorological lady and gentleman occupiers. The lady, in her summer costume, was most provokingly abroad, and the worst fears were entertained. Whilst, however, we were at dinner that day, all the fog rolled away clean out of the valley, as if by magic. The mists rose up the *aiguilles* like the flocks of steam from a valley railway; the sun broke out, and M. Tairraz cried out from the top of the table—“*Voilà le beau temps qui vient; vous ferez une belle ascension, Messieurs: et demain.*”

We thought no more of dinner that day; all was now hurry and preparation. At every stove in the kitchen, fowls, and legs and shoulders of mutton were turning. The guides were beating up the porters, who were to carry up the heavier baggage as far as the edge of the glacier; the peasants were soliciting us to be allowed to join the

party as volunteers; and the inhabitants of the village, generally, had collected in the small open space between the church and the Hôtel de l'Union, and were talking over the chances of the excursion—for the mere report of an attempt puts them all in a bustle. We walked about Chamouni that night with heads erect, and an imposing step. People pointed at us, and came from the hotels to see what we were like. For that evening, at least, we were evidently great persons.

The sun went down magnificently, and everything promised a glorious day on the morrow. I collected all my requisites. Our host lent me a pair of high gaiters, and Madame Tairraz gave me a fine pair of scarlet garters to tie them up with. I also bought a green veil, and Jean brought me a pair of blue spectacles. In my knapsack I put other shoes, socks, and trousers, and an extra shirt; and I got a new spike driven into my baton, for the glacier. I was still far from well, but the excitement pulled me through all discomfort. I did not sleep at all that night, from anxiety as to the success of the undertaking: I knew all the danger; and when I made a little parcel of my money, and the few things I had in my “kit,” and told the friend who had come with me from London to take them home if I did not return, I am afraid my attempt to be careless about the matter was a failure. I had set a small infernal machine, that made a hideous noise at appointed hours, to go off at six; but I believe I heard every click it gave all through the night; and I forestalled its office in the morning by getting out of bed myself at sunrise and stopping it. We met at seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 12th, to breakfast. All our guides and porters had a feast in the garden, and were in high spirits—for the glass had gone up half an inch, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. Nothing could exceed the bustle of the inn-yard; everybody had collected to see the start: the men were dividing and portioning the fowls, and bottles of wine, and rugs, and wrappers; something was constantly being forgotten, and nobody could find whatever was of most importance to them; and the good-tempered cook—another Tairraz—kept coming forth from the kitchen with so many additional viands that I began to wonder when our stores would be completed. The list of articles of food which we took up with us was as follows:—

NOTE No. I.

[PROVISIONS FOR THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Hotel de Londres, Chamouni,
August 12, 1851.

	Francs.
60 bottles of Vin Ordinaire, . . .	60
6 do. Bordeaux, . . .	36
10 do. St. George, . . .	30
15 do. St. Jean, . . .	30
3 do. Cognac, . . .	15
1 do. Syrup of Raspberries, . . .	3
6 do. Lemonade, . . .	6
2 do. Champagne, . . .	14
20 Loaves, . . .	30
10 small cheeses, . . .	8
6 Packets of Chocolate, . . .	9
6 do. Sugar, . . .	6
4 do. Prunes, . . .	6
4 do. Raisins, . . .	6
2 do. Salt, . . .	1
4 Wax candles, . . .	4
6 Lemons, . . .	1
4 Legs of mutton, . . .	24
4 Shoulders do., . . .	12
6 Pieces of veal, . . .	30
1 Piece of beef, . . .	5
11 Large fowls, . . .	30
35 Small do., . . .	87
Total, . . .	456

About half-past seven we started; and as we left the inn, and traversed the narrow ill-paved streets of Chamouni towards the bridge, I believe we formed the largest caravan that had ever gone off together. Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all;* and the porters and volunteers I may reckon at another score; besides which, there was a rabble rout of friends, and relations, and sweethearts, and boys, some of whom came a considerable distance with us. I had a mule waiting for me at the bridle-road that runs through the fields towards the dirty little village of Les Pelerins—for I wished to keep myself as fresh as I could for the real work. I do not think I gained anything by this, for the brute was exceedingly troublesome to manage up the rude steep path and amongst the trees. I expect my active young companions had the best of it on their own good legs. Dressed, at present, in light boating attire, they were

* The following were the names of our guides, copied from my certificate of the ascent:—Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz, Jean Carrier, Gedeon Balmat, Michel Couttet, Frederic Tairraz, Pierre Cachat, Michel Couttet, Francois Cachat, Joseph Tairraz, Joseph Tissay, Edouard Carrier, Michel Devouassoud, Auguste Devouassoud, Francois Favret. One guide—I forget his name—was poorly, and could not sign, the next morning.

types of fellows in first-rate fibrous muscular condition; and their sunny good-temper, never once clouded during the journey, made everything bright and cheering.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features, either of difficulty or prospect. The path was very steep and rugged, through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs, between which we saw on our right the glistening ice-towers of the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons. On our left was the ravine, along which the torrent courses to form the Cascadè des Pelerins. The two nice girls who keep the little refreshment *chalet* at the waterfall came across the wood to wish us God speed. Julie Favret, the prettier of the two, was said to be engaged to our guide Jean Carrier—a splendid young fellow—so they lingered behind our caravan some little time; and when Jenn rejoined us, an unmerciful shower of *badinage* awaited him. We kept on in single file, winding backwards and forwards amongst the trees, until we came to the last habitation up the mountain, which is called the Chalet de la Para; and here I was glad to quit my mule, and proceed with the rest on foot. From this point the vegetation gradually became more scanty; and, at last, even the fir-trees no longer grew about us. The hill-side was bare and arid, covered with the *débris* of the spring avalanches—amongst which tufts of alpine rhododendron were blowing—and some goats were trying very hard to pick up a living. Our caravan was now spread about far and wide; but at half-past nine we came to an enormous block of granite called the Pierre Pointue, and here we reunited our forces and rested awhile. During our halt the porters readjusted their packs; and some who had carried or dragged up billets of wood with them, which they found on the way, chopped them into lengths and tied them on to their knapsacks. The weight some of these men marched under was surprising. Hitherto we had been on the ridge of one of the mighty buttresses of Mont Blanc, which hem in the glaciers between them: we had now to cling along its side to gain the ice. This part of the journey requires a strong head: here, and towards the termination of the ascent, dizziness would be fatal. Along the side of the mountain, which is all but perpendicular, the goats have worn a rude track, scarcely a foot broad. On your left your shoulder rubs the rock; and on your right there is a frightful precipice, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below you, is that confusion of ice, granite

blocks, stones, and dirty roaring water, which forms in its *ensemble* the boundary of a glacier. The view is superb, but you dare not look at it. It is only when the loose ground crumbles away beneath your right foot, and you nearly slide away over the precipice—you would do so if the guide did not seize you by the arm with the sudden grip of a vice—that you give up staring about you, and do nothing but carefully watch the foot-steps of the man who is going on before. The path goes up and down—its gradual tendency, however, is to descend; and in about twenty minutes we had arrived at the bottom of the ravine. Here we had another half-hour's troublesome scramble over loose boulders, which threw and twisted our ankles about in every direction, until at last we gained the second station, if it may so be called, of our journey—another huge rock called the *Pierre à l'Echelle*, under shelter of which a ladder is left from one year to the other, and is carried on by the guides, to assist them in passing the crevices on the glacier. The remains of an old one was likewise lying here, and the rungs of it were immediately seized for firewood.

We were now four thousand feet above Chamouni, and the wonders of the glacier world were breaking upon us. The edge of the ice was still half an hour's walk beyond this rock, but it appeared close at hand—literally within a stone's-throw. So vast is everything that surrounds the traveller—there is such an utter absence of any comprehensible standard of comparison—his actual presence is so insignificant—a mere unheeded, all but invisible speck on this mountain world—that every idea of proportionate size or distance is lost. And this impossibility of calculation is still further aided by the bright clear air, seen through which the granite outlines miles away are as sharply defined as those of the rocks you have quitted but half an hour ago.

Far below us, long after the torrents had lost themselves in little gray threads amongst the pine-woods, we saw the valley of Chamouni, with its fields and pastures parcelled out into particolored districts, like the map of an estate sale; and we found the peaks of other mountains beginning to show above and beyond the lofty Brevet. Above us, mighty plains of snow stretched far and away in all directions; and through them the ice-crags and pinnacles of the two glaciers, Bossons and Tacconay, were everywhere visible. On either side of us, at the distance perhaps of a couple of miles from

each other, were the two huge buttresses of Mont Blanc which form the channel of the glacier before alluded to. Along one of these we had come up from the valley: de Saussure chose the other when he made his ascent in 1787. High up the sides of these mountains were wondrous cornices of ice of incalculable weight, threatening to fall every instant. Pieces now and then tumbled down with a noise like distant thunder; but they were not large enough to be dangerous. Had a block of several tons descended at once, its momentum would have carried it along the glacier, sweeping everything before it; and of this occurrence the guides are constantly in dread.

We rested here nearly half an hour; and it was not until we unpacked some of our cold fowls from the *Galignan* in which they were rolled that we found our knives and forks had been left behind. Tairraz thought Balmat had them—and Balmat had told Carrier to look after them—and Carrier had seen them on the bench outside the hotel just as we started, and expected young Devouassoud had put them in his knapsack—and so it went on. But nobody in the end had brought them. Most of us, however, had pocket-knives; and what we could not carve we pulled to pieces with our fingers, and made a famous meal. The morning was so bright, and the air so pure, and the view so grand, and we were already so fatigued—or fancied we were—that I believe, if the guides had not beaten us up again into marching order, we should have dawdled about this *Pierre à l'Echelle* for half the day. So we took our batons and started off again; and after a troublesome scuffle over the grimy border of the glacier we reached its clean edge, and bade good-bye to firm footing and visible safety for the rest of the excursion.

The first portion of the journey across the Glacier des Bossons is easy enough, provided always that the outer crust of the snow lying upon it is tolerably hard. We marched on in single file, (the guides taking it by turns to lead, as the first man had of course the heaviest work,) amidst cliffs and hillocks, and across sloping fields and uplands, all of dazzling whiteness. I here observed, for the first time, the intense dark-blue color which the sky apparently assumes. This is only by comparison with the unsubdued glare from the snow on all sides—since, on making a kind of *lorgnette* with my two hands, and looking up, as I might have done at a picture, there was nothing unusual in the tint. Our veils and glasses now proved

great comforts, for the sun was scorching, and the blinding light from the glaciers actually distressing. By degrees our road became less practicably easy. We had to make zig-zag paths up very steep pitches, and to go out of our line to circumvent threatening ice-blocks or suspected crevices. The porters, too, began to grumble, and there was a perpetual wrangling going on between them and the guides as to the extent of their auxiliary march; and another bottle of wine had constantly to be added to the promised reward when they returned to Chamouni. All this time we had been steadily ascending; and at last the glacier was so broken, and the crevices so frequently and hugely gaping, that the guides tied us and themselves together with cords, leaving a space of about eight feet between each two men, and prepared for serious work.

The traveller who has only seen the Mer de Glace can form no idea of the terrific beauty of the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. He remembers the lower portions of the latter, which appears to rise from the very corn-fields and orchards of Chamouni, with its towers and ruins of the purest ice, like a long fragment of quartz inconceivably magnified; and a few steps from the edge of Montanvert will show him the icy chasms of the Mer. But they have little in common with the wild and awful tract we were now preparing to traverse. The Glacier des Bossons, splitting away from that of Tacconay, is rent and torn and tossed about by convulsions scarcely to be comprehended; and the alternate action of the nightly frost and the afternoon sun on this scene of splendid desolation and horror, produces the most extraordinary effects. Huge bergs rise up of a lovely pale sea-green color, perforated by arches decorated every day with fresh icicles many feet in length; and through these arches one sees other fantastic masses, some thrown like bridges across yawning gulfs, and others planted like old castles on jutting rocks commanding valleys and gorges, all of ice. There is here no plain surface to walk upon; your only standing-room is the top of the barrier that divides two crevices; and as this is broad or narrow, terminating in another frightful gulf, or continuous with another treacherous ice-wall, so can you be slow or rapid. The breadth of the crevice varies with each one you arrive at, and these individually vary constantly, so that the most experienced guide can have no fixed plan of route. The fissure you can leap across to-day, becomes by to-morrow a yawning gulf.

Young Devouassoud now took the lead, with a light axe to cut out footsteps and hand-holds with when necessary, and we all followed, very cautiously placing our feet in the prints already made. "*Choisissez vos pas!*" was a phrase we heard every minute. Our progress was necessarily very slow; and sometimes we were brought up altogether for a quarter of an hour, whilst a council was held as to the best way of surmounting a difficulty. Once only the neck of ice along which we had to pass was so narrow that I preferred crossing it saddle-fashion, and so working myself on with my hands. It was at points similar to this that I was most astonished at the daring and sure-footedness of the guides. They took the most extraordinary jumps, alighting upon banks of ice that shelved at once clean down to the edges of frightful crevices, to which their feet appeared to cling like those of flies. And yet we were all shod alike—in good stout "shooting shoes," with a double row of hob-nails; but, where I was sliding and tumbling about, they stood like rocks. In all this there was, however, little physical exertion for us—it was simply a matter of nerve and steady head. Where the crevice was small, we contrived to jump over it with tolerable coolness; and where it was over three or four feet in breadth, we made a bridge of the ladder, and walked over on the rounds. There is no great difficulty, to be sure, in doing this, when a ladder lies upon the ground; but with a chasm of unknown depth below it, it is satisfactory to get to the other side as quickly as possible.

At a great many points the snow made bridges, which we crossed easily enough. Only one was permitted to go over at a time; so that, if it gave way, he might remain suspended by the rope attached to the main body. Sometimes we had to make long detours to get to the end of a crevice, too wide to cross any way; at others, we would find ourselves all wedged together, not daring to move, on a neck of ice that at first I could scarcely have thought adequate to have afforded footing to a goat. When we were thus fixed, somebody cut notches in the ice, and climbed up or down as the case required; then the knapsacks were pulled up or lowered; then we followed, and, finally, the rest got up as they could. One scramble we had to make was rather frightful. The reader must imagine a valley of ice, very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff, also of ice, very narrow at the top, and end-

ing suddenly, the surface of which might have been fifteen feet lower than the top of this valley on either side, and on it we could not stand two abreast. A rough notion of a section of this position may be gained from the letter W, depressing the centre angle, and imagining that the cliff on which we were standing. The feet of our ladders were set firm on the neck of the cliff, and then it was allowed to lean over the crevice until its other end touched the wall, so to speak, of the valley. Its top round was, even then, seven or eight feet below where we wanted to get. One of the young guides went first with his axe, and contrived, by some extraordinary succession of gymnastic feats, to get safely to the top, although we all trembled for him—and, indeed, for ourselves; for, tied as we all were, and on such a treacherous standing, had he tumbled he would have pulled the next after him, and so on, one following the other, until we should all have gone hopelessly to perdition. Once safe, he soon helped his fellows, and, one after the other, we were drawn up, holding to the cord for our lives. The only accident that befell me on the journey here happened. Being pulled quickly up, my ungloved hand encountered a sharp bit of granite frozen in the ice, and this cut through the veins on my wrist. The wound bled furiously for a few minutes; but the excitement of the scramble had been so great that I actually did not know I was hurt until I saw the blood on the snow. I tied my handkerchief round the cut, and it troubled me no more; but, from such hurried surgery, it has left a pretty palpable scar.

Our porters would go no farther—promises and bribes were now in vain—and they gave up their luggage, and set off on their way back to Chamouni. We now felt, indeed, a forlorn hope; but fortunately we did not encounter anything worse than we had already surmounted; and about four o'clock in the afternoon we got to the station at which we were to remain until midnight.

The Grands Mulets are two or three conical rocks which rise like island peaks from the snow and ice at the head of the Glacier des Bossons, and, were they loftier, would probably be termed *aiguilles*. They are visible with the naked eye from Chamouni, appearing like little cones on the mountain side. Looking up to them, their left hand face, or outer side, as I shall call it, goes down straight at once, some hundred feet, to the glacier. On the right hand, and in front, you can scramble up to them pretty well, and gain your resting-place, which is about thirty

feet from the summit, either by climbing the rock from the base, which is very steep and fatiguing, or by proceeding farther up along the snow, and then returning a little way, when you find yourself nearly on a level with your shelf—for such it is. A familiar example of what I mean is given in a house built on a steep hill, where the back-door may be on the third story.

The ascent of this rock was the hardest work we had yet experienced; it was like climbing up an immense number of flag-stones, of different heights, set on their edges. Before we got half-way, we heard them firing guns at Chamouni, which showed us that we were being watched from the village; and this gave us fresh energy. At last we reached something like a platform, ten or twelve feet long, and three or four broad, and below this was another tolerably level space, with a low parapet of loose stones built round it, whilst here and there were several nooks and corners which might shelter people on emergency. We acknowledged the salute at Chamouni, by sticking one of our batons into a crevice, and tying a handkerchief to the top of it; and then set to work to clear away the snow from our resting-place. Contrary to all my expectation, the heat we here experienced was most sultry, and even distressing. Those who have noted how long the granite posts and walls of the Italian cities retain the heat after the sun has gone down, will understand that this rock upon which we were was quite warm wherever the rays fell upon it, although in every nook of shade the snow still remained unthawed.

As soon as we had arranged our packs and bundles, we began to change our clothes, which were tolerably well wet through with trudging and tumbling about among the snow; and cutting a number of pegs, we strewed our garments about the crannies of the rocks to dry. I put on two shirts, two pairs of lamb's-wool socks, a thick pair of Scotch plaid trousers, a "Templar" worsted head-piece, and a common blouse; and my companions were attired in a similar manner. There was now great activity in the camp. Some of the guides ranged the wine bottles side by side in the snow; others unpacked the refreshment knapsacks; others, again, made a rude fireplace, and filled a stew-pan with snow to melt. All this time it was so hot, and the sun was so bright, that I began to think the guide who told de Saussure he should take a parasol up with him did not deserve to have been laughed at.

As soon as our wild bivouac assumed a

little appearance of order, two of the guides were sent up the glacier to go a great way ahead, and then return and report upon the state of the snow on the *plateaux*. When they had started, we perched ourselves about, on the comparatively level spaces of the rock, and with knife and fingers began our dinner.

We had scarcely commenced when our party was joined by a young Irishman and a guide, who had taken advantage of the beaten track left behind us, and marched up on our traces with tolerable ease, leaving to us the honor (and the expense) of cutting out the path. My younger friends, with a little ebullition of university feeling, proposed, under such circumstances, that we should give him a reception in keeping with the glacier; but I thought it would be so hyper-punctilious to show temper here, on the Grands Mulets rocks, up and away in the regions of eternal snow, some thousand feet from the level world, that I ventured on a very mild hint to this effect, which was received with all the acquiescence and good temper imaginable. So we asked him to contribute his stores to our table, and, I dare say, should have got on very well together; but the guides began to squabble about what they considered a breach of etiquette, and presently, with his attendant, he moved away to the next rock. Afterwards another "follower" arrived, with two guides, and he subsequently reached the summit.

We kept high festival that afternoon on the Grands Mulets. One stage of our journey—and that one by no means the easiest—had been achieved without the slightest hurt or harm. The consciousness of success thus far, the pure transparent air, the excitement attached to the very position in which we found ourselves, and the strange bewildering novelty of the surrounding scenery, produced a flowing exhilaration of spirits that I had never before experienced. The feeling was shared by all; and we laughed and sang, and made the guides contribute whatever they could to the general amusement, and told them such stories as would translate well in return; until, I believe, that dinner will never be forgotten by them. A fine diversion was afforded by racing the empty bottles down the glacier. We flung them off from the rock as far as we were able, and then watched their course. Whenever they chanced to point neck first down the slope, they started off with inconceivable velocity, leaping the crevices by their own impetus, until they were lost in the distance. The excitement of the

guides during this amusement was very remarkable: a stand of betting men could not have betrayed more at the Derby. Their anxiety when one of the bottles approached a crevice was intense; and if the gulf was cleared, they perfectly screamed with delight, "*Voici un bon coureur!*" or "*Tiens! comme il saut bien!*" burst from them; and "*Le grand s'arrête!*" "*Il est perdu—quel dommage!*" "*Non—il marche encore!*" could not have been uttered with more earnestness had they been watching a herd of chamois.

It got somewhat chilly as the sun left the Mulets, but never so cold as to be uncomfortable. With my back against the rock, and a common railway rug over my feet and legs, I needed nothing else. My knapsack was handy at my elbow to lean upon—the same old companion that had often served for my pillow on the Mediterranean and the Nile: and so I had altogether the finest couch upon which a weary traveller ever rested.

I have, as yet, purposely abstained from describing the glorious view above, around, and beneath us, for the details of our bivouac would have interrupted me as much as the arrangements actually did, until we got completely settled for the night—at least so much of it as we were to pass there. The Grands Mulets rocks are evidently the highest spines, so to speak, of a ridge of the mountain dividing the origin of the two glaciers of Bossons and Tacconay. They are chosen for a halting-place, not less from their convenient station on the route than from their situation out of the way of the avalanches. From the western face of the peak on which we were situated we could not see Chamouni, except by climbing up to the top of the rock—rather a hazardous thing to do—and peeping over it, when the whole extent of the valley could be very well made out; the villages looking like atoms of white grit upon the chequered ground. Below us, and rising against our position, was the mighty field of the glacier—a huge prairie, if I may term it so, of snow and ice, with vast irregular undulations, which gradually merged into an apparently smooth unbroken tract, as their distance increased. Towering in front of us, several thousand feet higher, and two or three miles away, yet still having the strange appearance of proximity that I have before alluded to, was the huge *Dôme du Gouté*—the mighty cupola usually mistaken by the valley travellers for the summit of Mont Blanc. Up the glacier, on my left, was an enormous and ascending valley of ice, which might have been a couple of miles

across; and in its course were two or three steep banks of snow, hundreds of feet in height, giant steps by which the level landing-place of the Grand Plateau was to be reached. On the first and lowest of these, we could make out two dots slowly toiling up the slope. They were the pioneers we had started from the Mulets on arriving, and their progress thus far was considered a proof that the snow was in good order. Still farther up, above the level which marked the Grand Plateau, was the actual summit of Mont Blanc. As I looked at it, I thought that in two hours' good walking, along a route apparently as smooth as a race-course after a moderate fall of snow, it might be easily reached; but immediately my eye returned to the two specks who had already taken up that time in painfully toiling to their present position. The next instant the attempt seemed hopeless, even in a day. As it was now, with the last five hours' unceasing labor and continuous ascent, the lower parts of the glacier that we had traversed appeared close at hand; but when I looked down to my right, across the valley, and saw the Brevent—to get to the summit of which, from Chamouni, requires hours of toil; when I saw this lofty wall of the valley gradually assuming the appearance of a mere ploughed ridge, I was again struck with the bewildering impossibility of bringing down anything in this "world of wonders" to the ordinary rules or experiences of proportion and distance.

The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Gouté, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling, that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid, and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops

of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dôme du Gouté and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking. The fire which the guides had made, and which was now burning and crackling on a ledge of rock a little below us, threw its flickering light, with admirable effect, upon our band. The men had collected round the blaze, and were making some chocolate, as they sang *patois* ballads and choruses: they were all evidently as completely at home as they would have been in their own chalets. We had arranged ourselves as conveniently as we could, so as not to inconvenience one another, and had still nothing more than an ordinary wrapper over us: there had been no attempt to build the tent with batons and canvas, as I had read in some of the Mont Blanc narratives—the starry heaven was our only roofing. F. and P. were already fast asleep. W. was still awake, and I was too excited even to close my eyes in the attempt to get a little repose. We talked for a while, and then he also was silent.

The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four

* "A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her Dreams."
MONTGOMERY.

remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death, stretched out, far and away from us, on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets: there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Gouté, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair, like a Chinese balloon, or more truly the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him to light me as I followed. Michel Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveller having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but

by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower "keeping it up" by himself in most convivial fashion, and singing "God save the Queen" to his guide. Soon afterwards we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may so be called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a comparatively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road now lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zigzag, up the steepes. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult: for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although, for a long time, we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the lightest puff of wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not much more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on your route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, our feet directly got very cold; and the remedy for this was to drive them well into the snow. The guides were anxious that we should constantly keep in motion; and, indeed, they were never still themselves during these halts.

We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge cre-

vice ahead, to which he could not see any termination; and it was far too wide to cross by any means. It appeared that the guides had looked forward, all along, to some difficulty here—and they were now really anxious; for Tairraz said, that if we could not reach the other side our game was up, and we must return. Auguste Devouassoud went ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight; two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner,—more terrible in its semi-obscurity than it is possible to convey any impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed our road, from one end of the plateau to the other, was on a slight descent. Before we started we took some wine: our appetites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a leathern cup of St. George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn, to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight, from the Dôme du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and as inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet locked. Tairraz crept close to me, and said,

through his teeth, almost in a whisper—
"C'est ici, Monsieur, que mon frère Auguste est péri en 1820, avec Balmat et Carrier: les pauvres corps sont encore là bas!—ça me donne de peine, toujours, en traversant la Plateau; et la route est encore périlleuse." "Et les avalanches?" I asked—"tombent elles toujours?" "Oui, Monsieur, toujours—nuit et jour. Le plutôt passé, mieux pour nous!"

In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hemorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr. Talfourd was compelled to give in, in 18—. I told our poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as unfortunately we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.

As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky, and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark boundless space a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until the gray hazy ocean lighted up into hills and valleys and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

It was now fearfully cold; and every now and then a sharp north-east wind nearly cut us into pieces, bringing with it a storm of spiculae of ice, which were really very painful, as they blew against and past our faces and ears: so we took to our veils again, which all night long had been twisted round our hats. I felt very chilled and dispirited. I had now passed two nights without sleep; and I had really eaten nothing since the yesterday's morning but part of an egg, a piece of fowl, and a little bit of bread—for my illness had taken away all my appetite; and on this small diet I had been undergoing the greatest work. But none of us were complaining of nausea, or difficulty of breathing, or blood to the head, or any of the other symptoms which appear to have attacked most persons even on the Grand Plateau; so I plucked up fresh courage, and prepared for our next achievement.

This was no light affair. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the N. E. to the E. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us it terminated in a mighty cliff, entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an

edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous as one as a man might make along a steeply-pitched roof with snow on it. Jean Carrier went first with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level: but when that ice is tilted up more than half-way towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col du Géant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half an hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer de Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word "bewitched" is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a Mayday festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be: but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the

same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Perviz in the *Arabian Nights*. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Côte—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me upon my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below, in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier *moraine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating

in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Côte calls for no ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that, clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in a blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte* as it is called—the "cap" of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was exceedingly indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa.

At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough: I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavor to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Mont Blanc of Keller's map or Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but just as they struck me with an average traveller's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place, it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fluelyn, the tiny omnibuses on the lake-side road to Art, the desolation of Goldau, and the section of the fatal Rossberg, are all subjects of interest and much admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level, and Mont Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered village, seen from the Kulm, becomes a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was

not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into a perfect haze of distance in the valleys. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as they do in the relief models at the mapshops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined; and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvecle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Géant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire *coup d'œil* no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Mont Blanc and the Pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted.

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these, rolled about in the mouth, without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height; but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked by Asiatic cholera; but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fullness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After a while the numbness partially went away; but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing: we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar; and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk on the summit, was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily that it was quite diverting; and a rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drunk was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations,"—the acute and honest de Saussure had done everything that was wanted by the world of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent about "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we had beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier world in their wildest features; we had gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had labored with all the nerve and energy we could command to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which is even now shared but by a comparative handful of travellers: and we had succeeded!

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before

stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half an hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes, and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit: but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and, with the exception of the Mur de la Côte, (which required the same caution as in coming up,) the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zigzags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right round and were stopped by our own heads; all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scudded down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once; but, before I had gone a dozen yards, I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux*; and after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow was beginning to thaw in the sun, and we went up to our knees at every step. We were now not together, little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down according to his fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry; and, although I had not had any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was

so stifling that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-bye to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough; every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always the signal for a *detour*. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.

At length, after much anxiety, we came to the *moraine* of the glacier, and I was not sorry to find myself standing upon a block of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the Pierre à l'Echelle,

where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else, were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased; but I ordered Jean Carrier to go ahead, and tell his pretty sweetheart at the Pavilion des Pelerins that we should make all the party drink her health there—a promise I had given a day or two previously—and he started off like a chamois. Jean Tairraz was sent forward to bespeak some milk for us at the Chalet de la Para, and then we took our time; and, once more upon solid trustworthy ground, began the last descent. Some mules were waiting at the Chalet, but the road was so exceedingly steep and tortuous that I preferred my own legs; and by five o'clock we had come down the pine wood, and found ourselves at the little cabin with Julie, all brightness and blushes, busying about to receive us.

Several ladies and gentlemen had come thus far to meet us; and, what with the friends and families of the guides, we now formed a very large party indeed. It was here humbly suggested that we should mount our mules, to render our entry into Chamouni as imposing as possible; so after the men had drunk with their friends and with one another, and indeed with everybody, we formed into our order of march across the fields between the two villages. First went the two Tairraz, Balmat, and Carrier, with their ice-axes, as the chiefs of the party, and specially attached to us; then we came on our mules; after us walked the body of the guides, with such of their families as had come to meet them, and little boys and girls, so proud to carry their batons and appear to belong to the procession; and, finally, the porters and volunteers with the knapsacks brought up the rear. And so we went merrily through the fields that border the Arve, in the bright afternoon sunlight, receiving little bouquets from the girls on the way, and meeting fresh visitors from Chamouni every minute.

We had heard the guns firing at Chamouni ever since we left the Pelerins; but as we entered the village we were greeted with a tremendous round of Alpine artillery from the roof of the new Hôtel Royal, and the garden and courtyard of the Hôtel de Londres. The whole population was in the streets, and on the bridge; the ladies at the hotels waving their handkerchiefs, and the men cheering; and a harpist and a violin player now joined the *cortège*. When we got into the court of our hotel, M. Edouard Tairraz had dressed a little table with

some beautiful bouquets and wax candles, until it looked uncommonly like an altar, but for the half-dozen of champagne that formed a portion of its ornaments; and here we were invited to drink with him, and be gazed at, and have our hands shaken by everybody. One or two enthusiastic tourists expected me there and then to tell them all about it; but the crowd was now so great, and the guns so noisy, and the heat and dust so oppressive, coupled with the state of excitement in which we all were, that I was not sorry to get away and hide in a comfortable warm bath which our worthy host had prepared already. This, with an entire change of clothes, and a quiet comfortable dinner, put me all right again; and at night, when I was standing in the balcony of my chamber window, looking at the twinkling pine illuminations on the bridge, and watching the last glow of sunset once more disappear from the summit of the grand old mountain king, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole affair had not been a wonderful dream.

I did not sleep very well when I went to bed. I was tumbling down precipices all night long, and so feverish that I drank off the entire contents of a large water jug before morning. My face, in addition, gave me some pain where the sun had caught it, otherwise I was perfectly well—sufficiently so, indeed, to get up tolerably early next day, and accompany a friend on foot to Montanvert. In the evening we gave the guides a supper in the hotel garden. I had the honor of presiding; and what with toasts, and speeches, and songs, excellent fare and a warm-hearted company, the moon was once more on the summit of Mont Blanc before we parted. I know it will be some time before the remembrance of that happy evening passes away from those, between whom and ourselves such an honest friendship had grown up as only fellow-laboring in difficulty and danger can establish.

The undertaking so long anticipated is all over, and I am sitting in a little top bed-room of the Courronne at Geneva, and settling the expenses with Jean Tairraz. The sunset, the glaciers, and the Mur de la Côte have come down to a matter of "little bills." He first gives me the hotel account after the ascent. It is as follows:—

NOTE No. 2.

	Francs.	Cents.
103 Bottles lost,	50	
18 Breakfasts to Guides,	22	50
18 Suppers to do.,	36	
6 Bottles London Porter,	18	
	126	50

So it will be seen our racing with the bottles was not without some of the expense attached to that sport in general. But it was better to throw them away than to fatigue the men with the thankless task of carrying them down again. They were charged at a high rate, as everything else is at Chamouni; because, it must be remembered, in such a wild secluded place the transport becomes very expensive.

I next receive his own account:—

NOTE No. 3.

	Francs.	Cents.
16 Guides,	1600	
18 Porters,	108	
3 Mules,	18	
The Boy,	4	
1 Lantern broken,	1	75
Milk at the Chalet,	1	50
Extra pay to porters,	5	
Expenses due to Julie at the Pavilion des Pelerins,	16	
Nails for shoes,	2	
	1755	25

Adding these together, we make—

	Francs.	Cents.
Provisions for ascent,	456	
Subsequent expenses,	126	50
Tairraz' guides' account,	1755	25
Total,	2337	25

This divided by four—the number of tourists—gives about 584 francs each. Had I gone up alone, of course the expense would have been greater.

Not without vivid recollections of a delightful and wondrous journey, thus safely and happily accomplished, and of the excellent humor and courteous attention of my companions—with a recommendation, to all whose time and constitution will permit, to make the same excursion, is this plain narrative concluded.

From the Quarterly Review.

WHO WAS JUNIUS?*

[The *Quarterly Review* contains a very elaborate article on the authorship of the celebrated Junius Letters, proposing an entirely new candidate for the apocryphal honors of the *nomis umbra*. The discussion is so thorough and proceeds from so distinguished a source—Mr. Wilson Croker being probably the author—that it has elicited considerable interest in literary circles. The *Athenæum*, which has long kept a kind of literary custody of Junius' reputation, attacks the new theory with considerable success. We give the substance of both articles. The author first disposes, very conclusively, of the claims of Col. Barre and of Sir Philip Francis; then assuming that Junius must have been a young man—a man of dissolute manners and companionship—the author proceeds with his theory as follows: ED.]

Just eighty years have elapsed since Junius in the most emphatic of his writings, his Dedication to the English Nation, asserted that he was the sole depository of his own secret, and that it should perish with him. During that period the question of his identity has engaged the attention, and frequently occupied the pens, of our most experienced politicians and subtle critics. Perhaps the confidence with which he defied detection may have had its share in stimulating inquiry. Sir Roger de Coverley gratified his friend the Spectator with a sight of the nose of a fox which had cost him not only fifteen hours' hard riding, but the loss of a brace of geldings and half his dogs. The nose itself, though carefully preserved and distinguished by a mark of honor, appeared, we dare say, to the silent man not one whit worthier than other noses gained with half the fatigue and hazard. In all such cases, whether the exercise be mental or bodily, it is the toil which dignifies the trophy.

This question, however, is of a nature peculiarly calculated to engage the English mind. If ever solved, it must be solved, not by mere effort of intellect, like a mathematical problem, but by the evidence of facts, in much the same manner as questions of guilt or innocence, of right or wrong, are deter-

mined in our courts of law; and as we may justly boast that we have attained a higher position as to all matters depending upon the clearness and certainty of evidence than any other people, it cannot be thought surprising that this point of disputed identity should have been minutely examined by so many able minds.

And the author of these "Letters" must, as it has been well observed, be sought for in narrow limits. He could not have been one of those obscure professors of literature who are to be found by thousands in our own day. He must have moved in the highest rank of political life; he must have been contemptuous of the emoluments of authorship. That these compositions, spreading over a period of about five years from first to last, should have been the only effort of the alert and energetic intellect which produced them, is most unlikely. When Junius is really discovered, we shall probably see him disappearing, like a storm-cloud, from one part of the political horizon to burst with thunder and lightning in another. The great difficulty has always been to find among the public men of his time one who united his restless and vigorous capacity with his peculiar partialities, his violent resentments, his amazing command of information, his general opinions, and, we must add, his total want of principle. Of all those persons yet named—some on mere conjecture—not one displays the elemental qualities of that character which Junius, however unconsciously, has drawn of himself.

That Junius was closely attached to the Grenville connection is so obvious as to have struck every inquirer. The head of that party in the Commons is never mentioned by him, in any one of his numerous disguises, but with honor and eulogy. He is described not only as "an able financier," but as "great and good"—"invulnerable to censure." His judgment is characterized as "shrewd and inflexible;" his credit with the public as "equally extensive and secure." His "weight and authority in Parliament" are

* 1. *The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated*. By John Britton, F.S.A. 8vo. 1848.

2. *Junius, including Letters by the same Writer, under other Signatures. With new Evidence as to the Authorship*. By John Wade. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

said to be acknowledged by his opponents, and above all, he is extolled for his consistency:—

"You have universally adhered to one cause, one language—and when your friends deserted that cause they deserted you. They who dispute the rectitude of your opinions admit that your conduct has been uniform, manly, and consistent. . . . While Parliament preserves its constitutional authority, you will preserve yours. As long as there is a real representation of the people, you will be heard in that great assembly with attention, deference, and respect."—iii. 195.

Inconstant as Junius was in his political attachments and enmities, he never varied in his admiration for Mr. Grenville, and he stood by his principles—even at the hazard of sharing in the unpopularity which the first successes of the American insurgents brought on them.

Of other distinguished members of the Grenville connection Junius rarely speaks. We cannot recollect that he once mentions the name of Lord Temple, though he reproaches Chatham with sacrificing "his brother." Nor is there more than one allusion to Lord Lyttelton—but that one shows a perfect knowledge of his lordship's sentiments, and is artfully designed to shake the cordial friendship which Junius well knew subsisted between that amiable peer and Lord Mansfield:—

"Lord Lyttelton's integrity and judgment are unquestionable, yet he is known to admire that cunning Scotchman, and verily believes him an honest man."—ii. 305.

The Grenville party is constantly assumed by Junius to be the only one worthy the confidence of the country. When Chatham stands apart from it, Junius thinks "a gibbet not too honorable for the carcass of a traitor." When united again to Temple and Lyttelton, the pen of Junius contributes to reward "the great leader of opposition," and "to gather recorded honors round his monument." Camden, when the Chancellor of the Chatham ministry, is denounced as an "apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country." As "Judge Jefferies," he is made to say that he is "all for liberty or all for anarchy;" and he is described as having "the laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision a dagger, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to the

murder of the constitution." But when he resigns office and joins Chatham in opposition, Junius turns to him as "a character fertile in every great and good qualification." Wilkes, when in opposition to the Grenvilles, is mentioned as "a man of no sort of consequence in his own person," and as "a most infamous character in private life;" but as he becomes serviceable to the Grenville party by embarrassing the Government on the Middlesex election, Junius condescends to be his apologist, and graciously tells him that the wound he once gave him is healed, and that "the scar shall be no disgrace." Even the rancor of Junius towards the King may almost certainly be referred to his Majesty's dislike of Grenville and Temple, and his fixed resolution to exclude the former from his councils.

The date when Junius began his labors indicates his prime motive:—

"It was on the 28th of April in the year 1767 that the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall received, amidst other letters from a great number of correspondents, for the use of the Public Advertiser, of which he was the proprietor, the first public address of this celebrated writer."

So writes the Woodfall editor. This was about nine months after Lord Chatham had formed that "chequered and speckled administration" which is remembered to this day as an example of the folly of attempting to unite in one government men of the most opposite principles and dispositions. But to achieve this chimera Chatham sacrificed not only the political connections but the private attachments of his life. It was this conduct which drew on Chatham the not undeserved reproach of Junius, and, so far as we can gather from a fair consideration of his earlier efforts, which prompted Junius to appeal to the public in the columns of Woodfall's newspaper.

Of all the friends of Chatham, George Lord Lyttelton was the one who had most reason to feel aggrieved by his desertion. Their connection had been formed very early in life, and together they had fought the "great Walpolean battles." Their "historic friendship," as Horace Walpole styles it, had indeed been interrupted on the death of Mr. Pelham in 1754; and the offence of Lyttelton in presuming to act for himself was so far resented by Pitt and Temple in the day of their power that he was excluded from their ministry; but when on the accession of George III. a new actor appeared on

the political stage in the person of Lord Bute, and Pitt with Temple resigned, they composed their quarrel with Lyttelton, and "the brothers" were to all appearance as cordially united as ever.

When, then, on the dismissal of the Rockingham ministry, exactly one year later, Pitt was sent for by the King, and re-opened his negotiations with Temple, great must have been the indignation of Lyttelton to find that Pitt intended to overlook him. Pitt and Temple had both interviews with the King, and subsequently held a conference on the arrangements to be adopted. The Earl seems to have expected that he was to come in on equal terms with Mr. Pitt—more especially as he found he was destined for the head of the Treasury, while Pitt took the side office of Privy Seal. He was undeceived when Pitt produced a list of persons with whom he proposed to fill up the cabinet. Temple on this protested that, though for the sake of union he was willing to sacrifice his brother, George Grenville—(who would nevertheless give all the support in his power to the new ministry)—he could never consent to enter the cabinet as its head without having an equal share in the nomination to offices—or, in his own words, that he would not "go in like a child to come out like a fool."

In excuse of Pitt, it has been said that he was not himself at the time. It would be nearer the truth to say that he was himself exaggerated. At that critical period, as at some others, the irritability of disease placed in bolder relief the despotic and contemptuous character of his mind. Though he was certainly superior to any sordid views, we cannot be surprised that the injured parties should have conceived he had sacrificed his friends and his principles to the place, the pension, and the peerage which he obtained by his union with the Duke of Grafton. Lord Lyttelton, in particular, must have felt Pitt's conduct as not only injurious, but insulting. He might have endured exclusion from office, but he could scarcely be expected to forgive the scornful style of the rejection, coupled with the offer of a pension. Certainly no personage of the time had such strong ground for resentment against the new Privy Seal as Lord Lyttelton, nor *primâ facie* could the early letters of Junius be attributed to any one with more probability than to some immediate connection of his Lordship's.

Lord Lyttelton at this time had a son, who, to all his father's motives for resent-

ment, added an active spirit, ambitious desires, an impetuous, ungovernable temper, and very great abilities. At the period when Junius began his correspondence with the Public Advertiser, Thomas Lyttelton was in his 24th year; and though it was not until his father's death, seven years subsequently, that he appeared to the world as a political character, and dazzled and amazed the House of Lords by his brilliant oratory, yet those who knew him intimately discerned very early the superiority of his genius, and gave him credit, even while plunged in profligacy, for qualities which would conduct him to eminence should he ever resolve on doing justice to himself. Unfortunately few materials exist for an authentic sketch, however brief, of his life. For several years previous to his accession to his father's honors, he studiously shrouded his movements in obscurity—frequently concealing his residence from his friends. That his time—notwithstanding his dissolute reputation—must have been largely spent in intellectual exercises, is certain from the profound knowledge and matured political sentiment he displayed on his first appearance in public life. But how he acquired that supreme and undoubting confidence in his powers, which distinguished his very earliest speeches in the Lords, and raised, even more than their splendid and lofty style, the astonishment of his contemporaries, has never, that we recollect, been touched on. His course was as rapid and eccentric as it was ardent and dazzling; and when he suddenly disappeared in the zenith of his energy—leaving behind him strange rumors of supernatural agency—men marvelled as at some strange thing which passed their comprehension, and left his life, his fame, his character, and his death, a riddle for some future age to solve.

Shortly after his decease a collection of letters was published with his name. The authenticity of these compositions was impugned by his executors, but without any reason assigned; and as it was impossible that they could be cognizant of all the letters he had ever written, we may suppose that their assertion was rather designed to prevent unpleasant discussion than founded on any certain knowledge. The publication was generally received as genuine at the time, and rapidly ran through a number of editions—a second volume being soon added to the first. These letters have since been attributed to the pen of William Combe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*. That he gave them to the press—as he was, we believe, at one time known to

Thomas Lyttelton—is likely enough; and it is probable also that he tampered with them in a very unwarrantable manner. Indeed we do not think it would be difficult to distinguish his buffoonish interpolations. But that the letters are substantially genuine we make no manner of doubt. It would lead us too far out of our way to establish at this point our assertion by particular proofs. Suffice it for the present to say that the general style and matter of the letters are far above any powers Combe ever possessed. Genius of the highest order frequently shines forth in them, and yet more they are marked by the struggles of a nature disturbed by its own evil passions—by a conflict between the elements of good and evil, raging in a mind of singular force and capacity, which an imitative or fictitious pen could hardly have portrayed. We pray therefore that we may be allowed to proceed on the supposition that these letters are genuine—as evidence that they are so will arise naturally as we go on.

Thomas Lyttelton, only son of George, the first lord, was born on the 30th of January, 1744. He was educated at Eton—and in the Supplement to Nash's History of Worcestershire we find it stated:—

"Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, had *great parts and great ambition*. Dr. Barnard, the schoolmaster of Eton, told me that when they were both under his care he often compared the abilities of Charles Fox with those of Mr. Lyttelton, and thought the latter *greatly superior*."

If we are to take this passage in its literal sense, the comparison could hardly have been a fair one, as Lyttelton was by five years the senior of Fox. But the remark was probably made by Dr. Barnard after both had attained public eminence; and then, looking back at their scholastic career, he would only recollect which had distinguished himself most highly, and had given him the impression of superior parts. Dr. Barnard was not singular in his opinion. Earl Temple, in an affectionate letter to Thomas Lyttelton on the death of his father, says, "I have in *very early days* acknowledged and done justice to your talents." (*Chat. Cor.* iv. 222.) It was natural that his father should watch his juvenile progress with the fondest hope. "Little Tom is at Eton, and very happy there," he writes under date of May 5, 1758 (*Mem. Lyt.* 611); a year later we find him expressing delight "in the promise afforded by the

opening talents of his son," (614.) In the summer of 1759 he made a tour through Scotland as far as Inverary, accompanied by Thomas, then in his sixteenth year. Writing to his brother William, he says:—

"Much the greatest pleasure I had in my tour was from the company of my son, and from the approbation (I might say admiration) which his figure, behavior, and parts drew from all sorts of people wherever we went. Indeed, his mother has given him her *don de plaire*, and he joins to an excellent understanding the best of hearts, and more discretion and judgment than ever I observed in any young man except you."—*Mem. Lyt.* 623.

To this tour we find occasional references in Mrs. Montagu's letters to Lord Lyttelton. Under date of August, 1759, she writes:—

"Your lordship's commendations of Mr. Lyttelton not only make me happy, but make me vain. He is every day going on to complete all I have wished and *predicted* on his subject."—*Mon. Let.* iv. 231.

By this time, indeed, the youth seems to have been one of her most esteemed correspondents, for in another letter to his father she says:—

"Mr. Lyttelton is a charming painter; his views of Scotland appear as the scenes of Salvator Rosa would do were they copied by Claude, whose sweet and lovely imagination would throw fine colors over the darkest parts, and give grace to the rudest objects. I design at some time to visit Scotland, but I do not expect more pleasure from Nature's pencil than I have had from his pen. I can trust with equal confidence and delight to all you say of him. Pray God preserve you to guide him, and preserve him to make you happy."—*Ib.* iv. 248.

At nineteen we find Thomas Lyttelton dining with the Duke of Newcastle, the Rockinghams, and a distinguished political circle at Claremont; and about the same time a suitable marriage was arranged for him with Miss Warburton, a young lady of good family, of great personal attractions, and of considerable fortune. As, however, it was found impossible to make the necessary settlements until he came of age, it was resolved, in compliance with the wish of his uncle, Sir Richard Lyttelton, that he should travel on the Continent for a twelvemonth—Sir Richard agreeing to bear the whole charges of his tour. In the letters of Thomas Lyttelton it is said: "To give me every means of gratification, the *family purse* was lavishly held forth; I was left almost with-

out control in point of expense." (xi.) This is in substance the account given by Lord Lyttelton in a letter to his brother, (*Mem. Lyt.* 642,) and the agreement is remarkable, as it is very unlikely that any one out of the immediate circle of the family could have known that the expenses of the tour came from the "family purse," instead of being borne by Lord Lyttelton himself. Thomas must have left home in the summer of 1763, being then little more than nineteen, as his father writes under the date of Sept. 27 of that year:—

"He is just setting out from France to go to Italy, and I hope next summer to come to him at Florence, and make with him the tour of the Milanese, part of Germany, and all Switzerland, by the end of October."—*Mem. Lyt.* 642.

Freed from parental control, the traveller plunged into the excesses of Continental life with all the natural ardor of his character. His projected marriage was broken off, probably from some reports of his dissipation reaching the ears of the young lady's friends. His father simply observes:—

"My son is in France, where I believe he will stay till about the beginning of April. His match is off. If you will ask the reason, I can give it you in no better words than those of Rochefoucault, who says that *une femme est un bénéfice qui oblige à la résidence*."—*Ib.* 663.

As this letter was written 1st of January, 1765, Thomas must already have exceeded his leave of absence. In a later letter the old lord laments his dissipation, extravagance, and gaming in Italy, but consoles himself with the reflection that—

"By his letters it appears that there is a great energy and force in his understanding; and as his faults are only those of most of our young travellers, I hope his return into England, and cool reflection on the mischief of his past follies, will enable his reason to get the better of any recent ill habits contracted by him abroad, and that the natural goodness of his heart will give a right turn to the vivacity of his passions."—664.

By the summer of this year (1765) young Lyttelton had returned to England, as we find that he took part in a juvenile masque at Stowe, and wrote some graceful and fanciful lines for the occasion. They were spoken by a little girl in the character of Queen Mab, and pay a very elegant compliment to the political abilities of the host, Earl Temple. In conclusion they exhort his lordship to

"Haste, be great,
Rule and uphold our sinking state."

From this date we catch only occasional glimpses of Mr. Lyttelton. However much he might have hurt his father by his conduct, he appears *always to have regarded him with sincere respect and affection*. His imprudence sometimes involved him in difficulty; he frequently shifted his residence, and occasionally lived in complete seclusion. But when he chose to appear in the world, his talents made him welcome in the most distinguished circles of the day. Mr. Pennington, in his *Memoirs of Mrs. Carter*, (i. 430,) speaks of him as possessing "*great abilities generally very ill applied,*" and as being, "when he pleased, the delight of the first and most select societies"—among others that at Mrs. Vesey's, in which, "with his usual inconsistency," he seemed to find special pleasure. To Mrs. Carter, we are told, he paid a great deal of attention, and she in return "admired his talents and elegant manners, as much as she detested his vices."

His relations, anxious no doubt that he should have some legitimate employment for the talents thus acknowledged, made great exertions to return him for the borough of Bewdley at the election of 1768. To secure his election several "occasional burgeses" were made, contrary to the statute, and a petition was presented against his return. It appears from the journals of the House that he was unseated on the 28th of January, 1769. Lord Barrington and Mr. Rigby were in the House during the trial of his election, but there is nothing to show what part they took on the occasion.

The short time he was allowed to retain his seat was not unimproved by him. On the eighth day after the meeting of Parliament, (May 18, 1768,) he delivered his maiden speech, which was so generally applauded, and had so good an effect, that it immediately restored him to the arms of his father. The question before the house was the outlawry of Mr. Wilkes, and from the meagre outline of Mr. Lyttelton's address, given in the *Cavendish Debates*, we find he argued that the case of Mr. Wilkes was too insignificant in itself to engage so much of the attention of the House, as accounts had been received of redoubled violences in America, and the safety of the country required a strong government. This was exactly the tone of Junius at that time:—

Mr. LYTTELTON, May 16, 1768.

"Unequal as I am, Sir, to the task of suggesting anything to the House that may be deserving of its attention, I cannot help saying, if we are to enter upon any business at all, that there are matters more deserving of our attention than this affair of Mr. Wilkes."—*Cavendish Debates*, p. 27.

JUNIUS, 5th April, 1768.

"I think there is reason enough to apprehend that Mr. Wilkes would never have been permitted to go such lengths, if all were well between the ministry and the Earl of Bute. Mr. Wilkes, being a man of no sort of consequence in his own person, can never be supported but by keeping up the cry."—*Junius*, iii. 33.

Lyttelton's speech, it is evident, was wholly in the Grenville interest, and we have Walpole's testimony to the favorable effect it produced on the House:—

"Young Mr. Lyttelton, only son of Lord Lyttelton, urging with decency that the time was not proper, while the case was depending in the courts below, the previous question was put and carried; yet not a word was uttered in Wilkes's favor. Mr. Lyttelton, who soon after lost his seat, his election being contested, had *parts and knowledge*, and conciliated much favor by that first essay; but his character was uncommonly odious and profligate, and his life a grievous source of mortification to his father."—*Geo. III.* iii. 216.

For a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation. That he was ambitious of distinction in political life; that, like his father, then in opposition to the Grafton Cabinet, he was closely attached to the Grenville connection; and that he was eager to see the ministry expelled from office, we may safely affirm; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that with his ardent temper and active intellect he should have appealed to the public in the only way open to him, and have expressed his indignation at that conduct of Lord Chatham which had prevented his father from filling an honorable and influential post in the ministry, and which had shut himself out from political life. As Lord Chatham secluded himself from the ministry the resentment of Junius softened; when he withdrew from the government it ceased; and when he was cordially reconciled to Lords Temple and Lyttelton, it was converted into admiration. The change is not surprising when we consider the uncompromising terms in which Lord Chatham, in a letter addressed to Lord Lyttelton towards the close of 1770, expressed his hostility to the government:—

"The country is on the brink of a precipice, and my ideas may go beyond the notions of some

in point of prudence, but if I err it is upon cool reflection. The veil must be stripped which covers the supine neglect or wicked treachery of the Court, and government be awakened and stimulated to our defence."—*Mem. Lgt.* 761.

We do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family, while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the Public Advertiser; but just as Junius concluded his "great work," Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house, and Chatham was one of the first to congratulate Lord Lyttelton on the event:—

"Burton Pynsent, Feb. 16, 1772.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The sincere satisfaction I feel, on what I hear of Mr. Lyttelton's return, with all the dispositions you could wish, will not allow me to be silent on so interesting an event. Accept, my dear Lord, my felicitations upon these happy beginnings, together with every wish that this opening of light may ripen unto the perfect day. . . . May you never again know anguish from such a wound to your comfort, but the remaining period of your days derive as much felicity from the return as you suffered pain from the deviation."

It is worth notice that Lord Chatham wrote this letter within one month of the private communication addressed to him by Junius, referring to his attack on Lord Mansfield. In the Chatham Correspondence (iv. 194, 195) the signature of Junius appears on one page, and the next is occupied with the answer of Lord Lyttelton to Chatham's congratulations:—

"I give you a thousand thanks for your very kind felicitations on the return of my son, who appears to be returned not only to me, but to a rational way of thinking, and a dutiful conduct, in which, if he perseveres, it will gild with some joy the evening of my life."

The contiguity of these letters is not, we admit, very material, but it shows that Mr. Lyttelton was in London, and in close communication with his family, at the time that Junius was most actively engaged in closing his anonymous career, and expressing to Chatham his sentiments of respect and esteem.

We see no reason to doubt that Thomas Lyttelton, when he returned to his father, was perfectly sincere in his resolution to renounce those connections and habits which had so deeply stained his character; but he seemed destined to be an example of that proverb of Zoroaster, quoted in his letters, which says that "there are a hundred opportunities of

doing ill every day, but that the opportunity of doing well comes only once a year." While he remained single, there appeared some excuse for his excesses, and some hope that marriage would reform them; for "marriage is a point," says Junius to the Duke of Grafton, "where every rake is stationary at last." This seems to have been Lord Lyttelton's idea, as very soon after the reconciliation an alliance was arranged between Mr. Lyttelton and Mrs. Peach, a lady who stood very high in the peer's good graces. She was the daughter of Mr. Broome Witts, a gentleman, according to one account, engaged in trade in the city; and as she married Colonel Peach, Governor of Bombay, on the eve of his departure for India, there can be little doubt that considerations of interest had induced her to enter into that ill-assorted union. On the death of Colonel Peach, in India, she returned to England, and took up her abode at Leasowes, lately the residence of the poet Shenstone, where most likely, from near vicinity to Hagley, she became acquainted with Lord Lyttelton. We know not what credit is to be given to a collection of letters issued under the title of "The Correspondents," and purporting to contain the epistles which passed between his lordship and his fair neighbor. They are full of the high-flown sentiment in fashion at that day; but are otherwise quite harmless. Mrs. Peach was still young, handsome, had a good jointure, and seems to have been very amiable. Lord Lyttelton was probably happy in securing so agreeable a partner for his son; but he could scarcely have chosen worse, as there was nothing in her character to secure the respect of so high a mind as Thomas Lyttelton's. Her station, besides, was very inferior to his own. To impartial observers, the marriage must have looked singularly unpromising; but whether from reckless indifference or from a disposition to oblige his father, the young man made no objection to it, and it was celebrated on the 26th of June, 1772. For some months afterwards Mr. Lyttelton took up his residence with his bride at the town-house of his father in Hill Street.

Junius addressed his last letter to the Public Advertiser on the 12th May, 1772, six weeks previous to Mr. Lyttelton's marriage. In that letter Junius says, "I am just returned from a visit in a certain part of Berkshire, near which I found Lord Barrington had spent his Easter holidays." The family of Mrs. Peach was settled at Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, the county adjoining Berks;

and nothing could be more likely than that Mr. Lyttelton should have paid a visit to her relatives, while the arrangements for their marriage were in progress.

We cannot find exactly how long Mr. Lyttelton continued to reside with his wife, but certainly not more than a few months. When he left her, we conjecture that he went to the Continent, as he was abroad on the death of his father, in August, 1773. It was on the latter event that Earl Temple addressed to the young peer that affectionate letter from which we have already extracted a few words. It shows that however heavy might be the faults of Thomas Lyttelton, he had never been alienated from his father's friends, nor lost their hopeful opinion:—

"You have an hereditary right, not only to my affection but to every real service it could be in my power to show you; *THE GREAT FIGURE you may yet make depends upon yourself.* Harry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales; he knew how, with change of situation, to shake off the Falstaffs of his age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long stifled and depressed his abilities. Forgive an old man, and, *by affection, a kind of parent,* the hint he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he ardently wishes to see what your lordship calls his partiality justified by a conduct which will make him happy in calling himself, my dear Lord, your most affectionate and obedient servant, TEMPLE."

At the commencement of the next session (opened on 13th January, 1774) the young peer took his seat in the Lords, and at once distinguished himself as a powerful and accomplished speaker. The first question in which he took a prominent part was an appeal case on the right of authors by common law to a perpetual property in their works. At that day it was considered that the last appeal from the refinements and subtleties of the law should be to the plain common sense of the peers; and Lyttelton, who, like Junius, entertained the strongest jealousy of what in one of his speeches he termed the "professional subtlety and low cunning of lawyers," signalized his first address in the Lords by an argument, affirming the right of authors, in opposition to Lord Camden and Chancellor Apsley. The question was carried against him; but some months later he warmly supported a bill, affirming the common-law right of authors; and his speech on that occasion is a strong proof of the zeal he felt for the interests of literature, and of the pains he took to strengthen his case. We also find him early in the session strenuously supporting a bill to make perpetual George

Grenville's Act for settling Controverted Elections; that Act which Junius, in a letter to Wilkes, expressed his approval of, and which he considered was, or might be made, "a sufficient guard against any gross or flagrant offences" in the way of bribery. (*Jun.* i. 286.)

The first act of Lord Lyttelton, in the more stirring politics of the period, was an attempt to induce the members of opposition to concur in an absolute submission to Lord Chatham's authority. He considered union to be of such paramount importance to the very safety of the country, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk to obtain it. Under the date of May 17, 1774, he addressed a letter to Earl Temple, which we place by the side of the last letter Junius wrote to Woodfall, that our readers may judge whether they cannot recognize the same tones in Junius, who makes his exit at one wing of the political stage, and in Lyttelton, who enters upon it at another:—

JUNIUS TO WOODFALL.

"Jan. 10, 1773.

"I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured I have good reason for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike vile and contemptible.

"You have never flinched, that I heard of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.

"If you have any thing to communicate (of moment to yourself) you may use the last address, and give me a hint."—*Jun.* i. 255.

THOMAS LYTTELTON TO EARL TEMPLE.

"May 17, 1774.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I snatch this minute to tell your Lordship that the ministry seem desirous that Lord Chatham should again rise, though, as they hope, not in his fury; for if he does, they are annihilated. It will not be possible to delay those bills that are now before the House; but there is another American bill which will serve Lord Chatham's purpose, and that they will put off on his account till Wednesday. It is of no great consequence, indeed; but as a part of the great whole it will be sufficient to warrant his Lordship's appearance. It is a bill for the quartering and regulating the troops in the colonies.

"I have the pleasure to assure your Lordship that all the comments upon that part of my speech which regarded that great statesman convince me that at present all parties feel the necessity of his interference. Some great little people opened themselves very freely upon that head. The politics of France are changed, and consequently the politics of England. The commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator, and you cannot be mistaken in the man. I will wait upon your Lordship to-morrow at half an hour after two, and communicate my thoughts *à vos*. In the mean time give me leave to rejoice with your Lordship at the French king's death, as perhaps it will be the means of awakening, and therefore of saving, this miserable country."—*Chas. Cor.* iv. 344-345.

From this letter of Lord Lyttelton it is unquestionable that one of the first acts of his public life was to endeavor to promote

that union among public men, the want of which was so bitterly lamented by Junius in the last lines he ever wrote to Woodfall. The "vile and contemptible" state of political affairs makes Junius, in January, 1773, feel for the honor of his country. Lord Lyttelton, in May, 1774, rejoices at the French King's death, as it may be "the means of awakening and saving this miserable country." This last expression, and the contemptuous allusion to "great little people," seem much in the style of Junius.

There is one other sentiment in Lyttelton's letter too remarkable and peculiar to be overlooked—we mean the opinion advanced, that the "Commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator;" that is, that the circumstances of the country were in so critical a condition, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk out of regard to the public safety, and that one man should, by general consent, be intrusted with absolute power. Referring to the first letter Junius addressed to the Public Advertiser, we find that the idea of a dictator was familiar to his mind, and that he applauded the wisdom of the Roman practice. (ii. 451.) Sir Philip Francis held a directly opposite opinion; or rather, not having a clear conception of what the idea of a dictator implied in a constitutional monarchy, he opposed it as a novelty unknown to our government. The soundest politicians will, we believe, incline to the opinion of Junius and Lord Lyttelton, and acknowledge the wisdom, in every form of free government, of intrusting one man with absolute power in times of great public peril. Practically, this principle has often been acted on in England; and could Lord Lyttelton have succeeded in his scheme of giving a dictator-like power to Chatham in 1774, the humiliating misfortunes of England for the six years following would almost certainly have been averted.

Finding there was little probability of effecting such a change in the administration as he desired, Lord Lyttelton gave a qualified support to its measures for suppressing American revolt. This question, daily increasing in magnitude, threw all others into the shade; and he perceived that he must either side with the opposition in denying the right of the supreme legislature to tax the colonies, and in applauding their resistance, or approve the general policy of the government in employing coercive measures to reduce the insurgents to submission. Junius himself tells us what his choice would have been in Lord Lyttelton's position:—

"We find ourselves at last reduced to the dreadful alternative of either making war upon our colonies or of suffering them to erect themselves into independent states. *It is not that I hesitate now upon the choice we are to make. Everything must be hazarded.*"—*Jun. iii. 73.*

As a necessary consequence of acting on this opinion, Lyttelton found himself in alliance with Lord North and Lord Mansfield, and in opposition to Lords Chatham and Camden. It is observable that this was the policy adopted by nearly every member of that Grenville connection to which Junius was attached. In Mr. Macaulay's Essay on Chatham there is a passage indicating the line which George Grenville himself would have taken had he lived:—

"Before this subject [the Middlesex election] had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away, and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches. Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect."

Were we then to construct a life of Junius, and to place him in the House of Peers, we should be compelled to seat him, as an adherent of George Grenville, on the ministerial benches with the other remnants of the party.

To Chatham Lyttelton opposed himself with deference but firmness, always speaking of him as deservedly crowned with immortal laurels, as having rescued the country, when nearly reduced to desperation, from impending ruin, and as distinguished for the extent of his knowledge, no less than for the greatness and goodness of his intentions. But to Camden and the other leaders of opposition he showed neither respect nor mercy. He assailed them, as Junius had assailed them previously, in tones of the bitterest invective and fiercest indignation, accusing them of being actuated by the most factious and even the most traitorous motives, and threatening them with the vengeance of the House for the support they gave to the rebellious Americans. The Opposition frequently rose against his taunts and reproaches, but, with the exception of Lord Chatham, they had no speaker they could set against him; and in eloquence, in power, and even in knowledge, he invariably

came off victorious in these animated contests.

In the debate on the Address, February 7, 1775, Lord Camden asserted that the Americans were not in revolt, and argued that their acts were not open to the charge of constructive treason. Lord Lyttelton, in an indignant reply, made some sarcastic allusions to the professional arts of his opponent. The Parliamentary Report states:—

"He was severe on the noble and learned lord who spoke so fully on the dangerous consequences of constructive treason. He asserted that those little evasions and distinctions were the effects of *professional subtlety and low cunning*; it was absurd to the last degree to enter into such flimsy observations on this or that particular phrase or word, and thence draw deductions equally puerile and inconclusive that the colonies were not in rebellion. For his part, he should not abide by such far-fetched interpretations; he would be guided by common sense, and only consult the papers on the table to prove beyond question that America was in rebellion."—*Parl. Deb., Feb. 7, 1775.*

It is added that the Duke of Richmond "animadverted in severe terms on Lord Lyttelton for his attack on Lord Camden," and that the Duke of Manchester "spoke with great energy on the indecent and unprecedented attack made by Lord Lyttelton on all those who happened to differ with him." In a subsequent debate, on the motion of Camden to repeal the Quebec Government Bill, Lyttelton attacked him yet more vehemently:—

"The noble and learned lord has not confined his opposition to the general principles and policy of this Act. He has, *with the designing subtlety of a lawyer*, attacked the law part of this Bill. . . . My Lords, he would do anything to answer his purpose—to increase the storm—to perplex, to distress Administration. Animated by those views, I am not surprised that he hates the nobility of every country; they stand in his way. He would rub them out of his system of government. He has told you that it is the *noblesse* and the priests of Canada only that are benefited by this Bill; that it would be better for the province if both prelates and nobility were whipped out of it. These are his Lordship's sentiments—republican sentiments, my Lords, which might have come from the mouth of a factious burgher of Geneva, but which are foreign from the genius of the British constitution."—*Parl. Deb., May 17, 1775.*

The Duke of Manchester again protested against the violence of Lyttelton's language. "Until that day," he said, "he had never

heard difference of opinion imputed as a crime, or branded with an indecent and ill-founded epithet." But while uniformly asserting the supremacy of the British Legislature over the colonies, and denouncing the Americans for their daring resistance, Lord Lyttelton strongly censured the ministry for the inefficiency of their measures to suppress the revolt, and condemned them for "the miserably disgraceful state of General Gage's army." In the debate on the Address, October 26, 1775, he gave stronger evidence of his distrust of the Government. Grafton, dissatisfied with his colleagues for not adopting more conciliatory measures towards America, had just resigned his office of Privy Seal, and on this, the first day of the session, proposed that all measures relating to America, which had been passed since 1763, should be repealed as a groundwork of reconciliation. Chatham was absent through illness, and Sandwich, in his absence, had the bad taste to ridicule the unpopularity of his person and principles. Lyttelton, with "generous rage," repelled this attack:—

"That great man was the ornament of his country, and the delight and admiration of every man of every party who wished well to it. Though a young man, he remembered when his country was pretty much in such a predicament as at present; he remembered, too, that that steady and able politician rescued it from the brink of destruction; and he was now fully convinced its salvation, nay, indeed its existence, was only to be obtained and preserved by the same means."

In this passage, can we not recognize the same mind which declared its conviction "that if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities?"—*Junius in Chat. Cor.* iii. 305.

From the defence of Chatham, Lyttelton turned fiercely on the ministry, declaring that "they had totally failed in their promises and information, and that they were no longer to be trusted or supported with safety." He said he would no longer be a party to their misconduct, and that he must concur with the noble Duke that all the acts passed since the year 1763 should be repealed.

The Opposition must have been delighted at the prospect of such a powerful ally;—for Lyttelton at this time had not only talents but reputation. Hitherto his political career had been untarnished; he had held but one language, and the very vehemence with which he expressed himself was

an evidence of his sincerity. His tone in the senate had been pure, moral, and high-principled. Even his opponents acknowledged the harmony of his periods, the force of his declamations, and the ingenuity of his arguments. The ministers who had felt the benefit of his advocacy justly dreaded his attack. Tempting overtures were made to him; and early in November, 1775—but a few days after his assault on the Government—he was called to the Privy Council, and appointed Chief Justice in Eyre beyond Trent, an honorable and lucrative but sinecure office. It is impossible to conjecture the motives which led him to join the ministers on these terms. His own explanation, delivered with his usual elegance, was, that while he remained in ignorance of their designs, and supposed them to be without any settled scheme of policy and plan of action, it was no wonder that he opposed them; but that his Majesty's servants having been pleased to repose confidence in him, and to give him the information he required for the direction of his future conduct, he had become convinced of the wisdom which dictated their measures, and of the resources which had been prepared to firmly carry them out. This explanation served as an answer for the nonce to the charge of inconsistency—but it deceived no one. The patriot in general estimation sank into a pensioned placeman, and though, after the change, his eloquence assumed a yet haughtier and more commanding cast, it lost nearly all its effect from the bench whence it was delivered.

We have seen that Junius did not disclaim "views to future honors and advantage," both which the new Privy Councillor and Chief Justice in Eyre might boast that he had attained. Patriotism, unless in the very highest and purest minds—minds which abhor the idea of trading in politics—is a volatile and evanescent passion, which commonly evaporates in the rays of Government sunshine. Not the love of country, but feelings of personal resentment and mortified ambition, first brought Junius before the public; and we certainly ought not to feel more surprise should we find him settling into a "golden sinecurist," than at seeing John Wilkes complacently terminate his bustling career as the complimentary chamberlain of the city of London, or on discovering that Mirabeau died a pensionary of the throne he had so largely contributed to overthrow.

The first debate after Lyttelton's accept-

ance of office turned on the evidence given by Mr. Penn, in support of a petition—"the Olive-branch"—from the American Congress. The Duke of Richmond moved that the petition afforded grounds for conciliation, and made an ironical allusion to the "noble Lord in red," as being now probably in the secrets of the Cabinet. Lyttelton in reply haughtily maintained the perfect consistency of his conduct. "He was always of opinion, and should ever continue so, that it was rebellion in any part of the British empire to resist the supreme legislative authority of this country;" and in supporting that principle, "the ministers had acted with perfect wisdom, and on the soundest principles of the constitution." Then from defence, which he seemed to disdain, he hastened to attack his opponents with his usual fervor:—"He could not attribute the opposition given to the supreme power of the State by several noble lords, to anything but a professed design to surrender the rights of the British Parliament and transfer them to America." He questioned the evidence given by Penn, on the authority of reports transmitted to him by a most respectable and extensive landowner in that country, and, with passionate energy, related some instances of the violence and animosity of the insurgents:—

"What," he asked, "was the purport of this day's motion, but that the acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, its repeated addresses to the throne, his Majesty's own most solemn declarations, were to be superseded in order to make way to the commands, not addresses, of the rebellious Americans? Those audacious rebels who came and endeavored to impose on his Majesty with insidious, traitorous, false expressions of loyalty to him, and of obedience to the British Parliament, while they in the same breath appeal to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, abuse the Parliament, invite their fellow-subjects to make a common cause of it, and thus at once endeavor to involve every part of this great empire in one general scene of rebellion and bloodshed, in order to resist that very Parliament for which they pretend to profess such perfect obedience and submission. Are these the men you would treat with? Is this the cause the pretended friends of this country would endeavor to defend, or would you, by agreeing with this motion, relinquish your dominion over those worst of rebels, and tamely submit to transfer the seat of empire from Great Britain to America?"—*Parl. Deb.*, Nov. 10, 1775.

When Lyttelton sat down, the Duke of Manchester warmly remonstrated against "the indecent and unparliamentary liberties" he had taken with the peers who

differed from him, and maintained that they deserved the marked displeasure of the House. "He would venture to assert that his conduct on the first day of the session would not shortly be forgotten." Sandwich (severely censured by Lyttelton in the previous session, and subsequently arraigned by him for his mal-administration of the Admiralty) on this occasion supported him. He said that he was the peer who had sat longest in that House, and that he could affirm that Lord Lyttelton had been perfectly in order. He added:—

"I think that so far from reprehension, the noble Lord deserves commendation and thanks for so ably defending and asserting the rights of the British Parliament and the supreme legislative authority of the mother country. I think I never before heard such a speech delivered by anybody, and I am proud to testify my perfect approbation, by affirming it was the finest ever delivered within these walls."—*Ibid.*

This praise might be exaggerated, but considering the tribute paid to Lord Lyttelton, both by friends and foes, it is not permitted us to doubt that he was one of the most commanding orators of his day.

As an ally of Administration he kept its opponents in check by his vigorous defence of its measures; but at the same time he seems to have lamented that it had not greater decision in its counsels, and did not pursue a more energetic course of action. He warned the House of the hostile preparations of France, before that country ventured to announce its alliance with America—for no movement either at home or abroad escaped his vigilance. Up to the death of Chatham, he constantly looked towards him as the only man capable of preserving the empire from its dangers, and of bringing the war to a glorious conclusion. No one more deplored the loss of that great man. When the bill for securing an annuity to his heirs came before the House, Lord Lyttelton was one of its warmest and most eloquent advocates. In answer to the objections urged to it by some lords on the ministerial bench, (every one must regret that Lord Mansfield was amongst the number,) he exclaimed in a burst of indignation:—

"Good God! was this country so desperately reduced, so totally lost to its ancient spirit, that it was no longer capable of rewarding the services of its best subjects? Were the minds of lords so depraved, that they were ready to confess they trembled at granting an annuity of 4000*l.* to a

family, the father of which had restored the empire from the most abject and wretched condition to the most exalted honor and glory? Let noble Lords turn to the history of Greece—let them recollect the conduct of the Athenians respecting Aristides. Was the British empire less grateful than Athens? or was she less capable of doing justice to merit than that petty state?"—*Parl. Deb.*, May 13, 1778.

In the year 1779 the situation of England was critical in the extreme. Disaster had almost uniformly followed our arms in America. Government had abandoned all hope of conquering that country; and the only consideration was, how to escape from the contest with least loss of honor. France, after long cheating our ministers with protestations of friendship, had at last, and in insulting terms, proclaimed her hostility. Sagacious men predicted that Spain would soon follow her example, and in a few months their augury was justified. The navy was unequal to the emergency. Keppel sought shelter at Portsmouth; and later, when the French and Spanish fleets were united, they triumphantly occupied the Channel, appeared in strength before Plymouth, and captured a line of battle ship in view of our shore. In the West Indies the French took St. Vincent and Granada, and in the East possessed themselves of Senegal, thus threatening our dominion and commerce in both hemispheres. Ireland, hoping to find her "opportunity in England's distress," assumed a threatening attitude. Associations of armed volunteers spread themselves over her provinces; and her popular leaders, when they alluded to England, spoke menace and defiance.

Lyttelton's dissatisfaction with the ministry deepened as the political horizon grew darker. When Lord Bristol moved for the dismissal of Sandwich, on the ground of his neglect of the fleet, Lyttelton, in a speech of great length and extraordinary power, supported the charge so far as to suggest that a committee of inquiry should be appointed. He accused Sandwich of having amused the country with false statements of the strength of the navy. "Mutilated accounts from office," he said, "were always dangerous: In the case alluded to, the deception was a two-edged sword; it cut both ways; it wounded both friends and foes; but the point of it was turned against the breasts of the people." The whole period of the American war had been "one black era, pregnant with the most dire mischief, the most cruel fortune, the bitterest calamities, the most inexpiable evils that this country ever endured—and so it

would be marked by the latest posterity." Worst of all—

"A general lethargy prevailed; the people came down to the bar of their lordships' house gaping for intelligence, listening with a greedy ear to their debates, each day hearing, with unmoved muscles, a recapitulation of their own wretchedness; and went away with perfect composure, like men who left the theatre, after seeing a tragedy in the incidents of which they had not the smallest concern. If the people of England did not soon rouse themselves, they would be put to death in their sleep."—*April 23, 1779.*

On the first day of the next session, (Nov. 25, 1779,) Lyttelton went openly into opposition. His speech on this occasion was the finest and loftiest of his efforts. He began by denouncing the weakness and indecision of the Cabinet:—

"Their conduct was so chameleon-like that no man could fix upon its colors. Fatal experience had shown the futility of their late policy. America stared them in the face; it showed the folly of ministers in a rash, a ridiculous, an extravagant, a mad war, in which it was evident success was unattainable, and which, instead of being governed by a wise, regular, and well-digested plan, was merely a chain of expedients, a repetition of instances of governing by dividing—of that wretched, that abominable policy, the *divide et impera*."

He next entered at length on the condition of Ireland, describing the rapid increase of the armed volunteers, and their determination to obtain justice from England, or to throw off her yoke. In allusion to what had been said of the necessity of fresh efforts, he drew a picture in the darkest shades of Junius:—

"Necessity had pervaded the whole kingdom; from a rich, a flourishing, a commercial people, we were of a sudden changed to a disgraced, a ruined, a bankrupt nation; a circumstance which he imputed solely to the irresolute, the weak and the pusillanimous conduct of administration. In times like the present, wisdom and vigor ought to be the leading characteristics of government; not the word vigor, but the reality. Temporizing would do no longer. The people in general, as well those of England as of Ireland, expected a decisive administration, not an administration of jobs and jugglers. They would not be satisfied with changing the balls, and putting out this man merely to take in that."

Protesting his sincerity, in the gravest language, he repeated that his sole object was to preserve his country. "It was true he held a place, but, *perhaps, he should not hold it long.*" Observing how this declaration was received by some on the ministerial

benches, he turned towards them with fury, and exclaimed:—

"The noble lords smile at what I say; let them turn their eyes on their own pusillanimity, their own weak, ill-judged, and wretched measures, and then let them declare in their consciences which is most fitly the object of contempt, my thus openly and unreservedly speaking my real sentiments in Parliament, without regard to any personal considerations whatever, excepting only my situation as an Englishman; my duty as a lord of Parliament; my duty to my King, and my duty to my country—which are, indeed, with me, and which ought to be with your lordships, above all considerations; or their consenting, in a moment of difficulty and danger like the present, to pocket the wages of prostitution, and either to sit in sullen silence, or, what in my idea is still more criminal, to rise and palliate the disgraceful and calamitous state of the British Empire; endeavoring, with art and collusion, to avert the eyes of the nation from the threatening cloud now hanging over our heads, and so near to bursting that it behooves us to prepare how to meet the coming storm."

The report extends to great length in the Parliamentary Debates, and yet it is evident that only an abridgment had been attempted, as towards the conclusion we read, that "his lordship adverted to every topic that had the least reference to the present situation of affairs." This effort seems to have made a profound impression on the house. Lord Shelburne complimented the speaker on his distinguished abilities, and declared that his exposition of the state of Ireland had done him great honor. The Annual Register, some time afterwards, recalled "*the exceeding severity of censure and bitterness of language which marked Lord Lyttelton's exposure and condemnation of the conduct of the ministers.*" The compositions of Junius certainly present no finer examples of ardent invective than are to be found in this philippic.

It is remarkable besides as the last speech Lord Lyttelton ever delivered; and those words, that "perhaps he might not keep his place long," which provoked a jeer from the ministerial benches, assume a lowering and sinister significance when read by the light of subsequent events. It is certain that, on the morning of that very day, Lord Lyttelton had related, not to one person only, but to several, and all of them people of credit, the particulars of a strange vision which he said had appeared to him the preceding night. The various accounts transmitted to us of this ominous visitation all concur in stating that, in the night of Wednesday, November 24, 1779, Lord Lyttelton was distinctly warned that his death would take

place within three days from that date. He mentioned the prediction—somewhat ostentatiously as we think—to his friends, but did not suffer it in the slightest degree to influence his conduct. His speech of the 25th shows that his commanding intellect was unclouded—never had it shone in fuller splendor. On the 26th he repaired to Pitt Place, his villa at Epsom, and there he remained the day after with a party of friends, consisting of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fortescue, Admiral Wolseley, Mrs. Flood, (wife of the celebrated Irish orator,) and the Misses Amplett. Throughout Saturday evening he appeared in high spirits, but he took especial care to keep the ghostly warning in the mind of his guests, and to prepare them for the possibility of its fulfilment. At ten o'clock, taking out his watch, he named the hour, and added, "Should I live two hours longer, I shall jockey the ghost." With this impression on his mind, it would have seemed more natural for him to have waited the event with his gay company. He retired, however, to his bed-chamber shortly before midnight, attended by his valet, who, according to the most credible report, handed him a preparation of rhubarb he was in the habit of taking. He sent the man away to bring him a spoon: on his return, Lord Lyttelton was on the point of dissolution. His death was almost instantaneous; and it is not surprising that, in popular opinion, it became connected with the warning he had himself taken so much pains to publish. We do not find that there was any examination of the body: according to one of the papers, it was conjectured that the cause of death was disease of the heart. But when death results from any such affection, it is, we believe, so instantaneous, peaceful, and even imperceptible, that the patient seems only to fall into a quiet slumber, while in Lyttelton's case a brief "convulsion" is distinctly mentioned. His family maintained a guarded and, perhaps, judicious silence on the subject; the warning and its accomplishment were received as one of the best authenticated ghost-stories on record; and as years rolled on, Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, was chiefly remembered for the profligacy of his life, and for the supernatural summons which had called him to an untimely tomb.*

* After his death the newspapers teemed with anecdotes concerning him, some of them of a very scandalous character; but others, of a different kind, gave a favorable impression of his good nature. When his sister, Lady Valentia, asked him to stand sponsor for her little girl, he complied on condition that he might give the infant its name. He had it

Sir Walter Scott, however, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, states that—

"Of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt, singular, that a man who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire."

We do not know what authority Scott had for this statement, but we confess we think that it discloses the truth. With his great abilities, Thomas Lyttelton had a turn for singularity of conduct, which excited the amazement of his friends. If he had determined on suicide, we can conceive, from what we know of his character, that he might have invented some artifice to conceal his design, and might feel a kind of scornful joy in anticipating the success of the cheat he meditated. "That weariness of life" which springs from a consciousness of talents abused and opportunities lost, and from the mental prostration consequent on vicious indulgence, was much more common in that day than our own. A long list might be made out of men of rank and fortune, gifted with every endowment to render life desirable, who committed suicide merely to shake off the burden of existence, or, more probably, to escape from the reproaches of that inward monitor, whose voice they might neglect but could not stifle. The death of Mr. Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton, who shot himself at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in 1776, called forth some sombre reflections from Thomas Lyttelton's pen:—

christened "Honeysuckle," and then presented the mother with 1000*l.*, to be applied to its use. In some of the biographical notices which appeared, he is described as a kind and generous landlord, as a punctual paymaster, and as greatly beloved by those who knew him most intimately. By his will he left 1000*l.* and 300*l.* per annum to Mrs. Dawson, the lady with whom he had been longest connected, and who had, it is asserted, sacrificed her fortune as well as her honor to her affection for him. To Clara Haywood he bequeathed 2000*l.* and 100*l.* per annum. The bequests to various members of his family were extremely munificent. His executors were Lord Westcote, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Roberts. To the latter, who seems to have been most in his confidence, he left all his "speeches, letters, verses, and writings," with directions that, if published, it should be for his sole use and benefit,—a proof that his Lordship considered his compositions of some importance.

"Poor John Damer has made a strange exit in a strange manner. We were at Eton and in Ital together, and at subsequent periods in habits of friendly connection. Few of those who knew him have been more gloomily affected by the melancholy event than myself. . . . I have sometimes taken up the argument in favor of self-murder, by way of supporting an opinion, exercising a talent, or convincing a fool; but I will honestly confess that the weakest of my antagonists have ever got the better of me on this subject, though I might not publish my conviction. . . . Despair, as it arises from very different and opposite causes, has various and distinct appearances. It has its rage, its gloom, and its indifference; and while under the former its operations acquire the name of madness, under the latter it bears the title of philosophy. Poor John Damer was no philosopher, and yet he seems to have taken his leap in the dark with the marks both of an epicurean and a stoic. He acted his part with coolness, and sought his preparation in the mirth of a brothel."—*Lyt. Let.* xlvii.

We may hence conclude that the idea of suicide had often obtruded itself on Lyttelton's mind, and though it is true he might have fortified himself by reason against it, yet we know how little the conclusions of reason are to be relied on, particularly in a character so open to temptation as that of Lyttelton, when despair, "in its mood of either rage, gloom, or indifference," seizes on a sick and depraved imagination. His constitution had been seriously impaired by his excesses. In his *Letters* he speaks frequently of the gloomy thoughts and fearful forebodings which made him shudder as they came over him, (xlviii., lii.,) and he also alludes to the harassing influence of physical pain:—

"After all," he writes, "this tenacity of life is but a bad one, with its waste and ingress of torturing diseases; which, not content with destroying the building, maliciously torture the possessor with such pains and penalties as to make him oftentimes curse the possession."—xxx.

It is said that shortly before his decease he was tormented with dreams of a most distressing character. The Public Advertiser states that on one occasion when he came down to breakfast he was observed to be unusually depressed. When bantered by the company who were staying with him on his sadness, he related a dream he had had the night before. "I dreamt," said he, "that I was dead, and was hurried away into the infernal regions, which appeared as a large dark room, at the end of which was seated Mrs. Brownrigg, who told me it was appointed for her to pour red-hot bullets

down my throat for a thousand years. The resistance I endeavored to make to her awakened me; but the agitation of my mind when I awoke is not to be described, nor can I get the better of it." These "thick-coming fancies" are the more remarkable, as they have been observed to be, in very numerous cases, the prelude to self-destruction, most likely from the indication they give of a disordered state of the nervous system.

A few weeks previous to his death, he had, as if in anticipation of that event, made a final settlement of his worldly affairs. He added four codicils to his will, all written with his own hand. The style of the first is remarkable:—

"I, Thomas Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley in the county of Worcester, considering the uncertainty of human life, which even in the strongest hangs but by a slender thread, and wishing to make ample provision for Margaret Amphlett, daughter of my dear friend and relative, Mrs. Mary Amphlett, of Clent," &c.

He proceeds to bequeath 5000*l.* to Margaret Amphlett, and 2500*l.* to her sister Christian, in addition to former legacies; and he directs that his diamond bow, for which he had given "thirteen hundred and seventy guineas," should be sold by auction, and the proceeds be divided between the sisters. The codicils are most clear and precise in all their provisions; and from the number of these "last words," and the liberal bequests to several different persons—the little "Honeysuckle" gets a legacy of 2000*l.*—it would seem that Lord Lyttelton must have seriously revolved in his mind the probability of his decease, and have considerably mentioned every name which had any claim on his remembrance.*

It is noticeable, too, that those persons were with him on the night of his death for whom he had manifested the warmest regard—the Misses Amphlett—and Mr. Fortescue, to whom also he left a considerable

legacy. Their presence might have been accidental; but, on the supposition of premeditated suicide, he might naturally have wished to spend his last evening on earth in the society of those young relations whom he regarded with the kindest feelings.

Young as Lord Lyttelton died, he had outlived every object which could render life desirable. Though married, he was separated from his wife, and was without hope of offspring. He had drank so deeply of the cup of pleasure that only its dregs remained to him; his profligacy had rendered his name infamous; and that last hope with which he at one time consoled himself under censure, of "making the world smile on his political career," faded with the disasters of the ministry to whom he had attached himself. Great as his abilities confessedly were, he had secured no following. Distrusted by all parties, his genius seemed to shine with a baleful lustre, and to keep those most in fear who were nearest its influence. "The loss of Lord Lyttelton is not much to be regretted," wrote the Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn—and the sentiment was probably shared by the whole ministerial party. When he separated himself from the Government, he stood alone; and though the thought may be fanciful, we cannot help viewing that magnificent effort in which he took a survey of the whole state of the empire, and delivered his sentiments on every great question of his time, as his deliberate bequest to the country he was resolved to quit for ever. The shadow of Fate was upon him, and gave to his parting accents a tone of severe and solemn sincerity.

Between this character of Thomas Lyttelton, as drawn from his own declarations and the events of his life, and that of the mysterious, impenetrable Junius, we believe our readers will readily recognize some broad traits of likeness. Their sentiments on all great public questions were certainly the same; their genius was remarkably similar in the direction it took and in the vivacity and ardor with which it was manifested; the disappearance of the one is closely connected with the appearance of the other, and there is a striking and characteristic resemblance in the manner in which both made their exit from the public stage, each carrying his secret with him to the grave.

* These codicils are written in a large, careless, and irregular hand. At first sight it does not appear like the hand of Junius; but on a careful inspection many points of resemblance are discerned, and of exactly such a nature as we might expect to find between the natural and the disguised hand of the same person.

THE ATHENAEUM'S REPLY.

THE Junius of our contemporary, as we announced a fortnight since, is Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton. We doubt not our readers shared in the surprise with which we heard of such a man being put forward on such a claim. Apart from all the logical or historical evidence in the case, the moral conditions out of which to make a Junius had here been selected on a principle so outrageous as to introduce something like a novelty into the discussion.

There is not much, it must be admitted, in his life and character, to suggest that Thomas Lyttelton was the laborious and indefatigable Junius. But the less we know the more room for speculation and conjecture,—and if nothing were known, there is no possibility of contradicting anything that is said.

The edition of the Letters of Junius to which the writer in the *Quarterly* refers and on which he founds his argument, is that of 1814, now commonly known as the edition of Dr. Good and Mr. George Woodfall; and, on a rough estimate, about one half of his authorities of facts, or coincidences, or parallel passages, or whatever they ought to be called, are taken from the Miscellaneous Letters, therein first published. We long since showed on what insufficient authority many of those letters had been attributed to Junius,—that they could not *all* have been written by the same person,—that many of them rest their *sole* claim on a coincidence between the dates of publication and the dates affixed to one or other of the private letters to Sampson Woodfall,—that the dates to fifty-nine or sixty out of the sixty-three private letters were affixed conjecturally by the editors of the edition of 1814,—and, therefore, that the letters avowedly inserted on the authority of that coincidence had lost all claim whatever to be considered as letters by Junius. We have stated, we believe,—if not, we do now state,—that we *know* that in some instances the errors in the conjectural dates were discovered and admitted to be errors by the editors themselves. We know, indeed, a great many more curious facts relating to the selection of the Miscellaneous Letters,—how some got admission and why others were excluded;—but an incidental discussion was not, and is not, the proper

place to enter into a full consideration of the subject.

We are not quite satisfied to see the hundred questions that puzzle and perplex us about the Miscellaneous Letters disposed of in a brief paragraph, in a note! wherein, after informing us that some persons object to the Letters of Atticus,—others to other letters,—the writer observes:—

“In opposition to all such purely fanciful conjectures, we have the express declaration of [George] Woodfall's editor, that in the collected letters are included only those unacknowledged compositions of Junius ‘which are indisputably genuine.’ We have so much confidence in this declaration that we are disposed to maintain the perfect integrity of the text of the three-volume edition, and are unwilling to allow the alteration or omission of a single sentence there attributed to Junius.”

The writer's “confidence,” it is easily and jauntily assumed, is to be admitted conclusive as to the authenticity of the letters!—yet such is our impenetrable dullness, that what was before impossible remains impossible still.

That these Lyttelton letters were forgeries was never, we repeat, so far as we know, doubted until now. Their authenticity was publicly denied by Lord Lyttelton's executors as soon as they appeared. Years since it was positively and publicly stated that they were written by Combe—best known in his old age as the author of Dr. Syntax's “Tour”—and said to have been an acquaintance and associate of Lyttelton, which is probable, as both were educated at Eton, and both were dissolute and improvident. Combe, however, who soon dissipated his small fortune—but not till he had won for himself the *sobriquet* of “Duke Combe”—lived for the remainder of his life as a bookseller's hack, and for twenty or more years in prison, where he died. Chalmers, in his “Biographical Dictionary,” speaking of these letters, in 1815, says:—“Two volumes of Letters published in 1780 and 1782, though attributed to him [Lyttelton], are known to have been the production of an ingenious writer yet living.” Watts, in the “Bibliotheca Britannica,” re-echoes this. Lowndes, in his “Bibliographer's Manual,” dismisses

them thus briefly—"These letters are spurious." They are referred to as amongst Combe's writings, in the memoirs of him which appeared at his death. Thomas Campbell, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," says incidentally, but unhesitatingly, that they were written by Combe. Sir G. Lefevre, in his "Life of a Travelling Physician," gives a clever sketch of Combe—whom he knew personally; and states positively, on the authority of Combe himself, that he was the writer:—"He was the author of Lord Lyttelton's Letters and the famous ghost story which once produced a sensation in the moral world. He considered it the best of his productions."

But whether the Letters were written by Combe—of which there would seem to be no doubt—or by Lyttelton himself—or by some person unknown—there is internal evidence that the vast majority, if not all, were written after Junius had concluded his "great labors"—and when it is scarcely possible to find a young writer without traces of his manner. Nothing therefore could fairly be inferred from occasional similitude of phrase or expression. But no matter; these are minor questions. The authenticity of the Letters is the one important subject of inquiry; and certainly it was high time to correct the public judgment if, to this hour, everybody has been in error—the executors of Lyttelton, Chalmers, Watts, Lowndes, the Biographers, Thomas Campbell, Sir G. Lefevre, and Combe himself.

Still, if all these assumptions were allowed, the reader would yet desire to see brought a little nearer and made a little clearer the connection between Thomas Lyttelton and Junius,—to know something of the "whereabouts" of Lyttelton from April, 1767, to 1772; for, be it remembered, as the *Quarterly* assumes the authenticity of the Miscellaneous Letters, the first letter by their Junius appeared in April, 1767, and when the young profligate Thomas Lyttelton was just turned three and twenty. This "whereabouts" is a difficulty that we cannot very well help to solve,—nor do we get much light from the *Quarterly*;—but we have little doubt it could be settled by the Lyttelton family after half an hour's search. Meanwhile, we may observe that, after the fashion of his day, Thomas Lyttelton was sent to finish his education on the Continent; and from his father's letters we find that he had not returned in March, 1765. From one letter written by the father to Governor Lyttelton we learn something of the preparatory training and disciplining of the young

gentleman who was so soon to startle and astonish the world as Junius. In Mr. Philimore's life of the father, George, Lord Lyttelton, we read as follows:—

"In his next letter [11th of March, 1765] to his brother, [George, Lord] Lyttelton wishes him joy of the birth of a son, laments the dissipation, extravagance, and gaming of his son in Italy." (II. 664.)

We are told that he returned in the summer of that year (1765) and took part in a juvenile masque at Stowe. Here, however, we are again cast adrift:—"From this date," says the writer in the *Quarterly*, "we catch only occasional glimpses of Mr. Lyttelton." Very occasional, we may add; and other people, then as now,—creditors and bailiffs amongst them,—were not more successful. It was, indeed, generally supposed that he was driven, not only and frequently, as admitted, to change his residence, but to change his country,—and was to be found, if found at all, in the lowest haunts of dissipation. It is admitted by the writer in the *Quarterly*, that—

"For a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation. * * * We do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family, while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the *Public Advertiser*; but just as Junius concluded his 'great work,' Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house."

It appears, then, that from the summer of 1765 to February, 1772, we know scarcely anything about Thomas Lyttelton. It is, therefore, a fair and legitimate inference, according to the logic of this *Quarterly* critic, that while his father and family believed him to be hunted by creditors and duns, and lost in the vilest haunts of dissipation,—sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris,—associated in either, as the Rev. Mr. Pennington tells us, "with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes,"—he was laboring with zeal and diligence in the cause of his country, devoting nights and days, and for five years together, to exhausting labors and studies—and writing the Letters of Junius!

What incredible dullness in the father—in Chatham and Temple and Grenville, and all the rest of the kith and kin—not to have discovered it—never for a moment to have

suspected it. For ourselves, indeed, we rather incline to believe, from the total silence of Lyttelton himself and of all his relations and correspondents, that the young man's conduct was so bad, that in charity to his father they never mentioned him; and this opinion seems confirmed by their rejoicings on his return home in 1772.

The father, in the hope that marriage might reclaim his son, looked out for a proper match,—and a lady was selected. But the scapegrace, who even in 1772 could do nothing like a rational being, though all parties were agreed, must needs, as the father says, “steal a march on the family,”—and get married. As might have been expected, within a few months he stole another “march on the family,”—deserted his wife, and bolted to the Continent;—whence he returned only on his father's death, in August, 1773. What influence, if any, the profligate folly of this profligate man had on that father may never be known; but we believe there is reference to it in the account of the father's death written by the physician who attended him:—“His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, *which is more probable, of causes of a different kind*, accounts for his loss of strength and for his death very sufficiently.” On this melancholy occasion, Temple, the old friend and relation of the family, who would have hugged Junius to his heart and gloried in him,—thus wrote to the Junius of the *Quarterly*:—“You have an hereditary right not only to my affection, but to every real service it could be in my power to show you; the great figure you may yet make depends on yourself. *Henry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales*; he knew how, *with change of*

situation, to shake off the Falstaffs of the age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had *so long stifled and depressed his abilities*. Forgive an old man *the hint* he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he ardently *wishes to see* what your Lordship calls *his partiality justified by a conduct* which will make him happy in calling himself, my dear Lord, your most affectionate and obedient servant.”

The reader has now seen something—all that is known—of the training of this Junius of the *Quarterly* up to the summer of 1765,—and heard his father's report of it. He has read, also, the character given of him in, or to be inferred from, the letters of his father, of Chatham, and of Temple, at the close of the “great labors” of Junius in 1772. Let us again remind him that to complete the argument of the *Quarterly*, he is required to believe that all the Miscellaneous Letters in the edition of 1814 were written by Junius, contrary to known and notorious facts; and that the “Letters of Thomas, Lord Lyttelton” are genuine, contrary to the declarations of all who have referred to them, from the executors of Lord Lyttelton down to Mr. Combe, who acknowledged himself to be the writer. This premised, he will proceed “with what appetite he may” to the old, endless, profitless talk about style, coincidences, analogies, and so forth; and to arguments deduced from the somewhat notorious fact, that passages may be found in speeches made between 1773 and 1779, reported by Mr. [Memory] Woodfall and others, after the free fashion of the day,—and in Letters written after 1773, no matter by whom,—which will remind him that Junius's Letters were published before either the letters were written or the speeches were spoken.

Mr. Catlin, the well-known collector of Red Indian relics, has brought before the public his scheme—long talked of in private—for establishing what he calls a “Museum of Mankind.” There is a bold and alliterative grandeur in the sound. But when Mr. Catlin comes to explain his idea, it turns out that he defines the word “mankind,” for his purpose, as meaning no more than the expiring members of the great human family—the Red Indian, the native Australian, the Greenlanders, the Peruvian—and so forth. Measures, no doubt, might be taken for obtaining and preserving such memorials

as exist of these and similar races; and it is a reflection on the Governments of England and of the United States that they have hitherto remained so indifferent in the matter,—that being severally custodians of certain interesting and rapidly obliterating pages of the book of human history, they should suffer the final extinction of the record to take place before their eyes without any attempt to preserve its lessons for futurity. Mr. Catlin has done work which will entitle him to the lasting gratitude of ethnographical inquirers.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE principal works published and reviewed in the critical journals of Great Britain during the last month, are mentioned in the following lists:—

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, &c.

The *Life and Letters of Niebuhr*, though embracing essays by Chevalier Bunsen and Professor Brandis, appears to disappoint the learned world. It is a very good book intrinsically, but does not satisfy the expectations excited by its title. Nearly all the letters in the massive volumes are translated from Madame Hensler's *Lebensnachrichten über B. G. Niebuhr*, and but very few are original. The essays of Bunsen and Prof. Brandis are also reprints from previously published works; so that, so far from being a new work, it is a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of Madame Hensler's work. The journals find considerable fault with the deception. The *Athenæum* gives the following interesting view of Niebuhr's epistolary habits and relations:—

"From early youth, Niebuhr was a constant and an attractive letter writer. As yet there was no cheap and uniform postage system—no express trains and electric telegraphs to supersede the old habits of epistolary correspondence between parted friends. In his time, men yet wrote their histories in their private letters. Niebuhr had numerous correspondents; among the chief of whom were—the Crown Prince of Prussia, the ministers Stein and Hardenberg, Goethe, Jacobi, Savigny, De Serre, Valckenaer, Carsten Niebuhr, (his father,) Count Adam Moltke, and Madame Hensler. Only a few of his many letters to these eminent persons have as yet been published; those addressed by him to Madame Hensler herself—excised and reduced at the suggestion of her fancy—formed the chief basis of the '*Lebensnachrichten*.' Many of his most important letters—such as those written to Valckenaer and De Serre—remain inedited; and until we obtain public possession of these, and of some others written to his English friends, it will not be easy to draw the historian's figure with true fullness and vivacity.

"Madame Hensler's relations to Niebuhr were very curious and very German. During his residence as a student at Kiel, she became a young and beautiful widow. He was an extremely shy and nervous boy—though a man already in ripeness of character and in grasp of intellect; and in reference to his first interview with Dora Hensler, he wrote to his father:—'I felt to a painful degree my timidity and bashfulness before ladies; however much I improve in other society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes.' Dora's father-in-law, Dr. Hensler, was a profoundly learned man; but he was even then astonished at the bashful boy's extraordinary knowledge of the ancient world and at his faculty of historical divination. In his family circle Niebuhr was soon at home. The ladies were very kind to him,—and he made the young Madame Hensler an offer of his hand.

She—a pietist in religion—had made a vow at her husband's grave never to marry again,—and she was disposed to keep her vow. As she could not marry Niebuhr herself, he asked her to choose a wife for him:—and, after some thought, she selected her own sister Amelia. In his union with this lady Niebuhr was happy for some years. He succeeded in the world,—served the State in various high offices,—acquired the friendship of the first men in Germany,—and through the delivery of his lectures on Roman History at Berlin raised himself to a high place in the intellectual hierarchy of Europe. His wife died,—and he again solicited Dora Hensler to accept his hand. But she adhered to her vow;—and again failing in his suit, he again requested her to provide a substitute. It would seem that the vow only stood between her and himself,—for she still retained him in the family. This time, she selected her cousin Gretchen, and—strange as all this seems to us—he married her. Dora's refusals do not appear, therefore, to have caused any, even momentary, suspension of the friendship between Niebuhr and herself. His letters to her—ever kind, serene, affectionate—present an unbroken series. The moment he parted from her, he began to write to her regularly. In the most trying situations of his life—during the fierce bombardment of Copenhagen—amid the terrors of the flight to Riga before the victorious French—in the sickness of his first months in Italy—amid the excitement of his opening lecture session in Berlin—his letters never failed. He wrote a long epistle to her only a few days before he died. Dora Hensler must have been an extraordinary woman. Out of the highest region of men—the Goethe, the Savignys, and the Schleiermachers—Niebuhr could hardly find a man with whom he deemed frequent intercourse either profitable or endurable. The learned men of Italy, of France, and of England—with the exception of our scientific professors—were so far below his level of acquirements as to fail altogether in the interest of their conversation and correspondence; yet he wrote to Dora Hensler on nearly every subject in which his eager and wide-ranging intellect found employment. He related to her many of his thoughts on politics, finance, and diplomacy,—kept her familiar with the nature of his most recondite researches into Greek and Italian antiquities,—and made her the depositary of his doubts and speculations in the highest regions of faith, morals, and philosophy. His letters to her are therefore a mine of wealth for the admirers of his genius."

Mr. Alison has expanded his *Life of Marlborough* into two volumes, by incorporating more of the history of the War of the Succession into his biography: he has accompanied the text with maps, and with plans of battles after Kausler's great work.

Anderson's *Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers*, though conceded to contain many interesting notices of the

great orator, is not regarded with much favor. The opinion of the *Literary Gazette* is a specimen of the treatment it receives:—

"From the 'Reminiscences' of one who professes to have long been intimate with Dr. Chalmers, and to have kept memoranda of his public discourses and private conversations, we expected to derive many new materials for knowing a character so worthy of study. But we are sadly disappointed. Mr. Anderson had neither the opportunity nor the capacity to Boswellize Chalmers. The bulk of the book consists of unconnected scraps of sermons and speeches, transferred from the compiler's note-book, while the personal recollections are few and trivial. Some letters from Dr. Chalmers are scattered through the volume, such as one in which he declines an invitation to dinner, and another in which he asks Mr. Anderson, who it seems was a publisher, some questions about his manuscripts. The whole contents of the four hundred pages could easily have been compressed into forty. The few grains of worth in the mass of useless matter might have formed a good article for a magazine, or might have been put at the disposal of the biographer of Dr. Chalmers; but to have made a large volume of such materials is the outrageous excess of a fault which Dr. Hanna, in his 'Life and Memoir,' has also to some extent committed."

Mrs. Bray's *Life of Stothard*, the painter, is well spoken of. The *Literary Gazette* opens its highly eulogistic notice by the following anecdote, which serves to show what estimate the artist was held in by Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

"Canova was once asked to execute a statue for the University of Cambridge. He was busy at the time, and declined to undertake it, adding, that he was, moreover, not the proper person to apply to, since England could give the very sculptor fit for the work. The Cambridge 'Committee of Taste' wrote again to ask the name of this native artist. 'I am sorry,' was Canova's reply, 'that in England you possess a Flaxman, and do not know it.' Not long before this, Sir John Hawkins applied to Sir Joshua Reynolds to design the frontispiece for a work. 'Go to young Stothard,' was Sir Joshua's reply, 'he will design it much better than I can.' Walking one day in the streets of London, Flaxman was struck with some prints in a shop-window. They were illustrations of the 'Novelist's Library,' by Stothard. The sculptor determined to make the acquaintance of an artist whose taste seemed congenial with his own. The sympathy of which this passing incident was the germ grew into a friendship deep and enduring. Not in genius and taste alone, but in their whole nature, Stothard and Flaxman were kindred spirits. Both were distinguished, not more by their excellence as artists than by their worth as men. Great was their mutual regard and affection, and as they were loved and revered by all who knew them, so will their memory be dear to every admirer of the good and the beautiful."

The Grenville Papers, advertised by Mr. Murray, have appeared, and meet with a cordial welcome. The *Athenaeum* says:—

"These volumes are of a class and character always welcome; no matter whether lively or dull, of greater or of less value,—they contain facts. It is quite true that the facts to be found in contemporary letters and memoirs are often distorted by prejudice or colored by passion; but this is a known con-

dition, and we are therefore prepared to make those reasonable allowances in each case which must be made in all, and to submit questionable points to the test of like authorities. The volumes contain the letters from and to Lord Temple and his brother George Grenville—with the private diaries of the latter—and extend from 1742 to the close of 1764. They are to be followed, as we understand the preface, by other volumes—the whole extending over a period of thirty or more years. Such a work must be acceptable. It must throw light, more or less, on a hundred obscure points of interest; and especially on the last few glorious years of George the Second and the first ten inglorious years of George the Third,—with which, whether in the ministry or in the opposition, the names of Pitt, Temple, and Grenville are for ever associated.

"The Grenvilles, as our readers will remember, were the children of Mr. Richard Grenville, of Wotton, by Hester Temple, sister and co-heir of Sir Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham of Stowe. Their mother succeeded to the peerage by special remainder, and was soon after advanced to the dignity of Countess Temple. Mr. Pitt married their only sister. Besides Lord Temple and Mr. George Grenville, there were three other brothers—James, Henry, and Thomas—and if we mistake not they were all in Parliament. This was a formidable phalanx—in number, character, and ability—while in alliance; but, as with other and less holy alliances, self-interest and ambition often separated its members, and they were at times opposed—brothers and brothers-in-law—with all the bitterness of disappointed affection."

Lord Mahon's continuation of his *History of England*, from the Peace of Utrecht, elicits from the *Athenaeum* a most elaborate and able defence of the character and life of the celebrated John Wilkes. His Lordship, together with almost every historian of those times, had classed Wilkes with the profligates of that era, and imputed to his private life immorality and personal worthlessness. The *Athenaeum* reviews the prominent events of Wilkes's life, and finds in them not only no proof of profligate habits, but the reverse. The long defence, which is very conclusive, is thus summed up at the conclusion:—

"All, then, that we dare now say of him is, that with all his faults he was a true-born Englishman, with the marking characteristics of one, good and bad; who, having once taken up a position, even though driven to do so by his adversary, would maintain and defend it with bull-dog pertinacity, and at all costs, personal, political and social. His courage amounted almost to reckless daring; and he would resent an insult, whether it came from a Chatham, a Grafton, an Onslow, a Martin, or even a Grenville, though it should cost him the friendship of a Temple. He was a good, kind, and dutiful son,—a gentle, tender, and affectionate father. There is something morally beautiful in the fact that when challenged by Lord Talbot, his last act before the mad moonlight devilry began was, to write to Lord Temple thanking him for the friendship which he had ever shown to him, and entreating as a last and crowning favor, that if he fell his Lordship and Lady Temple would superintend the education of his daughter. Though drinking and gaming were amongst the vices of his age, he was no gambler,—and his abstinence was remarkable and a subject of remark. He rose early and

read diligently. Indeed, his reading was extensive and varied beyond that of most men of his age not being professed scholars; not merely in the Classics, which he especially loved, but in most of the modern languages that had a literature—French, Spanish, and Italian. As the amusement of his leisure hours, and of that quiet domestic life which in truth he loved, he published editions of Catullus and Theophrastus, said to be almost unrivalled for accuracy,—and translated Anacreon so well, that Dr. Joseph Warton, no bad judge, pressed him to publish it. Of society, when he entered it, he was the delighted and delighting spirit,—always welcome, always cheerful. He knew nothing there of politics or political differences. In brief, and in conclusion, Wilkes was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, who, once admitted into their presence, 'won golden opinions' from all sorts of men,—from Johnson, as is known, and from a hundred others of fame and reputation. Even Gibbon, who met him at the regimental mess—then a young man whose conversation had too much of the flavor of his associates, 'my lords' and the Medmenham brotherhood, to suit the better taste of the future philosopher and historian—even Gibbon has recorded that he 'scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humor, and a great deal of knowledge.' Later in life his old political opponent, that accomplished 'Scot,' Lord Mansfield, said of him to Mr. Strachan, 'Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew.' With the testimony of such men in his favor, we are content to leave him."

Another invaluable contribution to the History of the reign of George III. has been made in the publication (by BENTLEY) of the "Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his contemporaries with original letters &c., by the Earl of Albemarle." The *Athenaeum* announces the first volume with this suggestive survey of the period, and the literature now extant respecting it:—

"Eighteen hundred and fifty-one will, it is generally believed, be the marking year of the nineteenth century; yet we must admit that, in our own narrow circle, eighteen hundred and fifty-two opens with extraordinary promise. The unlocking of the muniment chests at Wotton and at Stowe was, in a literary and historical point of view, an important event; yet, before January has closed, we have 'Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham,' illustrated with original letters and papers, not only from the archives of the Fitzwilliam family, but from those of the Albemarle, Hardwicke, Richmond, and of Mr. Lee, attorney-general to the Rockingham administration. Here are treasures,—long-buried secrets, out of which history may be written. Heretofore we have all been, more or less, groping in the dark, or led by blind guides, and often astray by false lights. Now, we have such a mass of authentic information that no careful writer can wander very far from the truth. We have not only Walpole's contemporary histories, but his voluminous letters,—the Waldegrave, Dodington, Barrington, Lyttelton and other memoirs,—the letters and correspondence of Chesterfield, Chatham, Bedford, Rockingham, Temple, Grenville, Mitchell, Burke,—minor contributions from Hume, Cumberland, Glover, Gibbon, Wraxall, and numbers numberless,—the historians Mohun, Adolphus, Belsham,—to say nothing of endless papers and volumes which touch only incidentally on political subjects, but often serve as guides

to help us through obscurities and doubts,—and we may add Memoirs like those before us, which,—without reference to the important documents that they contain—are written with an earnest endeavor to discover and develop the truth. We often differ from Lord Albemarle in his estimate both of men and of events, but never without the respect which is due to conscientious opinion. He appears to us at times as if his mind were preoccupied with family traditions and his heart too full of traditional sympathies and feelings;—he looks on the men of the age with the eyes of the conqueror of the Havana, the petted and patronized of the Whig hero of Culloden,—and sometimes, from his position, overlooks men who were not without influence though their names may not be recorded in the court register. Occasionally, too, he takes the character of these on trust and from the popular reports of the day. To others, however, the marking men of the age, he has done justice; and his short memoirs are often vigorous, clear and truthful."

LITERATURE.

Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography is greeted as "a most acceptable offering to students in ancient literature" by the *Literary Gazette*:—

"Dr. Smith's excellent Dictionary of Antiquities, Biography, and Mythology left nothing to be desired so far as the subjects of which they treated were concerned:—and what was wanted to make up a complete cyclopaedia of antiquity, was, an equally good Dictionary of Geography. This we may now confidently expect to have ere long. The first part justifies that expectation taken as at once an earnest and a specimen of what is to come. So far as we have examined it, it seems worthy to take rank with its predecessors in all essential points. The editor is the same accomplished scholar who by the classical learning, able management, and faithful care displayed in the former Dictionaries has won for himself so high a position among men of letters. The peculiarity in this Dictionary as regards Dr. Smith is, that hitherto it contains a greater number of articles than usual from his own pen:—all those on Greek geography having been, we believe, written by himself. The rest of the number is furnished by the principal contributors to the previous Dictionaries,—and is distinguished by the same enterprising spirit of scholarship as characterized those standard works. Both editor and contributors are determined not to be behind the times. No important addition to our knowledge of antiquity escapes their observation, whether it be due to our own or to foreign scholars. All the latest and best works have been assiduously studied,—and the results are briefly stated with great perspicuity."

Selections from the Dramatic Works of William T. Moncrieff, is thus noticed by the *Spectator*:—

"The name of Moncrieff conjures up memories of the melodrama (if not of the drama) in its palmy days; carrying remembrance back to the dead, and even beyond some of them. 'Tom and Jerry' was the rage at the Adelphi ere Terry, Yates, and Mathews set up their standard there. Elliston figured in 'Rochester, or Charles the Second's Merry Days,' before that piece was transferred to Covent Garden, with Charles Kemble for its hero. 'Giovanni in London' run ere Vestris brought it to its culminating point at Drury. Old habits of the theatre may remember how Gattie burst upon them

in the Frenchman in 'Monsieur Tonson,' and younger playgoers must recollect Mathews in 'Monsieur Mallet.' These and many more than these pieces are collected, with prefaces and occasionally appendices, apropos to something connected with the particular drama, or anecdotes relating to its representation."

The Poems of John Edmund Reade are spoken of with great respect by the *Athenæum* :—

"In these days when, with few exceptions, brevity and finish are the characteristics of our poets, the large and various designs of the present author are a novelty and in themselves a merit. In many instances, too, Mr. Reade has dared themes which task to the utmost 'the vision and the faculty divine;' and his volumes contain examples of almost every form that poetry can take—lyrical drama, tragedy, the simple lyric, the philosophical poem, the narrative poem, and the ballad. We take our leave of these volumes with a full sense of the accomplished mind and various powers of the writer,—with respect for a tone of thought habitually pure and just, and even for the patience which by its slow processes has sometimes taxed our own."

Note-Book of a Naturalist, by Professor Broderip, first published in Fraser's Magazine, is warmly praised. The *Examiner* thus sums up the merits of the work:—

"Mr. Broderip prays well, we are certain, if the Ancient Mariner spoke truth in his farewell moral to the wedding guest. This book is full of genial character, and its good-humor visibly embraces man, and bird, and beast. It is in fact written in the true spirit of a naturalist, with an abundance of pleasant knowledge about, and consequently loving pleasure in, every animated thing. From the pet beaver, who comes first in the procession, through the entire march of animals across the pages of the book, not one comes about whom the friend of all has not his good word and his pleasant memories. Familiarly acquainted with his subject, brimful of information, a ripe scholar in all the best senses of the word, and a man of the largest humanity, Mr. Broderip pours out with an easy manner and a cheerful face large stores of that delightful talk which makes no mortal talker more agreeable than the genuine and unaffected naturalist, who loves the beasts, and birds, and reptiles, for themselves, and not for the hard names they bear."

Guizot's Treatise on Shakspeare and his Times, is a reproduction of an old work with a new treatise on Hamlet. This latter performance is thus spoken of by the *Literary Gazette*:—

"We have but one word to say on it—it has disappointed us. When such a man as M. Guizot proceeds to speak of one of the most sublime and one of the most *bizarre* creations of poetical genius, we not unnaturally expect him to present it altogether in a new light; to strip it of all the doubts and the dimness which the poet has cast around it; or, at the very least, to say something new and *piquant* respecting it. This he has not done. On leaving his hands, *Hamlet* is what he has always been, and what probably he will ever be—a grand and rather fearful mystery, which no two men see in the same light or interpret in the same way."

Miss Mitford's Recollections of a Literary Life is well received. The *Spectator's* notice is a type of the general expressions of the press:—

"These Recollections of Miss Mitford are not a regular autobiography; but something more varied, probably more attractive. Books and authors are the real subjects of the writer, around which she weaves a variety of personal reminiscences, sketches of characters, and pictures of landscapes or in-door scenes, interspersed here and there with direct family or biographical information. It is the matter and manner of 'Our Village,' chastened, matured, varied, extended, and made more real by the restraint which actual persons and facts impose upon the most exuberant imagination. Sixty-five years have passed over the writer without dimming her eye, depressing or souring her spirits, lessening her vivacity of mind or geniality of feeling. She has still as keen a relish for the simple or cultivated beauties of English scenery as when she first looked upon village nature and village life with a view to describe them. Her zest for them is still as keen, her power of painting as firm and distinct, but richer, and more mellowed by time. The widespread sympathy with all that lives, and all that is looked upon, from the peer to the peasant, from the stately park to the retired lane or the cottager's homely garden, is as warm and fresh as in 'life's morning march.' Time may have touched her hair; rheumatism—as she hints, and the grand climacteric, may have taken some of her litherness of limb; but her heart is an evergreen, her *anima* flourishing in perpetual youth."

"The range of Miss Mitford is wide, and often takes in authors who are half forgotten—overlooked in the modern whirl of new inventions, endless publications, and rapid movement. Such are Ansted of the 'Pleaser's Guide,' Holcroft, Herrick, Withers, Lovelace, and the better-known names of Cowley and Ben Jonson—though the writings of these two may not be more read by the public at large. Sometimes the reader is introduced to contemporaries, whose merits in Miss Mitford's judgment have not met with their deserved fame, or authors of whose life she has something to tell. Then we are carried across the waters and presented to our Transatlantic cousins and their poets, with occasionally a prose writer; the introduction being accompanied by anecdotes connected with the author through Miss Mitford's acquaintance with him or with some common friends. Scenes where the writers have been read, and sometimes occurrences which prevented their reading on that occasion, are described with the minuteness, the brightness, the charm, that distinguished similar things in 'Our Village,' though, as we have already observed, more sobered and chastened in style."

Arvine's Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes, is characterized by the *Athenæum* as an *olla podrida* consisting of a collection—in which the agency of paste and scissors is more conspicuous than that of taste and judgment—of incidents, narratives, examples, and testimonies, arranged on what is called "a new plan, with copious topical and scriptural indexes."

AMERICAN BOOKS.

The recently published posthumous work of President Edwards, on Christian Charity, issued from the press of the CARTERS in this city, is warmly received abroad. The *Literary Gazette* has the following eulogistic notice of the great author of the work:—

"President Edwards is recognized in this country

as the profoundest thinker, and one of the ablest writers of America, 'the metaphysician of the New World,' as Dugald Stewart called him. His name stands high both in the literary and the theological world. His treatises on the 'Freedom of the Will,' and 'On the Affections,' will ever remain standard works in metaphysical and ethical philosophy. He was not less distinguished as a faithful and pious Christian minister. His pulpit discourses, while pastor of a church at Northampton, were always carefully prepared, and all his manuscripts have been preserved. He appears to have been a most voluminous writer, probably more so than any known divine except Richard Baxter. The works of John Owen amount to nearly thirty volumes octavo. Baxter's works, if collected, would, it is said, extend to some sixty volumes, or from thirty to forty thousand closely-printed octavo pages. The editor of this work of Edwards says that he has in his possession manuscripts as numerous as those of Baxter. These manuscripts have been kept together since the President's death, about a century ago, and have now been committed to the present editor, as sole permanent trustee, by the surviving grandchildren of the author. The discourses now published were prepared for the pulpit in 1738. They consist of a series of practical sermons on 'Charity and its Fruits, or Christian Love as manifested in the Heart and Life,' being lectures on the 13th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. They are marked by all the depth of thought and acuteness of analysis for which Jonathan Edwards as a metaphysician was remarkable, while they also display a fullness of scriptural truth, and an aptness of practical application, which give a high idea of the author as a faithful and useful Christian pastor. The grand bulk of published sermons in the present day are so weak and unsubstantial, that we hail such a contribution as this to theological literature, intellectually solid and massive, and at the same time addressed to the heart with the simplicity and earnestness of scriptural exposition."

Mr. REDFIELD, of this city, has reprinted in an elegant form Prof. Aytoun's celebrated work, *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, the brilliancy and spirit of which have elicited praise from quarters not at all pleased with the political tone of the work. Its fervor and animated verse, not less than its tenderness and pathos, are remarkable among the poetic effusions of the day, and have placed the young author in the very front rank of ballad-writers. We are very glad to obtain in so elegant a form this valuable work.

Layard's abridged history of the excavations at Nineveh, a work of great interest, has been handsomely reprinted by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS.

Kitto's History of Palestine has been republished in a fine 12mo, plentifully illustrated, by GOULD & LINCOLN, of Boston.

Kitto's continuation of the admirable Daily Scripture Illustrations, beginning a new series, has been reprinted by Messrs. CARTER & BROTHERS. The new series is to embrace the poetical and prophetic works of the Old Testament, the history of Christ and the Epistles of the New. They are among the best works of their class.

Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from authentic sources—a work of great interest and of historical value—by Thomas Wright, has been republished by REDFIELD.

Isaac Taylor's Wesley and Methodism, which is regarded as among the greatest works of this incomparable thinker, has been reproduced by the HARPERS.

The Women of Christianity exemplary for acts of Piety and Charity, by Julia Kavanagh, has been reprinted in elegant form by D. APPLETON & Co. It is a work of rare erudition, as well as sound judgment and excellent spirit. It supplies a much needed contribution to a branch of ecclesiastical history but little cultivated.

The delightful work of Miss Mitford, noticed so favorably by the British journals, and one of the most agreeable books of the season, has been republished by the Messrs. HARPER. Those who have sauntered in delighted mood through "Our Village," with this most genial and agreeable author, will know what to expect in this series of gossip critical and personal sketches.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The following statistics of the productions of the French Printing Houses during the last ten years are interesting. There have been 7,330 works, in living and dead languages, published during 1851; and during the last ten years 64,568, making an average per year of 6,436 works. The same presses printed in 1851, 485 musical works, and in the ten years, 3,336, or an annual average of 333. There have also been published 1,014 engravings and lithographs, and during the ten years, 13,055, or an average of 1,308. 133 maps and topographical plans have also been published during the year; during the ten years, 1,005, or a mean of 100 a year. Thus it appears that nearly in every department of presswork, the year 1851 is in advance of the average of the last ten years. The grand total of works published in France during these ten years, engravings, musical works, maps, and plans, is 81,904.

—The Duke of Wellington's reply to Mr. Huskisson, "There is no mistake," has become familiar in the mouths of both those who remember the political circumstances that gave rise to it, and those who have received it traditionally, without inquiring into the origin of it. This was not the first occasion on which the Duke used those celebrated words. The Duke, (then Earl of Wellington,) in a private letter to Lord Bathurst, dated Flores de Avila, 24th July, 1812, writes in the following easy style: "I hope that you will be pleased with our battle, of which the dispatch contains as accurate an account as I can give you. There is no mistake, everything went on as it ought; and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time."

—Letters from Stockholm announce the death, at seventy-two years of age, of Baron d'Olinson, the learned Orientalist, an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Honorary President of the Royal Society of Belles Lettres in that capital. The works by which M. d'Olinson was best known are, that "On the Tribes of the Caucasus," which he published at Paris, and in the French tongue, in 1828, under the pseudonym of Abdul Cassim;—and his "History of Mongolia," from Jenghis Khan to Timour, written also in French, and published at the Hague in 1835.

—Frederic Ricci, the composer, lately died in the prime of life and talent. Ricci was the author of many operas, more successful in Italy than else-

where, but whose names are well known to the musical public everywhere. The *Prigioni d'Edimburgo* is the most famous of his operas, among which *Rolla*, *Estella*, and *Griselda* are not unknown.

— The *Literary Gazette* thus notices the arrival and mission of our countrymen, Dr. Robinson:—

"Professor Robinson is now at Berlin, and expects to be at Beyrout on the 1st of March. He intends to occupy most of his time in visiting the more remote districts of the country, and those villages off the usual routes, which are least known to travellers. Towards the completion of the topography and geography of Palestine, we may expect many new facts to be thus obtained. One of the American missionaries in Syria, the Rev. Eli Smith, and Mr. William Dickson, of Edinburgh, are to join Professor Robinson at Beyrout, and accompany him in the journey. The identification of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, about which there has been much dispute lately, is one object to which special attention will be given. Dr. Robinson was in London, on his route to the continent, and attended the meetings of the Geographical and other societies. We wish that the learned Professor could ascertain the genuineness of the Sinitic inscriptions, of which, in reviewing Forster's 'One Primeval Language,' we gave an account. Dr. Robinson has expressed great doubts on the subject, but if at all practicable during his journey, he would do good service both to science and religion by either verifying or disproving the conjectures raised by the hitherto imperfect examination of these remains."

— It is stated in the last English journals that the Emperor of Russia is not opposed to Lieut. Pim's proposed overland expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, upon any grounds of political feeling toward Great Britain. Lieut. Pim has had an audience of the Czar, who desired him to reduce his proposition to writing. There is no difficulty about the transit across Siberia, but it is thought impracticable to penetrate the countries of the Tchutski and Esquimaux.

— The Parisian painter Chavenard has already completed twenty of the fifty great pictures, illustrative of the progress and development of the race, which he was commissioned by Ledru Rollin, when Secretary of the Interior, to paint for the Pantheon. They are fifteen by eleven feet, and are highly praised.

— Mr. Eliot Warburton, prior to the loss of the Amazon, published a new novel called "Darien; or, the Merchant Prince," in which are related the incidents connected with two shipwrecks, and also the awful occurrence of a ship on fire.

— Among the Louis Philippe tapestries are several executed from Cartoons of Rubens, with hunts in the great Flemish forests, several subjects from Watteau, and five pieces of the time of Louis XIII., representing the months of the year by small figures.

— Macaulay's third and fourth volumes of English History are delayed, it is stated, in consequence of new information he has recently obtained in relation to King William the Third, who is the hero of the narrative.

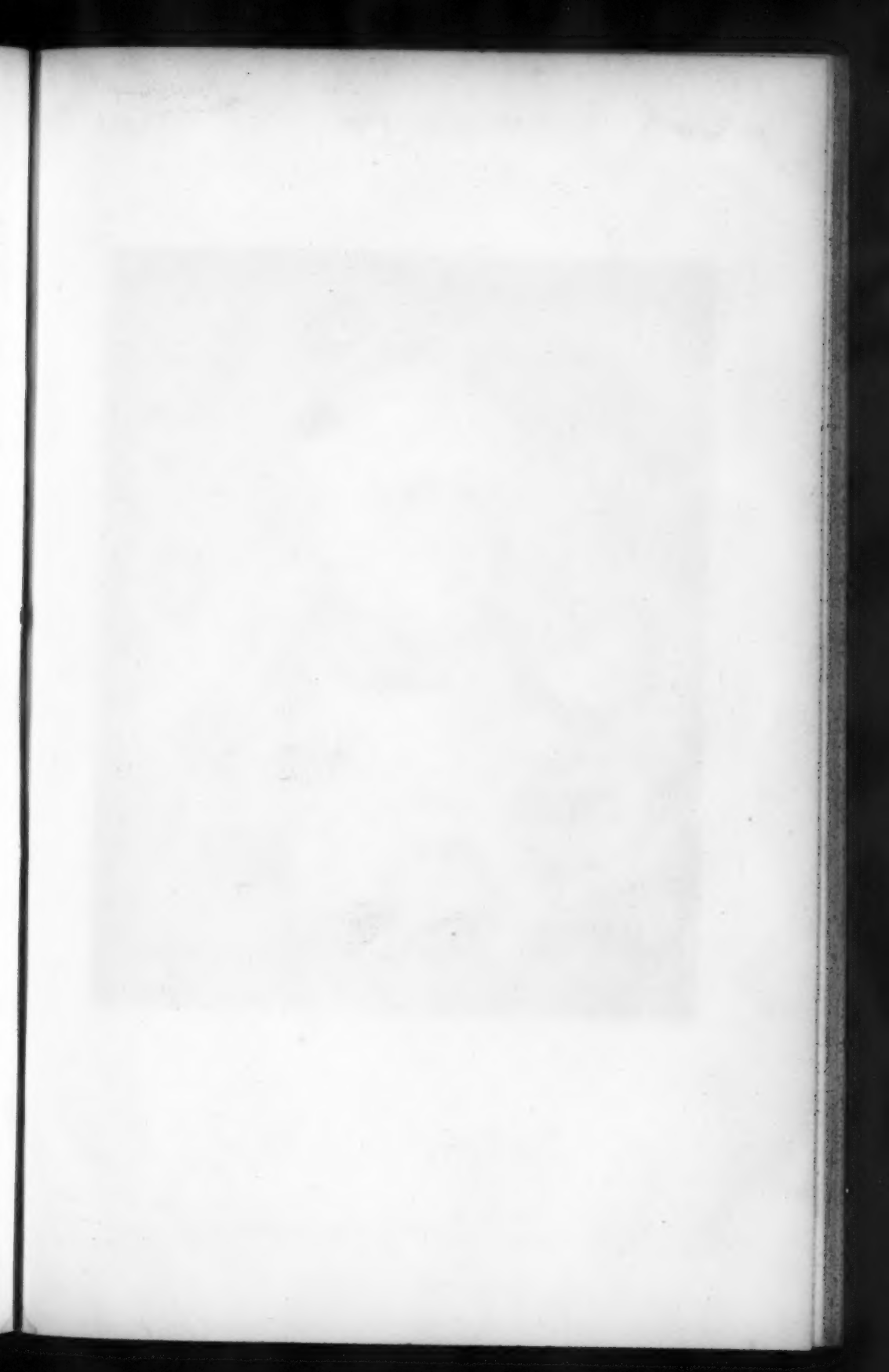
— Robert Burns, grandson of the poet, was recently murdered by pirates, on the coast of Borneo.

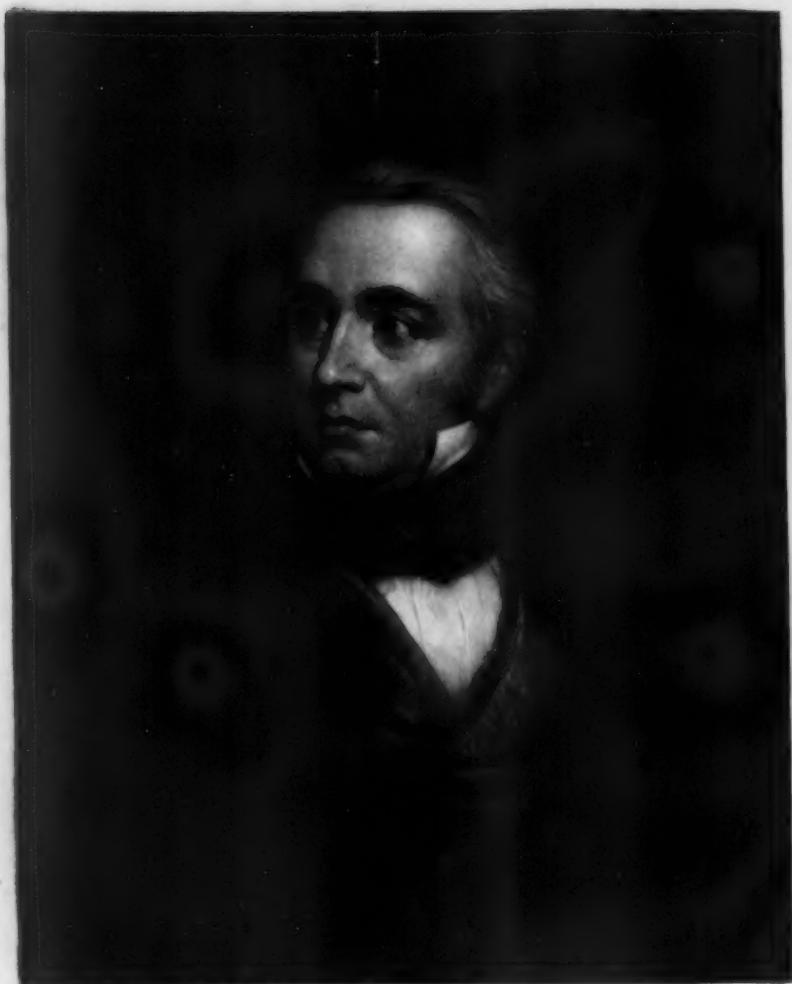
— A monument has been erected in the churchyard of South Leith church, Scotland, to the memory of Robert Gilfillan. The pillar bears a profile of the poet, with national and masonic ornaments, he having been at his death grand bard of the Scottish lodges. The inscription bears the date of his birth, 4th July, 1798; of his death, 4th Dec., 1850; and that the monument is erected in testimony "of his worth as a man, and his genius as a writer of Scottish song."

— Lord Mahon, the Historian of Condé and of England, will assist in the Editorship of the Peel papers. It is said, on good authority, that the Duke of Wellington has confided his papers to the same hand.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—Our present number contains an article from the January number of the Westminster Review on American Literature, which, having been copyrighted by its author, we are enabled to copy by permission of the publisher in London. Its friendly and candid tone, as well as the intimate knowledge of the literary men and labors of this country it displays, will strike our readers as a pleasant novelty in English journalism, and as an agreeable presage of the leaning of this highly influential Review under its new auspices. It may not be known that with the January number, this work went into new hands—the proprietorship vesting in Mr. John Chapman, long known as an extensive importer and republisher of American works, and a man of letters as well as of business; and the editorial care being intrusted to the competent hands of John Stuart Mill, the celebrated writer on Logic, and for many years one of the principal contributors to the pages of this Review. With the brilliant and fearless staff of writers which the editor relies upon, and the liberal views and purposes of the present publisher, there is reason to expect some decided advance in the literary ability and influence of the Westminster, and perhaps the opening of a new era in the annals of journalism. The Review has become a great social and political power, and none appreciate more truly, or know how to wield more successfully, the influence which the emanations of genius and learning gathered in the Review exert, than those who have now the charge of the Westminster. That a genial tone is to be observed on subjects relating to America, is evident; and that an enlargement of scope and purpose is also to be aimed at, is not less so. We expect to derive much benefit from its pages in future numbers of our magazine, and feel assured that those who, desiring more of its contents than it will be practicable for us to extract, shall subscribe for it, will find it a suggestive and attractive work, finely accordant with the best spirit of the age, and replete with the highest results of scientific and literary culture.

The January number of this Review has not yet appeared in America; the publication of two copyright articles in its pages having prevented Messrs. Scott & Co. from issuing it, unless in a mutilated form. Friendly negotiations, we understand, are now pending between those gentlemen and Mr. Jay, of this city, the legal counsel of Mr. Chapman, which will result either in the issue by Mr. Chapman of an English edition for the States, or an arrangement with Messrs. Scott for the continuance of their reprints, on terms beneficial to both parties, and simultaneously with the London copy.





ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN. — THE ORIGINAL BY E. H. EDWARDS.

W Macaulay

ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

